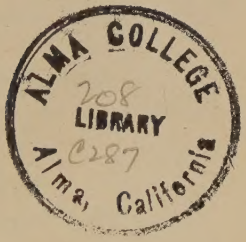
Publications

of the

Catholic Truth Society

VOL. LVI.



LONDON
CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY
69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.

1904

22917

CONTENTS.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton.
Geronimo. By Lady Herbert.
The Title "Catholic" and the Roman Church. By M. A. R. Tuker.
Settlement Work. By Lady Edmund Talbot.
Pope Pius X on Christian Democracy and Sacred Music.
Ven. Mother Duchesne.
Wills and Ways. By Louisa E Dobrée.
The Duties of Parents. By the Bishop of Leeds.

LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON

(1812–1885)

Georgiana Charlotte Leveson-Gower, better known as Lady Georgiana Fullerton, was the younger daughter of Lord Granville L. Gower, and of his wife, Lady Harriet Cavendish. She was, therefore, nearly related to many noble families, but, though brought up in the midst of rank and wealth, was one of the simplest and humblest souls ever seen outside the walls of a cloister. She was born on September 23, 1812, at Tixall Hall, in Staffordshire, a house rented by her father from Sir Clifford Constable, the head of the old Catholic family of that name. In a little memoir of her early life, written for a friend, Lady Georgiana says: "I cannot help connecting in some degree, in my mind, the fact of my birth and early years spent at Tixall Hall with my eventual conversion to the Catholic Church. I must have been the first child born in that house outside the visible pale of the Church. May not the guardian angels of the place have asked for me the grace of conversion to the true faith?"

The religious teaching she received as a child was imperfect and scanty, yet marked by the inculcation of reverence for things connected with religion. She learned to read at an extremely early age, and when only four years old was transferred from the nursery to the schoolroom, and placed, with her elder sister, Susan, under the care of a governess, Mademoiselle Eward. This lady seems to

have been a person of much merit, and later in life her pupil became warmly attached to her; but as a child she simply mismanaged Georgiana, and the latter disliked her accordingly. She asks herself whether she had a rebellious nature, and declares that she never remembers a correction that did her any good or an occasion when she submitted without resistance. Susan, afterwards Lady Rivers, was the more attractive of the two girls, and if her sister had been less generous she might have been jealous; but she was incapable of any ill-feeling, and the two were tenderly devoted to each other during the whole of their lives.

"In 1819," Lady Georgiana writes, "we left Tixall, and my father took Wherstead Lodge, near Ipswich. In London that spring I first went to church; the services were dull, and church-going was most wearisome to me, but I had fits of childish piety, and soon began to think a great deal about heaven; I think I rather wished to die and go there, simply as a change. When I was about ten years of age I suffered from a long fit of scrupulosity, and from the time I went to church I set a certain value on the absolution in the Anglican service. I delighted in hymns and religious poetry, and on Sundays repeated the Catechism and Collect to my mother. I did not dislike that, but very vividly do I remember my aversion to Blair's Sermons, one of which was read in the schoolroom every Sunday evening."

In the spring of 1824 Lord Granville was named ambassador to the Hague, and there his family spent some months in the pleasantest manner. In the autumn of the same year they went to Paris, as he had been made ambassador to the French Court, and at the Embassy House, in the Champs Elysées, Lady Georgiana spent many years of her youth.

At first her life was exceedingly monotonous. Lord and Lady Granville were much occupied with social and official duties, and their daughters saw little indoors beyond the walls of the schoolroom, where Mdlle. Eward reigned with absolute sway. "In 1825," the memoir says, "I was for the first time present at Mass in the Chapel of the Hôtel

des Invalides. We sat on a bench near the door, and I liked it very much. Of course I did not in the least understand what was going on; nor did I connect any religious ideas with the Catholic Church, in spite of a certain pleasure in its sights and sounds. Reading was a passion with me from the time I was seven or eight, and when I was about fourteen I read a book which had a strange effect upon me. It was a controversial tale, called *Father Clement*, intended to expose the errors and corruptions of the Catholic religion, Jesuit intrigues, and the like. In the course of the story there is a conversation about the invocation of the Blessed Virgin and the saints, and I at once knelt down and said several times, 'Blessed Virgin Mary, pray for me.' I did not keep this up, and I hardly think I prayed to our Blessed Lady again till some time after my marriage, but I have a strong feeling that that prayer was not said in vain." In 1827, owing to a change in the English Government, Lord Granville left the French Embassy, and the winter was spent in Brighton.

She gives the following description of her childhood:— "All our childhood and youth through we were brought up on a system of extreme abstemiousness, which was supposed to be wholesome. At breakfast, milk and water and dry bread; the same for supper. At dinner, roast meat, vegetables, and a plain pudding; sometimes a little fruit. As to sugar-plums, I never tasted any, except, alas! sometimes by stealth, or a small bit of sugar-candy my father gave us. In the early spring of 1828 we returned to Paris. At Easter, I think, I was confirmed, and received the Sacrament for the first time. I had previously read some religious works with my mother, amongst others Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, which I liked very much. But my mother used to explain away or dissent from the Catholic part of its teaching. I made a great many good resolutions, and on both occasions felt very pious, but no great change took place in my conduct. I have always reproached myself for the way in which I read some books, and parts of books, without leave. Our governess used to paste together chapters not to be read,

but I found out a way of undoing her work and putting it together unobserved. This gave me great remorse; not because of my disobedience, but as a piece of ingratitude for the pains she had taken. I had no repentance for faults that did not wrong any one, and was not at all truthful."

In 1829 Georgiana's elder sister, Susan, "came out," and then Mdlle. Eward began to see how much she had mistaken the character and exaggerated the faults of her younger pupil. Being both good and sincere, she now conceived for her a great sympathy and tenderness, and Georgiana responded most readily to these tardy signs of affection. Her feelings were deep and strong, but she was too kind and generous to let anything like rancour dwell in her heart; the least attempt at reparation on the part of another was enough to make her not only pardon an offence, but forget it entirely. When the time came for the final leave-taking, she writes: "We parted with our poor governess with tears, and great sorrow for her great grief."

A new life now began for Georgiana, and she passed through one of those phases of enchantment which occur at the opening of some lives, like mornings of which we say, "they are too beautiful to last!" When the morning is that of human life, we know clouds will come; but before this happened, she had willingly separated herself from the luxury and magnificence of the society to which she was now introduced. It was that to which she was born, and she could have led in it, as did many others dear to her, a perfectly good life; but, lest she should be tempted into frivolous ways, she forsook this too pleasant and easy path for another, into which we shall follow her later.

Several months were spent by Georgiana and her sister in visiting their relatives in country houses, and in 1831 they returned to Paris, and again lived in the English Embassy. The memoir, from which we have quoted, ends in 1830, and the extracts given show the small amount of religious instruction which Georgiana had received, and naturally make no mention of her gifts of intelligence and imagination. These were of a high order. She was very fond of poetry, and composed some herself; and after her

emancipation from the schoolroom she continued to study and to put into practice the counsels of her former governess, with whom she kept up an intimate correspondence for many years.

In February, 1833, the elder sister married Lord Rivers, and in July of the same year Georgiana's marriage took place with Mr. Alexander Fullerton. In the following year her happiness was crowned by the birth of a son. They still lived at the Embassy in Paris, to which Mr. Fullerton was an attaché, and remained there till 1841, only leaving it for journeys to England and Italy. The months she spent in the latter country, in a Catholic atmosphere, had an important influence on the great conflict through which her soul was shortly to pass.

In 1841 Lord Granville ceased to be ambassador in Paris, and, after travelling for a year, the family went to Rome and there spent the winter of 1842. For a long time religious questions had been occupying the minds of Mr. Fullerton and his wife, but they said nothing about them to each other. In Paris, Lady Georgiana had frequently heard Catholic preachers, and devoted herself to works of charity; but now the question of creed was brought home to her in a manner most unexpected. On April 23rd her husband was received into the Church, and then joined his wife and her parents at Florence. The tidings brought her an inexpressible mixture of joy and agony; he could now authoritatively answer for her many questions which had long troubled her, but a veil had been suddenly torn from her eyes, and she clearly foresaw the sufferings she would be bound to inflict and undergo. She had the courage not to close her eyes to the light, and though she was yet to be long on the way, she did not delay to move firmly and faithfully towards the end.

In the autumn of the same year they returned to England, and in 1844 Lady Georgiana published her novel, *Ellen Middleton*. Her first effort in literature had been made in Paris, in the cause of charity, and to the end of her long life she never forgot the keen joy of the discovery of a power of which she had been hitherto

ignorant. *Ellen Middleton*, a work highly thought of by many competent critics, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Brougham among others, was written at the time of the Oxford Movement, and contains passages bearing distinct traces of the opinions of which the air was then full. By the time it appeared, much of her irresolution had ceased, but she had still to go through the keen suffering of wounding those whom she so tenderly loved. The affection between her and her family was of the deepest kind, and she received from them no reproaches nor harsh judgements. In one way this made the struggle more difficult. In the early part of 1846 her father died, and she had more need than ever of the helps of religion in her sorrow for his loss. From the time of her return to England she had attended the Anglican Chapel in Margaret Street, but she now put herself under the direction of Fr. James Brownbill, of the Society of Jesus, who some years later received into the Church Mr. James Hope and Archdeacon Manning. He was a man of great holiness and simplicity, and was exactly suited to deal with a soul in the state in which Lady Georgiana's then was. The following anecdote will show this: One day she came to him under the influence of one of those fluctuations of mind which arise at such a crisis, and said in a tone of resolution: "I have come to tell you, Father, that I no longer think as I did yesterday, and decidedly it is not into the Catholic Church that I wish to enter." Fr. Brownbill listened to this declaration without moving a muscle, and sat silent, looking at the tips of his nails, as he often did. At last he said quietly, "And which is the Church, then, that you intend to enter?" No answer was possible to this calm question; it chased away in an instant the passing fog which had come to darken her last steps, and the light returned, never afterwards to be veiled. She received from that day the peace and certainty of faith. Two days later, Fr. Brownbill received her into the Church; this was on Passion Sunday, March 29, 1846.

The relations of Lady Georgiana with her family continued to be as intimate as before her conversion. Out-

wardly her life did not change, but inwardly she began at once to "go up higher," though she rarely spoke of what passed in the interior of her soul.

We may here quote some notes on her inner life written by herself, though several years later: "Father —— told me to repeat often in God's presence the acknowledgement of His great goodness and of my own misery and ingratitude. He said it was good to put the thought into words, and use it often. He told me to make a constant practice of reading the New Testament on my knees, getting thoroughly acquainted with it, weighing every little circumstance, every word; to make it a subject of special prayer, that by so doing I might get to know Christ more, and become more like Him and our Blessed Lady; to do things because they would have done them, and in the manner they would have done them. I will try, besides preparation at night and meditation in the morning, to spend ten minutes in this way immediately before or after luncheon, and a quarter of an hour whilst before the Blessed Sacrament." "All we have to do, as St. Teresa says, is to lay our will on the altar, not suffering it, as far as in us lies, to be defiled by anything on earth. One day spent in humility and self-knowledge, though at the cost of many afflictions and labours, I account to be a greater favour from Our Lord than many days spent in prayer. Our spiritual progress does not depend on the length of time we spend in prayer, for when we fulfil with greater perfection the duties to which we are called by charity and obedience, we advance more in the love of God in a few moments thus employed than in many long hours of consideration."

Before her conversion Lady Georgiana had begun a second novel called *Grantley Manor*, and it was published in 1847. It met with a success quite equal to that of the first; letters of congratulation poured in from all sides, and the newspapers were full of its praises. She had thus an early opportunity of resisting that feeling of self-satisfaction which had been pointed out to her as a danger to her soul. No doubt this temptation was felt, and it will

not surprise us to learn that the idea occurred to her of putting an end to it by giving up all exercise of her literary talent. At the same time, was she not called upon to use it for good? She reflected on this without sparing herself. Her desire was to do good, and the most good possible; so she prayed for light, and humbly sought advice. The result was that she continued her work with perseverance.

We may here quote a proposal made to her director after she had written several books: "To fight against the love of praise as regards my writings, would it be good, and in accordance with that resolution, to determine not to read, unless compelled to do so, anything about them in the newspapers and reviews, unless I hear it is unfavourable? It has hitherto been an intense pleasure to look out for those notices. It is sometimes useful to read them, but I am inclined to think that for a year at least it will be best to forego the advantage, and gain that of practising a good sensible mortification." This proposal was approved. Later on we shall see how the proceeds of her books were spent in charity, and in a statement written about 1872 she mentions incidentally that her novels brought her in £200 to £300 a year.

Lady Georgiana's letters to her mother during the first half of the year 1848 were chiefly about the terrible events then taking place in France. One may be quoted as giving a picture of King Louis-Philippe and his wife, who had fled to England: ". . . It is a most heart-breaking thing to see the Queen. She is an angel. I felt as if I could have knelt to her. Such intense piety—not a word of bitterness, of anger, of complaint. Nothing but heroic patience and courage, but much suffering, such deep suffering! The King came in and sat some time with us. He was very different from the last time—silent and dejected. If there is not dignity about him, there is at least a touching absence of resentment or ill-will to any one." In another letter she says: "The distress of the royal family is so great that they live with the utmost self-denial, do almost entirely without wine, and have nothing but what is strictly necessary at dinner." During the terrible days of June, when the Arch-

bishop of Paris, Monseigneur Affre, was shot while giving a message of peace to the insurgents, she writes: "The King says that he thanks God all this bloodshed in France was not to keep him on the throne."

Since her widowhood, Lady Georgiana's mother had withdrawn altogether from society, and not even her oldest and most intimate friends were admitted to her family circle. Her retirement only drew closer the bonds between her and her daughters, and especially Georgiana, with whom she had the most perfect sympathy, excepting only on the one great subject. All her nieces loved their "Aunt Dody," as she was called most tenderly, but by Lady Rivers' wish there was no conversation on religious subjects. This time was perhaps the happiest of her life. It was a delight to help her mother in work for the poor, and to be helped by her, in all they could do together. Her son, who seems to have been a very charming boy, was fulfilling more and more the happy promise of his childhood, though his bad health was a constant source of anxiety. Her soul was at peace, and she advanced with joy in the new paths which had opened before her.

In 1850 she made her first Retreat, under Fr. Faber, who was at that time her confessor. Her notes show an increase of severity with herself, as well as of piety. In the same year she and her husband went to live at Midgham, in Berkshire. She at once opened a school for poor Catholics, and continued her ordinary literary work. She used to say that with a book to write and a school to visit she had all the pleasure she could wish for in the world. Her promptitude was the secret of the great amount of work she accomplished; she never allowed herself to lose a moment.

We may quote here part of a letter from Fr. Faber, written after a slight illness she had had: "Devotion is to do what God wills, and if He chooses you should suffer instead of act, you must acquiesce in it; and, if you find how much you leaned on rule and practices, you can learn humility out of that very discovery. Suffering and glory are the two most unmistakable wills of God, and

what suffering is on earth, glory is in heaven, and so suffering, you see, is earth's kind of beatitude. See! how I speak to you, I who cannot bear a headache with half the patience of a beaten ass."

In 1851 Mr. Fullerton, with his wife and son, went abroad, for the first time since their conversion. Lady Georgiana now looked upon things with different eyes; she had, as it were, gained a new sense, and she found charms where before she had perceived none. Especially was this the case in Rome, where they spent the winter; she learned to know it and to love it, as she said, like a person.

They returned to England for the summer, and she occupied herself actively in works of charity. With her, almsgiving was incomplete unless she also spent her time, care, and labour. Her pen was always busy, and its use furnished her with abundant means for good works.

The next winter was also spent in Rome with their son, who had entered the army, and who was the joy of his parents' hearts. When the Crimean War broke out, his regiment was called to the front. Her heart misgave her, for she knew that his energy gave him a false strength, yet she said goodbye to him courageously. Then came a medical examination, in consequence of a relapse which showed the existence of an ever-threatening evil, and the decision was contrary to his hopes. His parents were thus spared the sorrows arising from distance and the dangers of war, but their anxiety about his health was confirmed, with the added pain of seeing the bitter disappointment of their child. Only for a few more months were they to keep him, and when the end came they were not with him. He was paying a visit to his uncle, Lord Rivers, and would in a few weeks have reached his twenty-first birthday, when he died quite suddenly, May 29, 1855. The news was broken to his agonized parents by Dr. Manning, and though their hearts were crushed, their resignation was perfect. The words, "Thy will be done," were ever on their lips. "He gave, He has taken away: blessed be His holy name."

A great silence now fell upon Lady Georgiana, which will not surprise those who have studied her character.

With all her power of language, it is absolutely true that she had none in which to express her deepest personal feelings. The shattering blow which had fallen on her was unlike all others; it had reached the most profound depths of her soul; it was to break irrevocably all her ties with earth. It is not wonderful that she could not speak of it. Fr. Gallwey, who became at this time, and continued to the end, her spiritual guide, says: "The wound of the death of her only child was so deep in her maternal heart, so bitter, so incurable, and above all, so dumb, that one might ask if, during the thirty years that succeeded it, any one of her most intimate friends or neighbours ever dared to mention his name before her. . . . But this great grief was for her the source of new graces, and elevated her to a higher sanctity."

Lady Georgiana rose to embrace her cross, and to give to God alone the remainder of her life. Henceforth but two great thoughts were to rule it—the first, to devote herself more than ever to him who, struck down and inconsolable like herself, would perhaps have sunk under the grief but for her firm and tender support; the second, for the poor. All was directly or indirectly given to their service, and her whole life was made over to that charity which is but one with the love of God.

Before speaking of the active works with which her life was filled, we may mention another cross which had its part in her sanctification. From various reasons, Mr. Fullerton and his wife had for several years no fixed home. The last sacrifice of this kind for Lady Georgiana was leaving Slindon Cottage, near Arundel. She became after this indifferent to where she lived; her soul gained in freedom, and she received in answer to her prayers and efforts a real detachment from places and things, very much like that which forms part of a religious vocation.

The care of the poor now became her principal devotion, but, engrossing as it was, it never made her take a moment from the time which she ordinarily spent with her husband or devoted to her family cares, and she always managed to find some time for the literary labours in which

she persevered to the end of her life. During the months spent every year in London, she regularly visited the poor Catholics of the neighbourhood, and on one occasion, when a friend was supplying her place, some of her charitable habits became known. We will quote the account from her *Life* :—

"This lady had placed on the poor woman's bed the money and food she had brought, and was taking leave after a few kind words, when the patient said with an air of sadness : 'You are going away, ma'am !' 'Yes ; are you surprised ?' 'But the other lady did not go so soon. She made my fire !' 'Oh, that's nothing ;' and the good substitute set herself to rekindle the fire, which had gone out. Then she again thought of departing. 'That's nice, is it not ?' 'Yes, but it is not all.' The lady urged her to let her know all Lady Georgiana did, for she was to do the same. She found that this included sweeping the room and putting it in perfect order. Then Lady Georgiana used to dress her, without seeming in the least tired or troubled. She did not leave until sure that her poor patient would not want anything till her next visit, and often stayed a long time, talking or reading. Her substitute did the same, and from that day her work for the poor was discharged with greater perfection."

Lady Georgiana soon found that her individual labours were insufficient, and the idea occurred to her of calling in the help of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. This could not easily be done, for they had no house in England, and to bring them from France was beyond her means. While thinking and praying, she met another lady, as generous and courageous as herself, and to her was added a convert, who even before her conversion had given singular proofs of her charity. The first was Blanche, Lady Fitzgerald, who from that moment devoted herself to good works, and finally entered the Institute of Irish Sisters of Charity ; the other was Miss Mary Stanley, sister to the well-known Dean of Westminster. She had been a nurse in the Crimean War, where she had seen the heroism of nuns, and on her return to England had become a Catholic.

"At the beginning of 1859," writes the Superioress of the Sisters of Charity, "Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Lady Fitzgerald, and Miss Stanley, wrote to our Superiors in Paris to ask for three Sisters of Charity to begin in London the visitation of the poor and the foundation of a crèche. The work proposed was only a provisional effort, but the three ladies engaged to find all the expenses necessary for the maintenance of the house for two years. The proposal was accepted, and on June 22, 1859, three Sisters took possession of the small house which had been made ready for them by their patronesses, in York Street, Westminster."

Lady Georgiana was delighted, and went every day to the Sisters. She accompanied them into the most miserable streets, where for the most part the poor Irish were huddled together. In them Lady Georgiana saw the personification of the Faith. It was a joy to her to serve them, and in the midst of their extreme misery, she marvelled at the wonderful purity of manners which so many of them retain, under such trying circumstances, in the wretched dens in which they live. The children were the objects of her tenderest care, and she used to insist on taking some of them in her carriage, that they might breathe the fresher air of the country. An orphanage was soon added to the crèche, and both have grown and flourished.

Lady Georgiana's good works were countless, and remarkable too were the thoroughness with which she entered into every individual case, the calm with which she passed from one to another, and the punctuality with which all fell into order. She seemed to multiply the hours of the day, and was as generous with her time as with her money.

A work to which she was most devoted in its infancy was one dedicated to the Immaculate Conception for the rescue and protection of the children of Catholic poor. In connection with this charity, she wrote the life of a young girl of the poorest class who managed in her poverty to begin a work for the saving of a few orphans, which was afterwards established on a permanent footing under the care of a religious Congregation. Her biography was the first of

a short series called "Our Lady's Little Books." Elizabeth Twiddy was a cap-maker, the child of a Protestant workman who deserted her Catholic mother. She cheered and supported the latter, and during the eight years she survived her, lived an apparently ordinary life. The greater part of the day, after Mass, was spent at her work; the spare time allowed for food was often given to visiting the poor or the sick; and when her work was over she went to church. Gradually other girls gathered round her, and she became a centre of a holy influence, without the least assumption of extraordinary goodness or authority. In time she collected a few orphans and destitute children into a little home, which was supported by Providence, and after her holy death in 1859 her work was taken up, especially by the charity mentioned above.

Mr. Fullerton helped on by every means in his power the charitable works of his wife. Very few letters ever passed between them, from the simple fact that they were so seldom separated, but in 1862 he went for a few weeks to Italy, Lady Georgiana remaining in London, and from three or four letters which have been kept we learn details which are an amazing revelation of charity and almsgiving.

It may be well to mention here a second little biography called *A Child of the Sacred Heart.* This was the life of Mary Fitzgerald, a young lady converted from Calvinism, who, after a short experience of work in London, became a religious of the Sacred Heart, in France, and died in 1865. It shows us how the idea of the Congregation which was to be specially associated with Lady Georgiana's name was in her mind long before it was carried into practice. She speaks of the inevitable uncertainty which attends all secular work among the poor, and then of "a want which no religious order quite meets as yet . . . the peculiar work which can only be effected by those who associate with the poor, labour with them, in a certain sense live with them, and exercise the daily influence of their example in a mode of existence similar to their own." She describes the work that had begun and prospered in Poland out of which arose the Institute of the Little Servants of the most

holy Mother of God, and which was to give birth in time to the English Institute of the same name.

But to return to Lady Georgiana's family life. Her sister, Lady Rivers, was tried by God in an extraordinary way. She had four sons and eight daughters, and all the former died before reaching the age of eighteen, the disease being a gradual loss of all muscular strength, beginning when four or five years old. She saw three thus fade away, and then died knowing that the last was affected in the same way and could not long survive her. Their sisters entirely escaped, but her last great sorrow was the death of the youngest, who was killed by lightning two months after her marriage.

We may imagine the way in which Lady Georgiana shared and consoled the griefs of her tenderly loved sister. Her eldest and favourite niece, the Hon. Susan Pitt, not a Catholic, writes as follows: "It was in sorrow that my aunt shone pre-eminently. I think she comforted not only by sympathy, but by strengthening one to bear the grief, whatever it was, by rising above it, so to speak, in just the best way. I once went with her to a hospital, and was struck by hearing her say, almost in a cheerful tone to a poor man who was complaining of his sufferings, 'Make it a sacrifice.' Even in little daily trials, such as small difficulties in housekeeping, she would advise one to make whatever duty of that kind fell to one's lot an interest and almost a vocation by throwing one's heart into it, doing it as well as possible, and say that thus it would become less distasteful. No one, I think, seemed to feel more, or to inculcate more, religion in common life."

In 1862 Lady Georgiana's mother died. The fear of this sorrow had long haunted her, but when the blow fell, she stood firm at the foot of the Cross. Her rule of life became about this time more severe. She rose earlier and lengthened the time of her meditation; she confessed twice a week, and communicated daily; her acts of mortification were multiplied, and she no longer shrank from any kind of penance. Her obedience to her director was most exact, and was put to the test when a few years later he required

from her a great sacrifice of her taste and inclinations. For a considerable time she had lived a life of the utmost retirement, occupying herself with her books and her poor. Now she was asked to re-enter the world, as it were, and carry on an apostolate among persons of her own rank. Up to that time, she says, she had "been singularly unsuccessful in that way," but she accepted the task in the spirit of obedience—to make of herself "an entire sacrifice, a living holocaust pleasing unto God." Henceforth she received guests more freely, read newspapers and current literature, and gave up much of her time to conversations in which she took no interest. In little things, as in great, the will of God was her unfailing motto; she lived in the presence of God; her particular examen was recollection, and we may truly say of her, "She held Him whom her soul loved, and she did not let Him go."

In 1886 Lord and Lady Rivers died within two days of each other, and for a moment Lady Georgiana's strong natural affections seemed to overwhelm her. Eleven months later the last of their sons died, and the ties which united her to her nieces were drawn still closer. She writes to Lady Herbert of Lea: "The trials of my family are strange and mysterious, but I doubt not that those numerous prayers, so many of which I owe to you, have obtained strange blessings also for them all. Indeed, I can never doubt it. They are a pledge, as it were, that those *three* specially pleaded for in that appeal have been taken in mercy. Dearest Henry's end was as beautiful and hopeful as any death not visibly in the Church can be, and the heavy load of sorrow laid on his sisters in their youth will, I doubt not, prove an earnest of future spiritual blessings."

We must now speak more in detail of the religious Institute which was, in some respects, the most important work of Lady Georgiana's life. It had long been evident that the single house of the Sisters of Charity in London was altogether insufficient. Cardinal Wiseman had said he should like nine in the archdiocese, but for these, of course, there were no means. Lady Georgiana had another idea, which was to open a home for a number of pious girls who

had a call to serve God in religion but were without dowry. She imagined a religious Institute which should be supported by some kind of industrial work, and whose inmates should visit the poor and take part in other charitable labours.

She thought of this for many years, and meanwhile an intimate friend, Miss Taylor, who afterwards became, under the name of Mother Magdalen, the first Superior of the new Congregation, told her that an excellent priest had come to see her, and without knowing anything about her project, had spoken of the necessity of founding an order precisely similar to that of which she was thinking. The two friends resolved to seek to know the will of God by a novena, and determined to accept whatever means offered themselves for the accomplishment of the Divine will, or to give up their plans if nothing came to hand. Some recruits presented themselves before the end of the novena, and by the end of the year their numbers had increased, and rooms had been taken in the city. There the little group knelt before a statue of our Lady, and besought her to be the Mother, Mistress, and Superior of the work. But before beginning it, Lady Georgiana wished Miss Taylor to visit the Order of Little Servants of Mary, in the Grand Duchy of Posen, and see if affiliation were practicable. It was not, and so they set to work, and soon found a line of employment which made the new Institute almost self-supporting. It took the name of Poor Servants of the Mother of God Incarnate, and its success has become such as its foundress could never have anticipated. It spread to Ireland, and the Sisters were asked to direct schools, hospitals, and orphanages. The industrial labour which first served as their support was laundry-work, but since Lady Georgiana's death printing has been added. A central house has been founded in Rome, through the generosity of Mr. Fullerton, whose interest in the work has never failed. The Constitutions were drawn up by the late Fr. Dignam, S.J., and received from the Holy Father, the *Lauda*, or "Brief of Praise," which is the first step towards approbation. The latter was granted in 1892, when the foundress had gone to her reward.

Another work begun by Lady Georgiana was in imitation of one in Paris to look after the needs of poor parishes in the suburbs. She formed an association of ladies to help in the missions in unfashionable London, but it died out on account of the death of almost all the associates. Of late years the Social Union, founded by His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, has supplied its place on a much larger scale.

Her works of charity were indeed endless, her sympathies world-wide; and as she was well known by her writings, she was daily appealed to for aid from all parts. She often received letters with only her name and "London" on them. She took a special interest in helping the "bashful poor," "those who had seen better days."

We can but barely mention Lady Georgiana's work for the suffering French during the Franco-Prussian War; for the Christian women kidnapped in Annam by the Chinese, in 1873; for the Polish Catholics persecuted by Russia, which led to a long and interesting correspondence with Mr. Gladstone in 1876; and the help she gave in the cause of the beatification of our English martyrs. Mother Magdalen Taylor, her fellow-worker in the Institute she had founded, had written a tale called *Tyborne, and who went thither in the days of Queen Elizabeth.* Lady Georgiana wrote about it to the authoress: "I began your book, and I simply could not put it down till I had finished it."

Later on, she brought out *Constance Sherwood*, of which Fr. Stanton, of the London Oratory, speaks as follows: "Lady Georgiana Fullerton was one of the principal witnesses (in the Court of Enquiry opened for the Cause), as the subject was one which she had studied with special interest for a length of time. She had already published *Constance Sherwood*, in which the sufferings of Catholics in the persecutions of Elizabeth were so vividly described. She had also translated the *Life of Luisa de Carvajal*, so full of authentic details of several martyrdoms. Lady Georgiana was also able to attest, from her own examination of various documents, the almost faultless accuracy of

Bishop Challoner's *Missionary Priests*, and to show that the martyrs suffered purely for the cause of religion."

In 1877 Mr. Fullerton and his wife made their home permanently at Bournemouth, in a house called Ayrfield, where they enjoyed the privilege of having the Blessed Sacrament reserved. Here her virtues seemed to develop visibly; her humility, charity, and patience were more apparent, and though her renouncement of everything had been so complete for many years that it seemed impossible to go further, yet as time went on she managed to do so in the poverty and simplicity of her dress. She had three great wishes. The first was for a long life, that she might do more for souls. She once said to a friend: "Pray that I may live to the years of St. Helen," who is supposed to have died at the age of eighty-two. The second was to do something which would live after her, and for this she often invoked St. Francis Xavier. This wish was certainly granted. Her third desire was that she might be a saint. The prayer, "My God, make me a saint," was perpetually on her lips. When she found that her life was to be one of constant suffering, and that she would probably be bedridden, she wrote to a great friend and fellow-worker, Mdlle. Teulière: "I have always prayed much to God that I might become holy before I die; this is the answer, and I bless Him for it."

Her piety was simple and practical. In her diary for January 6, 1868, she notes a meditation on the Feast, and wishes to offer three gifts in imitation of the Kings. She resolves—"For gold—to make all visits in a spirit of zeal. For incense—greater recollection, and custody of the eyes in church. For myrrh, to get up when it is time." Nothing was too small to serve as matter for self-conquest. She had a great natural distaste for needlework, and for many years never used a needle, but she resumed work with it, and persevered with the simplicity of a child. A friend remembered driving with her on a very hot day along a dusty road, and that she sat all the time without parasol or gloves. In the coldest weather she would only wear a thin black shawl, until a warm Shetland one was given her,

which she was obliged to wear for the sake of the donor. Though often in great suffering, she would hardly ever lean back in an armchair, or rest on a sofa, and when a friend was pitying her for some painful ulcers in her mouth, she stopped her, saying, "My dear, it's a very good thing; I've often been greedy, I daresay." The same friend says: "Once we were both coming back very tired from the work meeting, and she said suddenly, 'My dear, this is the very moment to pay a visit to ——' (mentioning a poor woman who was certainly a trial to her friends). We drove to her cottage, and Our Lord was good to us—for she was out."

In 1882, after a long and severe attack of illness, Mr. Fullerton and his wife went to Tours, hoping to visit Lourdes also, which both had long wished to do. In addition to the hidden malady which was gradually killing her, Lady Georgiana was suffering at this time from a painful affection of the eyes, which threatened to entirely deprive her of sight. At the well-known shrine of the Holy Face, in the house of M. Dupont, "the holy man of Tours," she begged that she and her husband might have the sign of the Cross made on their foreheads and eyes with the oil used in the lamps. This was done, and her eyes were instantly cured, and never again troubled her.

On the eve of the day fixed for their departure for Lourdes, Mr. Fullerton fell seriously ill, and the journey was given up. His wife felt the disappointment keenly, and could not prevent the tears coming to her eyes, but her great friend, Mrs. Craven, who was with her, and who afterwards wrote her life, bears witness to the sweetness with which she accepted the disappointment, her only thought being to prevent her husband from thinking it was a sacrifice to her.

On their return through Paris she herself fell ill, and they were obliged to remain there several months. At last they reached Boulogne, and were there detained until the end of January, 1883. Lady Georgiana much enjoyed this visit; her health improved, and she was able to indulge in the great pleasure of personally helping the poor. One day

she went into the English school, taught by the Sisters of Charity, and proposed a dinner or tea-party as a Christmas treat for the children. The Sister, who did not recognize her, and judged from her very plain dress that she could not be well off, replied simply that she thought a tea-party would be cheaper. Lady Georgiana laughed and explained who she was. The feast took place, and became an annual institution, thanks to the generosity of Mr. Fullerton.

This was her last visit to France. The improvement in her health continued until the end of the year, which she spent in London and in visits to her brothers; she then returned to Bournemouth and never left it again. Her last literary work, the *Life of Lady Falkland*, was published during this year, and she also wrote the first and last parts of a Life of Lady Lothian, her great friend, who had died in 1877.

While in London, she visited the second house of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God, which was in a narrow court near Seven Dials. She loved it because, as she said, "it is so delightful to be right among the poor—it is quite an ideal house." She started weekly mothers' meetings there, and used to read and talk to the women, who idolized her. When leaving London for the last time in the autumn of that year, Mother Magdalen offered her a basket of passion-flowers, and she exclaimed: "Oh, my dear! you don't know what passion-flowers are to me!"

At Easter, 1884, Lady Georgiana was in great danger, and she wrote later on: "It is a strange thing to be brought in this way face to face with death, so completely in God's hands. And what good hands they are! I feel very calm and full of gratitude, convinced that all is for the best for me and others."

During the month of May a great effort was made to obtain her cure by prayer. A large number of persons from all parts of Europe joined, and visits were paid to various shrines of our Lady on her behalf. Don Bosco's prayers were also asked. Lady Georgiana wrote: "Ten days before the Feast of our Lady, Help of Christians, I received from Don Bosco a picture of her, with these words

at the back: O Mary, Help of Christians, bestow a special blessing upon thy sick daughter, and we pray thee, obtain health for her from thy Son, if it be not contrary to the good of her soul.' We made a novena, apart from the prayers of the Month of Mary, which ended on the day of the Feast, May 24th. Till that day nothing particular had struck me in Don Bosco's prayer, but then, the thought came with irresistible force that this illness has been sent me as the means of making, with glad and ready acceptance, the sacrifices which would have cost me most had I been called to the religious life—to cease to pray in the churches I love, to see only at rare intervals my spiritual father, not to see my brother's children growing up in his house, to have friends who will never be able to come and see me—some of my greatest—not to look on the varied beauties of earth and sky. These are the pangs I should have felt in becoming a nun. These I could now turn into offerings, gladly, readily—my bed, my cell; my sitting-room, the parlour; the house, my religious home. Everything assumed a new aspect; when any of these 'never agains' make my heart ache, the pain is superseded by the joy and the conviction that, according to Don Bosco's prayer, that kind of health is granted me which will be the best for my soul. Can you conceive how much happier I have been since that day? These thoughts seemed the answer from our Blessed Lady on the Feast of Help of Christians. I cannot now pray for a cure. Should it come, it will be God's will. . . ."

Several of her friends died during this year, among them Mr. Craven, who, with his wife, had spent the preceding Christmas with the Fullertons. The following extract is from the last letter written to Mrs. Craven, and dated January 2, 1885: "The difficulty of conquering my inordinate love of life clings to me, and regrets, natural to youth and middle age, but inconceivable when existence, in any case, must end very soon. This is what I pray for now, to begin to love Our Lord with a love which swallows up all other love, and makes those who have it long for death."

As January advanced her weakness increased. During

those last days Fr. Gallwey often read to her the chapters in St. John's Gospel containing the words of Our Lord to His Apostles before going forth to His Passion. On the 18th she was anointed and received Holy Viaticum. On the afternoon of the 19th it was evident that the end was at hand. Her husband, and brothers, and faithful servants were by her side, and also her spiritual father. The words of absolution which she had loved so much and sought for so humbly, were the last to fall upon her ears, and she passed away in perfect peace.

Her body was taken to Roehampton, where it rested for a day and night in the chapel of the Nuns of the Sacred Heart. She had said, "Send no flowers, give the money to the poor, and let all be as simple and poor as possible." On the 23rd, Feast of the Espousals of our Lady, the Requiem Mass was said and a beautiful sermon preached by Fr. Gallwey. In the cemetery a space for three graves had been set aside, and her son's body was brought from Fulham; there she rests in peace: "Beloved of God and men, her memory is in benediction."

When her death became known a cry of sorrow went up throughout England and in many other places. The testimony to her holiness was unanimous. The late Fr. Dignam, a man of great discernment of character and rigid in his ideas of the virtue which would deserve the title of Saint, wrote: "She is a loss to the Church and to the world." Fr. de Ravignan, a very severe judge, and one who seldom praised, said she was a person of angelic piety. Cardinal Newman wrote to Mrs. Craven: "Since I have been a Catholic I have looked upon her with reverence and admiration for her saintly life. A character and mental history such as hers make her a fit representative of those ladies of rank and position in society who, during the last half-century, have thought it little to become Catholics by halves, and who have devoted their lives and all they were to their Lord's service." At the end of his sermon Fr. Gallwey said: "I have suppressed things more admirable than those I have uttered," and his friendship with her and knowledge of her soul had existed thirty years.

It has been asked whether any miracles have been attributed to her intercession. Though this is not certainly known, favours have been granted which may be called "signal." Some nuns, for example, had sought for a house in a large city under certain conditions, but had only met with disappointment. They often invoked Lady Georgiana, and on the day when they were about to give up their purpose, a lady dressed in black came up the street and said hurriedly: "If you want a house, you will find No. 15 in the next street," and disappeared. They went and found no sign of the house being to let, but on inquiry, the owner said: "How could you possibly know? We have told no one, but we do wish to leave, and that speedily, for we have lost money, and wish to break up our household." The bargain was practically concluded that very day.

Many holy words might be chosen as her epitaph, but none seem more suitable than these: "Unspotted from the world," for though she lived in it, it did not taint her. "Blessed is the man that could transgress and hath not transgressed; that could do evil things and hath not done them; therefore are his goods established in the Lord, and all the church of the saints shall declare his alms."

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, LONDON.

GERONIMO.

THE sun was sinking blood-red on the desert plain. Far as the eye could reach stretched a vast extent of loose reddish sand, not smooth, but undulating like the billows of the sea. However, this desert, in spite of its dreariness, offers some spots which are comparatively cheerful; and on one of these spots half a dozen low black horse-hair tents were pitched in a circle not far from a well of somewhat brackish water. A young lad of twelve lying down in the shade of one of these tents was sharing a bowl of fruit with a girl a little younger than himself, who looked at him rather anxiously and then said softly:—

"Oh, Bender, are you still pining to join our people in the fray?"

"Who would not chafe and fret," he exclaimed, "at being left behind with girls and women, when our braves are out on an expedition like this? Do you not know that Benoo Hassan himself is at the head of the marauding band, and that unless we win the day—which Allah grant!—we ourselves may become the bondsmen of this renegade?"

"*Insha Allah*, that must be as God wills," replied

the girl; "but try and forget our warriors for a while, and come and help me to drive the camels from the bushes before milking time."

So saying, Zorah left the shade of the tent, and walked rapidly towards the rising ground, where the camels were feeding with their young ones. Bender followed her sadly, yet she seemed to exercise a strange power over him. She had been for a year his affianced bride, and was pure and innocent as a child. Early marriages are looked upon as a duty among Mussulmans, who quote a legend from the "Hadites," or conversations of Mahomet, in which the Prophet is supposed to have said to the young men, his followers: "Let those among you who are rich enough to marry, do so young. When a man marries, the Evil One utters a terrible cry. All the bad angels fly to him and ask: 'What is the matter, Lord?' 'A mortal has just escaped me!' answers Satan in despair."

On the top of a line of reddish rocks, underneath which the camels were feeding, stood a ruined tower, which was a favourite haunt of the children, as it was a look-out place for the Bedouin scouts and commanded a view of the whole country. Bender began talking of all the things he would do and the places he would see when he grew older. "Not that I want to leave you, my Zorah," he added; "but a man must know something beyond his own tents, must he not?"

What other castles in the air Bender would have built it is impossible to say, for at that moment a violent barking of dogs, followed by sudden cries of terror and pain, burst from the camp they had so lately quitted.

To spring down the turret-steps with Zorah, and bound across the sandy ridge which shut out the view of the tents, was the work of a moment; and then their worst fears were realized. On every side they saw armed men pillaging the hitherto peaceful encampment. The younger women had been seized and bound, while the mares and foals were being carefully secured by their captors, preparatory to being carried off with all the other valuables of the camp.

"Fly, Zorah! fly!" exclaimed Bender, though in a whisper, "back to the tower, and hide in the little cave below, lest these cursed dogs take thee prisoner like the rest!"

"But thou, Bender?" sobbed the poor girl. "I cannot leave thee. Let us rather go and die together."

"No! fly, for the love of Allah!" cried the boy in a voice of agony: "death is the least thing thou hast to fear from wretches like these! *I* shall be safe enough; they will not harm *me!*" So saying he pushed Zorah back over the ridge to the tower, and strode down the hill, resolved to face the enemy bravely.

But vain was the boy's courage against armed men. He was surrounded and would have been killed had not a voice cried out: "Hold! he is worth six hundred sequins at Oran!" so that they contented themselves with binding his hands and feet and placing him with the other captives under a strong guard. Then they quickly mounted the stolen mares and camels, each soldier placing one of the prisoners before him, and so hastened to retrace their steps, lest the return of the men of the tribe should reverse their victory.

After a few hours, the band, feeling themselves safe from pursuit, decided on a halt, and Bender was unloosed from his painful position and allowed to share the meal—of dates and bread—of the men, though he felt he was still carefully guarded. One of the soldiers strove to say a few kind words of sympathy to the poor boy; but Bender could ill brook pity from his captors and turned sullenly aside without reply.

The sun was just rising when Bender was called the next morning. He began mechanically to recite the prayers of his childhood, for the tribes on the borders of the great desert are still sun-worshippers in their hearts. The kindly soldier watched him rather sadly; then he himself made the sign of the Cross, and repeated a few Catholic prayers of faith and thanksgiving. Soon the whole camp was on the alert, and the march was resumed as before, till they came within sight of a village situated at the foot of the range of mountains which divides the province of Oran from the desert. From thence they passed through a shady forest and rushing streams till they reached Tlemcen, which the Arabs still call the "Queen of Cities."

Bender passed through the streets in a sort of dream of admiration, and poured out his heart at last to the kind soldier Pedro, who had saved him from much ill-usage on the way, and towards whom Bender found himself irresistibly attracted.

"We will go to-morrow and see the great Palace," replied Pedro cheerfully. "But now I want to talk to you about yourself. I have spoken to our captain, and he is willing that I should dispose of you when we get

to Oran. Now there is one person there who was looking out for a boy of your age some time ago, and who would, I know, be the kindest of masters. But if I recommend you to him you must promise on your part to serve him well and faithfully. Will you do this?"

Bender promised, being too thankful to be saved the humiliation of the slave-market, the thought of which had been haunting him ever since his capture, and tried to express his gratitude to his companion.

"Ah! I trust you will have something more to thank me for than that, my boy, if I can place you with Monsignor Caro. Now lie down and go to sleep, and to-morrow I will ask leave to take you with me."

Pedro was as good as his word, and the next day took him all over this wonderful town, with its beautiful *Meshouar* or "Place of Council," and all its interesting contents. But Bender seemed more and more melancholy as they went on, and at last Pedro asked him what was the matter.

"I cannot bear to feel that we know nothing of all these beautiful things," exclaimed Bender; "no wonder you look upon us as barbarians!"

Pedro smiled: "What will you say to me when I tell you that none of these things have the least attraction for me? They are curious and beautiful certainly; but, except the garden, there is nothing that speaks to us of the Great Spirit," he added, wishing to adapt his conversation to the intelligence of his hearer. "Do you never feel anything within you, Bender, which craves for something more real, more lasting than all

these wonders? Take this clock for instance; one blow of a sledge-hammer would destroy all that mechanism in an instant, and so with the rest. There is nothing eternal but God."

"You speak like a Dervish," replied the astonished boy. "But what you say is true. I have often felt like that; only I thought when I was a man I should know and find all I wished for on earth."

"Well, then, take my word for it, who am a man and not a young one either," answered Pedro, laughing, "that when you grow up you will find the same want and the same dissatisfaction, unless you have found the key of the enigma. But we shall have plenty of time to talk of this at Oran. See, they are calling us!" he added hastily, as a messenger hurried to tell them that the captain of the band had decided on a sudden start, as he had received orders to return to Oran immediately.

They started accordingly and reached the city towards evening, when Pedro, riding up to Bender, said:—

"This is Oran and the gate of Tlemcen through which we shall soon pass. Now, keep up your heart; you must go with the rest of the prisoners to the prison or fortress of Kasba; but to-morrow I will come and fetch you and take you with me to introduce you to him who, I hope, will be your new master."

These words gave Bender the courage he needed, and enabled him to bear unflinchingly the melancholy procession of which he formed a part, and the jeering remarks of the garrison as they passed under the Moorish archway to their prison.

Pedro was as good as his word, however, and fetched

Bender the next morning to take him to Monsignor Caro. The Vicar Apostolic was alone, and on Pedro's craving for an audience, he was at once admitted, shyly followed by Bender, and eagerly knelt to kiss the venerable hand extended to him, while the words "God bless you, my son!" gave him the courage to tell his tale about the boy, ending with the hope that a place might be found for him in the bishop's household.

Monsignor Caro listened kindly and patiently and then said: "Yes, I will take the boy. Do you know anything about horses?" he added, speaking to Bender in the Kabyle dialect, with which he was thoroughly familiar.

"I have done nothing else since I was born!" proudly answered the boy, while a vision of the mares which had been the pride of his life brought the ready tears into his eyes.

"Well, well," answered Monsignor Caro, kindly patting his head, "I daresay you will do very well; but I shall want you to learn something else besides—something that will make you faithful, good and true, as well as a clever groom!"

He touched a little hand-bell as he spoke and a young acolyte at once appeared.

"Take this little fellow to the Franciscan Fathers, and tell the Superior from me that I want him to be admitted to their orphanage and taught the rudiments of our holy religion."

Bender's face fell, and he clung the tighter to Pedro, whom he was most unwilling to quit. But Pedro reassured him by promising to come and see him, and

Bender followed his new guide through different passages and then across a courtyard till he found himself in a large room filled with boys of his own age, employed in different studies which were quite incomprehensible to him.

The acolyte said a few words to a man in a brown habit, who nodded, and calling Bender to his side, spoke to him very kindly and told him to stay by him till school was over. "There are several boys from your tribe," he added. "These unhappy raids bring us many such; so that you will soon find yourself among friends."

Presently the low buzz of voices ceased, and a bell sounded, at which all the boys rose. The monk said a short prayer, to which the boys responded, and then the large doors at the end were thrown open and the boys rushed out into the playground. "Alee!" called out the master. A bright intelligent-looking lad ran back into the schoolroom and came up to where Bender was standing. There was respect in his manner, but no fear, as he listened to Padre Geronimo's words:—

"Here is a new companion for you, to whom I hope you will be kind and show him the ways of the place. It is all as strange to him now as it was to you three years ago, do you recollect?" he added, smiling.

"Don't I, Padre!" exclaimed Alee laughing; "but there are more of us, Kabyles, now than there were then, so he will soon feel at home. Come along. What's your name? Bender? Well, I'm Alee. Come and I'll show you the house and the games and all about it."

The cheery voice and manner of his new friend greatly reassured our poor little Kabyle, and to feel that he was with those who could understand and sympathize with him took a great load off his heart.

We must leave him for some months under the care of the good Fathers and pass on to an event which happened on Christmas night and for ever changed Bender's life. Darkness had fallen on the town; but instead of the usual silence, a multitude of footsteps might be heard treading the narrow streets and pathways and all converging in one direction, which was that of the great mosque now converted into a cathedral. On pushing aside the heavy curtains, the eye was dazzled at the blaze of light which filled the whole space. But the crowd seemed to be specially attracted towards a side chapel which was already thronged with kneeling figures, where was a representation of the stable at Bethlehem, with the manger and the crib and the Holy Babe lying on the straw, with His Virgin Mother and St. Joseph, and the shepherds. And now the crowd opened to admit a gorgeous train of priests and acolytes; and soon the beautiful midnight Mass began, and the choir and people joyfully sung the *Adeste Fideles*.

But who is this with his head buried in his hands kneeling, in a white cotta, close to the holy crib? It is our poor Bender; but so changed, so transfigured that Zorah would have failed to recognize him. Once or twice he looked up, fixing his eyes on the Infant Saviour, with an expression of such intense faith

and joy and hope that Pedro, who is kneeling just behind him, cannot take his eyes off the boy's face. For that very night he has received the waters of baptism; that very night he has sworn to be Christ's faithful soldier and servant to his life's end; that very night, the faithful Pedro being his sponsor, he has exchanged the name of Bender for that of "Geronimo"; and now, in the full strength of his baptismal grace, nothing seems impossible to him. If he still had restless fits and longings to return to his desert home, these were now mingled with visions of going back there some day to be "a messenger of good tidings." For an extraordinary change had passed over the lad when once the truths of Christianity had become known to him. His conversion was as hearty as it had been sudden; and the good old Padre, amazed at the effect of his teaching on the boy, as compared with his other pupils, prophesied great things for him in the future. "He will be an apostle among his own people," he exclaimed one day. "Say, rather, a martyr," rejoined Monsignor Caro, who knew too well the unrelenting hatred and bigotry of the followers of Mahomet towards all who bore the name of Christian, and who were, as they considered, renegades from their creed.

In the meantime Geronimo had left school and entered upon the service of his venerable master, whom he accompanied in all his distant missions; and by his thorough knowledge of horses and his devotion to his duties proved himself a really valuable little servant. Monsignor Caro lost no opportunity of still further instructing and confirming the faith of his neophyte,

who eagerly responded to his endeavours. Still, he had not altogether abandoned the idea of some day striving to return to his home. The recollection of Zorah was still vivid in his heart, and sometimes, though very rarely, he would speak of her and picture the joy of a future reunion.

The occasion for yielding to this temptation was not long in presenting itself. In 1550 a fearful famine ravaged the whole of the northern coast of Africa. A three years' drought had dried up all the rivers and wells and reduced the flocks and herds to positive starvation. Monsignor Caro and his clergy exerted themselves to meet the dire and pressing need. They pitched tents in the neighbourhood of Mers-el-Kebir, and obtained shiploads of flour from Spain wherewith to feed the starving multitudes. But, in spite of all their efforts, thousands died; and children, gaunt with famine, might be seen quarrelling for the offal the dogs had left, or for the few oats which remained at the bottom of the bags in which the horses had been fed.

Monsignor Caro laboured from early morning till late at night, cheering, feeding and housing all that he possibly could; and Geronimo accompanied him and shared in his labour. His business was principally with the boys, whom he would gather together in a tent and strive to feed with mouthfuls of "couscous" or steeped flour and milk, though often the poor little things were too exhausted to swallow it and frequently were only brought into the tent to die.

On one occasion, as Geronimo was painfully striving to restore some animation into the emaciated body of a

boy of his own age, he heard his own name called in the Kabyle dialect and by a voice which was familiar to him. He started, and fancied at first that what he heard was only the effect of imagination. But again the voice called him, adding some words peculiar to his tribe. Trembling with anxiety and fear, he left his dying charge for a moment and crept out of the tent on the side from which the voice had come, but at first he could see nothing. Presently, however, in a tangled mass of fan palm to the right, he discovered the head of a boy who had been his cousin and playmate before his capture.

Looking quickly round to see that he was not watched, Geronimo poured forth the questions which he was burning to have answered—of Zorah, of his father and of all that had happened during those two eventful years. The Kabyle's answers were mingled with joy and sorrow: Zorah was safe, patient, faithful, waiting for him; but the old chief, his father, had never recovered from the blow of his son's capture and he was failing fast. Nothing but Bender's return could save him. Then followed a rapid talk as to the best means of escape. A portion of his tribe lay concealed in the scrub just beyond the temporary encampment. Monsignor Caro stayed late, administering to the dying and the dead. Nothing would be easier than for Geronimo to slip away unperceived, favoured by the darkness of the night, and to strike across the plain towards Tlemcen by paths unknown to any European. Were he to lose this chance, never again would he be able to regain his liberty, see Zorah, and save his father's life.

Poor Geronimo! What had become of all his pious resolutions, his gratitude to his venerable master, even his love for his Lord—all had vanished before the two words "Home" and "Zorah"! So he yielded, and at nightfall, when he had saddled Monsignor Caro's horse, it was decided that he was to join his tribe, who would wait for him in a certain gully to the left. Once past the city of Tlemcen he would be safe, and might find his way home alone. So, stifling the whisperings of conscience, Geronimo returned to the tent; and that night saw him galloping rapidly across the moonlit plain. After a long and anxious search, Monsignor Caro was compelled to own himself deceived and outwitted by the boy he had so loved and trusted. It was a real trial to him; for Geronimo's fervour and precocity had endeared him to the holy ecclesiastic even more than he was himself aware. Yet his faith and charity still made him hopeful. "He will return to us; be sure he will return!" he replied calmly to Padre Geronimo's sorrowful shake of the head, and to the indignant exclamations of his household, who only marvelled at their good master's credulity. "They are all alike," they exclaimed. "There is no reclaiming one of those savage tribes by kindness or anything else!"

But we must return to Geronimo, who had succeeded in eluding all pursuit, although on one occasion nearly captured by the Tlemcen patrol. And now he proceeded alone towards the ridge of hills which was the boundary line of his tribe. A little anxious at being in the country of his old foe, Benoo Hassan, he hurried

his mare till he arrived at a solitary tent pitched near an ancient well. Here he dismounted and, muffling his face, passed quickly within the tent door. He was then safe; for by Arab law, once inside a tent, you are made free of all that it contains and that without question.

"*Maak Salâm*" (Peace be unto thee) was the grave and courteous salutation of the owner of the tent, who proceeded to set before his unexpected guest a bowl of camel's milk and some dates mashed up with *samné* (clarified butter) which Geronimo most thankfully accepted. A few moments later a cloud of dust appeared across the plain, in the midst of which a score of glittering lances burst forward, headed by a sheikh, a man of commanding presence and haughty mien, who suddenly struck his spear into the ground. That was a signal for the whole caravan to halt. The tents were unloaded and in less than half an hour the encampment was complete.

Lucky it was for Geronimo that he had sought and obtained a shelter before the arrival of the band, which he soon discovered to be composed of his deadliest foes. Safe, however, in the solitary tent, he resolved to wait till evening to continue his journey, and in the meantime to seek the rest he so much needed. As he was preparing to roll himself in his burnous and lie down, he perceived that he was watched by a woman through a chink on the other side of the partition in the tent which divided the male from the female portion of its inmates, who made signs to him of wishing to communicate something secretly to him. Presently his host left the tent, and

instantly Geronimo glided towards the partition where the blue-veiled figure had appeared a few moments before. "You are known and you are watched," were the words which fell upon his ear. "Do not attempt to leave the tent till I give you the sign." At that moment the owner of the tent reappeared, and Geronimo, feigning sleep, fell back on his blanket and remained immovable. The more he thought, the more he was puzzled at this mysterious recognition, for he knew that his two years' residence at Oran had entirely changed him. Suddenly, it flashed across him that it was his favourite mare which had betrayed him. He had mounted one well known not only to his own tribe, but to his enemies, for beauty, fleetness and strength, which had been brought to facilitate his escape from Oran. To steal his mare would be the work of a moment, and without her he would be utterly at the mercy of his foes. As he was thinking most anxiously of these things, a small ball rolled from under the tent to his feet. He took it up and found a few lines of writing round it, which ran as follows:—

"I have coaxed your mare to the ridge beyond the camp to the south and tethered her there. No one has missed her. Before the morning dawns, crawl out of the tent, without, if possible, disturbing the dogs, and make for the ridge. Once there, you are safe. May Allah be your guide!—ZORAH'S FRIEND."

Joyfully and thankfully were these words read by Geronimo, who proceeded to eat the paper on which they were scrawled, lest his unknown protector might be compromised. Before dawn he rose and, cautiously

lifting a corner of the tent, crawled forth, to find the whole camp buried in slumber; and making his way as rapidly as he dared to the ridge, he soon reached his well-beloved steed. To untether and mount her was the work of a moment; and ere the sun had risen above the horizon, Geronimo was galloping for life across the plain and was soon out of reach of pursuit. At last the well-known tower came in sight, and a few more strides brought him within view of the tents. Why did he stop and pause and tremble? He felt how much depended on the next half-hour—how all his future happiness was at stake. At last, summoning up all his resolution, he galloped on till he reached his father's tent. Why was it silent and apparently deserted? Suddenly two or three of his friends rushed forward to welcome him, but only in time to catch him as he fell, for his instinct had warned him of the sad truth—his father had died the day before and of grief for him!

We pass over the intervening hours of anguish which followed, for this misfortune had not come alone. Zorah was gone—how or where no one knew. Whether in hopes of tracking her lover and facilitating his escape, or whether (horrible thought!) she had fallen a victim to some chance foray, no one could even guess. And he had no internal consolation to enable him to bear up against these accumulated sorrows. Now the whole difficulty of his position came before him. He knew he was going to be chosen to fill his father's place. How could he, as a Christian, lead this wild tribe? How live without the Sacraments, without his faith,

without his God? Yet how could he confess that he had embraced the religion of the hated Giaour and was a renegade to the faith of his people? Either course seemed impossible; but the grace of God was still powerful in his heart. Never would he deny Him!

Geronimo at last determined to resign the leadership of his tribe in favour of his uncle, on the plea of his youth; and this proposal met with general approval. To find Zorah was his next object, and a very natural excuse to his family for long absences from the camp. But he was far from happy. Independently of his anxiety about Zorah, his conscience would not let him rest. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" These words, on which Monsignor Caro had preached the day before he left Oran, were perpetually recurring to his mind; but for the moment his Kabyle nature and his love of liberty were too strong for him, and he waited.

Three or four years passed in this manner, and still without tidings of Zorah. His family urged him to marry some other daughter of their tribe; but on this point he was inexorable; and so Geronimo hoped on, though with an impatience which every day became more unbearable. But God, who had great designs on this soul, would not allow him to remain contentedly where he was. In the old Spanish chronicle of his life it is said that he was "*tocado del Espiritu Sancto*" (filled with the Holy Ghost), which so greatly moved him that in 1559 he determined to give up home and liberty and return of his own accord to Oran, there to devote his life henceforth to the service of his Lord and Master.

Yet the struggle was terrible. Long nights and hours he knelt in agony under that blue sky, beseeching for strength to give it all up for the sake of Him who had died for him. No one in the camp knew or dreamed of the conflict within him; they only remarked that he was sadder and graver day by day. At last the victory over self was won, and the night fixed when he had made up his mind to leave his tent for ever. Like another Abraham he went forth, scarcely knowing whither he went, but firmly bent to follow God's will and the inspiration of His Holy Spirit; and no difficulties crossed his path when once he had turned his face towards Oran, while his heart got lighter, hour by hour, as he felt the sweetness of sacrificing all for our Lord's sake.

We may imagine the delight of Monsignor Caro when the door opened and Geronimo, grown into a man, once more knelt before him, and poured out his sorrow and contrition into his fatherly heart. And God rewarded Geronimo's act of fidelity in an unexpected manner; for he had scarcely left the presence of the venerable prelate than he encountered Zorah! The joy of this meeting may be imagined and soon the whole story of her disappearance was unfolded. She had wandered incautiously one day far away from the encampment, when she was suddenly surrounded and captured (as Bender himself had been) by a troop of soldiers, who yet treated her with tolerable respect and courtesy during her journey to Oran. She herself was buoyed up with the hope of again meeting Bender; and it was not till Providence had assigned her a place

in Monsignor Caro's household that she heard the whole story of Bender's conversion and subsequent escape, of which she felt she had been unconsciously the cause. She too had received the grace of faith and of baptism; and Monsignor Caro, hearing the history of the lovers from their own lips, determined to unite them in marriage without delay, and to treat them as his own children. Scarcely could Geronimo believe in his happiness when, in that same chapel of the cathedral where he had spent that Christmas night, he found himself once more kneeling side by side with her whom he had so faithfully loved; they both felt as if life would never be long enough to thank God for such inestimable blessings.

Geronimo had always felt a great leaning towards the military profession, and his courage and skill as a marksman pointed him out as eminently fitted for the career of a soldier. Monsignor Caro, therefore, used his interest to get him a commission in the light cavalry, in which he succeeded. Geronimo soon distinguished himself above all his comrades by his bravery and high character; so that before long the most confidential missions were assigned to him, which he executed with the utmost fidelity and despatch. To no one was Geronimo's return, marriage, and advancement in life, a greater cause of joy than to Pedro, his old friend and sponsor, who had entertained the warmest affection for the boy from the time he first arrived in Oran—an affection which was heartily returned by Geronimo; so that Pedro, who was now getting old, would often come and visit the young couple and receive

from Zorah all those touching attentions which her gentle, loving nature understood how to pay to her husband's "first friend," as she playfully called him. Zorah also found constant employment in sheltering and preparing for baptism other Kabyle girls and children, whom a fate similar to her own had brought to Oran. She had no children of her own, which was a great disappointment to her at first, till she learned to see God's hand in this as in all else; and felt that being thus unfettered by domestic ties she was more free to work for the little ones around her, who all called her "mother," and whom she would joyfully present to her husband on his return from his military duties as the fruits of her toil.

Ten happy years passed in this manner, during which both grew daily in grace and love for each other. Their old Spanish biographer speaks of these years as having been spent altogether "*en servicio del Señor*" (in the service of God), and their example had a wonderful influence on the other convert Arabs in the town, whom they encouraged, instructed and guided to the best of their power. Their conduct was an immense joy to Monsignor Caro, who would playfully remind the Fathers of their gloomy prognostications as to Geronimo and say: "Did I not tell you he would come back? and now he is no longer a servant, but a very dear son!"

The year 1569 dawned brightly on the young couple, when in the month of May, Antony of Palma, one of the principal inhabitants of Oran, was commissioned by Martin of Cordova, Marquis of Cortés, who was the

general of the garrison, to embark with a small body of soldiers in a little vessel, in order to destroy a nest of pirates who had carried terror into the hearts of the fishermen along the coast. Antony asked for and obtained permission to take a body of nine picked men with him, among whom was Geronimo, for whom he had a special affection. No particular danger was apprehended either by the officers or men in this expedition; but Zorah was filled with an undefined dread of it, and again and again implored Geronimo to get a substitute if possible.

"Why! what has happened to my brave little wife?" exclaimed Geronimo. "I have often left you on more perilous duties, but never saw you like this!"

"I cannot tell," replied the weeping girl, winding her arms round her husband; "but I have a presentiment that this voyage will bring you bad luck and that something terrible will happen!"

"There is no 'luck' in God's Providence, dearest Zorah, is there?" replied Geronimo; "we are all in His hands, and you would not like me to disappoint my good old chief and not share in his risk, whatever that may be? Cheer up, and let us pray together to our dear Lady, that she may be really the 'Star of our Sea.'"

His cheerful words, however, failed to comfort Zorah; but she persuaded him to go with her the following morning to confession and early Mass, and together they received the Bread of Life—for the last time! Half an hour later the trumpet sounded, and Geronimo left his home and joined the corps which was already

marching to the seashore. Zorah's grief had infected him, and he turned back sadly for a last look at her window.

"God guard her and bring me back to her in peace and safety if it be His will," he murmured; and then, dismissing gloomy thoughts, he braced himself up for the duty before him. Pedro met him at the port, and wrung his hand as he got into the boat. "Take care of my Zorah," he whispered.

"Never fear," answered the old soldier, who muttered to himself: "God bless the lad and have him in His holy keeping. I don't know what's come to me, but I don't like the thoughts of those pirates. However, God's holy will be done!" and so he wended his way back to the town.

A fair wind rapidly brought Geronimo and his companions to the spot pointed out to them as the pirates' favourite haunt, and they were preparing to disembark when a sudden cry of one of the crew, "Ships ahead!" filled the little band with terror; for at that time the Mediterranean was infested with corsairs, and few vessels put to sea without being sufficiently numerous to resist attack. Now the crew and soldiers of the little barque did not amount to more than twenty men, of whom only the soldiers were armed.

As the enemy's ships neared them they perceived that they were two brigantines from Tetuan, filled with Moors. To hide was impossible, while the wind prevented their return to Oran: so they commenced rowing as hard as they could to the shore. But the Moors gave chase and gained so rapidly on the Christians that the

latter felt their only chance of safety was to leave the boat and swim to land. Vain were their efforts; the boats of the brigantines were lowered, and by the time the exhausted soldiers reached the shore the crews of the enemy's boats dashed on shore likewise, and surrounded them before they had even time to seize their arms. They resisted as desperately as they could, but had no chance against such superior numbers. Geronimo was badly wounded in the arm, as well as several others; but finally they were all captured alive, loaded with irons and carried on board the enemy's ships. Antony de Palma managed for a time to escape, being very fleet of foot and having been able to gain the scrub in the interior, which concealed him for an hour or two; but he was surprised by some hostile Arabs who had a "douar" near the spot and made prisoner, but was ransomed after a few days and returned to Oran.

Geronimo did his best to keep up the courage of his companions by reminding them that their ransoms were sure to be raised among their friends; but for himself he felt little or no hope; he felt no doubt that his origin would become known, and the fury of the Mahometans would inevitably fall heavier on one whom they would consider as a renegade from their faith. The thought of his poor little Zorah added bitterness to his reflections; but after long and earnest prayer he became calmer, and resolved to bear patiently whatever sufferings might await him.

By the usual Mahometan law, in the case of such captures, the Pasha chose two out of every ten of the Christian prisoners: and the lot fell on Geronimo and

one other to become the slaves of the governor, who was, unfortunately, no other than Euldj Ali, a Calabrian apostate, who had become admiral to the Turks and was the terror of the whole country.

The Algerians realized large fortunes by exacting heavy ransoms for their prisoners, and hastened to ascertain the rank and quality of each for that purpose. They soon found out Geronimo's antecedents, and so treated him with increased severity. He was not allowed to work in the Pasha's garden with the rest, but was thrown into a horrible prison and subjected to every kind of cruelty. Finding that this treatment would only result in killing him, they determined to bring him back to the faith of Islam. The most eminent muftis and marabouts visited him in turn; but Geronimo had an answer to all their arguments, and astonished the marabouts by the clearness with which he enunciated the principal doctrines of the Catholic Faith. One of them said to him: "Do you not see that if you persevere in this folly nothing but torture and death await you? If you cannot believe in Mahomet, dissemble for a while and conform outwardly to Mussulman rites until your case is forgotten, and then you can return to the practice of your faith."

But Geronimo shook his head and replied: "It is written in your Koran that he who would please men rather than God is a fool: and in our holy writings, that it will profit a man nothing if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul. Nothing upon earth shall make me deny my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," he added, reverently bowing his head at the Sacred Name. "I feel your kindness, but it is thrown away upon me.

If I were outwardly to conform to your rites, I should be virtually denying Him who died for me and who bore shame and scorn for my sake. Torture and death may be my portion, but He in whom I trust will help me to bear them all."

The friendly marabout withdrew sadly, but not without a secret admiration for his constancy; but the others loaded him with curses. Geronimo bore the storm in silence and then begged them to leave him with God, as their threats would have no effect upon him. Then turning to the other Christian prisoners he smiled and said: "These men imagine I shall again become a Mussulman. How little they know the consolations of our faith and that death to us is life!"

But God did not leave him without comfort. He was told one day that a Christian prisoner had obtained leave to see him, and a man of venerable aspect entered his dungeon, whom Geronimo at once recognized as a priest. "God be with you, my son!" was his salutation, as Geronimo rushed forward, as far as his chain would allow, to kiss his hand. "And God be praised too," he added, "that you have been permitted to wear this chain for His sake!"

Geronimo eagerly asked for his history, and found that he was a Spanish priest who had been captured by the Algerian corsairs in going from Malta to Sardinia; that he had fallen into the hands of a renegade Jew, the Caïd Mohammed, who treated him with horrible cruelty from which he was only released by the death of his inhuman master. "But now tell me your own story," he continued, which Geronimo did, and the good

old priest heard it with a mingled feeling of human sorrow and spiritual joy.

"You do not know how much I have seen, since I have been here, to rejoice my heart as a priest," he exclaimed. "What examples of fervent faith, ardent charity, firm hope, true courage and Christian constancy! And you, too, must be of that noble band. I will pray for you with all my heart, that your faith may not fail in the fiery trial which must soon come upon you. Only two months ago your predecessor in this prison received the crown of martyrdom. In sight of the prize which faith held out to him, he despised all the rest, and is gone to share in the joys reserved for the blessed. Shall we not burn to follow him in the same path and share in the like glory?" Words like these were just what Geronimo needed to strengthen and confirm him; and when his visitor had departed he knelt down and thanked Him who had thus sent His angel in a human form to comfort and sustain him.

The trial was not to be delayed. The marabouts, enraged at the constancy of the prisoner, determined on revenge, and hastening to the Pasha implored him to make an example of so obstinate a culprit. The Pasha promised them a signal redress, and going to see some new works that day which were being carried out near the Bab-el-Oued Gate, he called one of the slaves, who was a master-mason and happened to be a Christian from Navarre, and said to him: "Michel, you are at the head of all these men, are you not? Well, you see that case," pointing to some oak planks joined together like a coffin and meant to contain mortar. "Do not

have it filled at present; for I mean to have that dog from Oran, whom they call Geronimo, buried alive in it, as he refuses to return to the religion of Islam." After saying this, the Pasha drove quietly back to his palace.

These terrible words filled Michel's heart with grief and terror. But he dared not disobey: and so leaving orders that the case should be left unfilled, he hastened back to the convict prison and told Geronimo of the dreadful orders he had received.

"There is no hope of saving you," he continued in a low voice; "the Pasha has compelled me to finish your grave with my own hands!" and his emotion choked all further words.

Geronimo answered calmly, "May God's Holy Name be praised for all things! May our Lord and Saviour only take pity on my soul and forgive me all my sins for His dear Name's sake."

The Christians in the prison, hearing this terrible news, gathered round him with words of affection and tenderness, and to them he replied: "I earnestly implore the prayers of you all that I may persevere bravely to the end; and do you recommend my soul to God, that He may have mercy upon me." Then he entreated one of the servants to fetch the old Spanish priest, which he did; and Geronimo made a full confession to him of his whole life; after which the good priest spoke warmly and cheerfully to encourage him to meet his coming martyrdom as a brave soldier of Jesus Christ, dwelling specially on the glorious reward prepared for him in heaven. A little before dawn

Mass was said for him, at which Geronimo assisted with fervour; and then received the Body of our Blessed Lord, not only as Holy Communion, but as the Viaticum for his approaching death. Having thus prepared himself for the coming struggle and armed himself with those invincible and spiritual aids which alone can strengthen God's faithful servants, Geronimo waited calmly, full of confidence and hope, for the hour when the emissaries of the Pasha were to conduct him to his fearful execution.

It was scarcely three o'clock according to Arab calculation and nine o'clock by European time, when three or four of the Pasha's people arrived at the prison and asked for Geronimo. He was still in the church (which a previous governor had been humane enough to attach to the prison for the use of the Christians); but hearing his name called by the guards, he rose from his knees, and wringing the priest's hand, with the murmured words, "Pray for me and my poor Zorah!" he quietly walked forward to meet his executioners, who met him with insults and blows, calling him dog, coward, knave, and traitor, for having dared renounce the religion of the Prophet.

To all these invectives Geronimo never replied. The Christian slaves pressed round him; and one little boy implored leave to go and die with him, but was roughly repulsed by the guards; and Geronimo was marched off to the Bab-el-Oued Gate and to the fort where the Pasha was waiting impatiently for him. "You dog!" he exclaimed, when he drew near. "How is it you dare refuse to return to the Mahometan faith?"

"Because I cannot," courageously replied the martyr; "I am a Christian, not from compulsion, but from honest conviction; and as such I will live and die."

"Very well," replied the Pasha with redoubled rage; "if you persist in your refusal, look here!" So saying he pointed to the empty mould and added: "In that case you shall be buried alive."

"Do what you will with my body," replied Geronimo, with singular and heroic courage. "I am prepared for all—my soul you cannot touch. The prospect of a death, however horrible, cannot make me abandon the faith of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

As he said these words the renegade Pasha visibly trembled; but, mastering his remorse, he ordered the chains to be knocked off Geronimo's legs, and then to have him bound hand and foot and placed face downwards at the bottom of the coffin. A Spaniard who had apostatized and become a Mussulman, under the name of Djafar, was the first to jump with both feet on the body of the martyr, and seizing a heavy wooden mallet called eagerly for some earth to throw on the body. A quantity of mortar and earth was accordingly thrown in, and then the man, in his miserable fury, began to stamp and jump upon Geronimo, pounding him with the heavy mallet.

Not a cry escaped Geronimo; he had prayed for grace to suffer all in silence, after the example of his Master, and this was granted to him. Seeing the zeal of the apostate, the other renegades seized all the blocks they could find and threw them on the body, and that with such force that every rib was broken; and so their

cruelty missed its mark: for instead of a long and lingering death from suffocation, Geronimo expired through their violence almost immediately; while his released spirit flew upwards to receive the martyr's crown and rejoice for ever in the presence of his Lord.

The Pasha insisted on the coffin being filled up to the brim and tightly pressed down, after which it was placed in the wall of the fort alongside of the other blocks, and he returned to his palace exclaiming: "I never thought that dog of a Christian would have died with so much courage!"

"This terrible tragedy was enacted on the morning of the 18th of September, 1569" (writes his biographer), "a day which will be held in perpetual remembrance by those who have at heart the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ." He was just thirty-five years old.

The old chronicle continues: "If you examine the fort on the side which looks to the north, you will perceive the exact spot where the martyr was interred. . . . We await the hour marked out by Divine Providence to be able to remove this precious body from its sepulture and to reunite it with those of the many other saints and martyrs of Christ whose blood and death have, as it were, consecrated this country."

The wish thus expressed has since been fulfilled. In 1852 a young Captain of Artillery, M. Suzzoni, was commissioned to level the fortress called (on account of Geronimo's martyrdom) "*des Vingt-quatre Heures.*" This Captain Suzzoni was a personal friend of Mr. Berbruggio's, who had, five years before, published in the *Akhbar* (an Algerian paper) an account of Geronimo's

death drawn from this very old chronicle of Hacedo. He was therefore very anxious to find out if, in the demolition of the fort, any vestige could be found of the martyr's body. On Tuesday, 27th December, on a portion of the wall being knocked down, a block of wood, filled with mortar and earth was discovered, enclosing a human skeleton, stretched face downwards, the hands and feet tied behind the back. It was stated by M. Pechère, a priest who was an eye-witness, that while the work was going on, a bit of plaster fell bearing the impress of a man's hand. The dress, the plaits of which had remained imprinted on the mortar, consisted of a short skirt and a "*haik*" or "*gandoura*," such as is still worn by the galley slaves of the Turks. In this block alone earth was found mingled with the mortar, and the ribs of the skeleton were all broken, which corresponded in every respect with the relation of Hacedo as to the manner of his death, owing to the fury of the infidels.

The news spread like wild-fire through the town of Algiers, and very soon the venerable Archbishop, Monsignor Pavy, hurried to the spot, followed by the Governor-General, the Comte Randon, and all the notabilities of the place. No doubt remained in any one's mind of the identity of the body, as described in the cotemporary chronicle.

Not long after, a procession was seen winding through the same Bab-el-Oued Gate which had witnessed the martyr's "Way of the Cross" three hundred years before. Now that self-same body was brought back in triumph to the cathedral and laid in a little chapel,

to the right of the western entrance, which had been specially erected in his honour. The block of mortar and earth which enclosed his remains was placed in the centre, and over it a marble slab, while two marble angels on either side seem to be waiting for the hour of his glorious resurrection. A cast of the body, exactly as it was found, has been placed in the Museum of Algiers. The face has been reproduced in plaster casts, and Mr. Herbert, the famous painter, gave me a sketch of it, which I have carefully preserved.

Of Zorah, after Geronimo's death, we know nothing. But of this we may feel certain, that love, pure and strong as hers, would live beyond the grave, and that in the presence of Him in whom they so fully trusted both Geronimo and his bride are now rejoicing for evermore.

THE TITLE "CATHOLIC" AND THE ROMAN CHURCH[1].

By M. A. R. TUKER

When the complete order of the coronation service of Edward VII. was published, *The Church Times* lifted up its voice against the omission of the description "Catholic Faith" for the religion which the king swears to maintain. The actual words had been unfamiliar to the generations of Englishmen who have grown up since the Tractarian movement: if they had forgotten "what manner of men they were," their memories had not been so short as St. James's "hearer of the word," for neither the royal oath nor the "crisis in the Church" had recently held up a glass to them. In April, 1902, the Protestant bishops of Ireland at their synod claimed the title "Catholic" for the Anglican Church; while on the other hand Cardinal Vaughan had discussed the question whether Catholics could properly be styled "Roman Catholics." The question raised in these three cases is one which enjoys a perennial popular interest

[1] Reprinted by permission from *The Critical Review*, revised by the author.

without being at the same time hackneyed. It is not hackneyed because it has never yet been disentangled from the nicknaming which presided at its birth, which has done much to save it from being approached in any but a superficial manner. I propose not to enter on controversial or theological ground—the inquiry as to which Church is most primitive, most "Catholic," how much added definitions in the Roman Church have altered its character—but to extricate the inquiry, if possible, from the vexatious questions of "continuity" and the nature of the doctrines which constitute, limit or determine "catholicity"; directing attention to one point only, the evolution in history of the term catholic as applied to the Christian Church. Professor Harnack has a pregnant sentence which cannot be overlooked in any future discussions: "Historically the Church of the [Petrine] Chair was the root and mother of the *one Catholic Church*," and, being only a Lutheran, he would be willing to accept the consequences freely both for Germany and England.

The earliest appellation of the Faith was "the Christian." Rome, perhaps, first drew official attention to the inalienable congregational character of its followers when the Roman Christians chose to be known to official Rome as "The Church of the Brethren"—*ecclesia fratrum*. The earliest disciples spoke of the "Holy Church"—a body in part composed of the disciples themselves, but also partly mystical, as the "Bride," the "New Jerusalem," whose counterpart was in heaven. The Gospel of "the Kingdom of God" found an echo in this insistence on the idea of the *ecclesia*, the society with the leaven in its midst. But as against the pagan world around them, whether in the

Antioch of Chrysostom or the England of Hengist, they were simply the "Christian Church." Any further appellations for the Holy Church were beaten out by the exigencies of controversy; they owed their existence to the heresies which sprang up and which nearly succeeded in suffocating the new religion. Such in especial is the origin of the two historical appellations for the Church which have superseded every other at the present day—"Catholic" and "Orthodox." From the combat with heresy in the East issued the Orthodox Church; from the same combat in the West emerged the Church Catholic. What, if any, was the difference between these two titles, or the lines of thought described and connoted by them? Just the difference which inheres in the words themselves. In the one case, importance placed on the thought, and the bond and means of unity depending on the intellectual adhesion of the individual; in the other, importance placed primarily in the notion of a universal society, and the bond and means of unity residing in the society itself. Attention called to right belief for the one, attention called to right discipline for the other. The Roman scheme of Church membership—where the elements of unity were *congregational* elements, to be seized and to operate externally—involved a conception of Church legislation akin to that put forth by the Church at Jerusalem (Acts xv. 28, 29), a mixture, that is, of essential and non-essential. One cannot imagine the historical Eastern Church at any time putting forth a decree in which theological precision and the metaphysical temper were so lacking as here. But when Augustin insisted that the Christian Pasch should be kept on the same day by the Britons and the new Anglo-Saxon converts, and that the British

priests should wear the Roman tonsure, he was not cavilling, he was faithfully representing the genius of the country whose emissary he was.

The genesis of the term and the notion *catholic* can therefore be easily traced. As signifying the Christian Church *everywhere*—"catholic" in its simple adjectival sense of universal—the term had indeed been used as early as a common rule of faith, and the notion of the Christian Church as a world-wide united body became focussed or imaginable.[1] A universal rule of interpretation, a faith believed universally, was denoted by it. But when the members of the Holy Church are first solemnly called "Catholic Christians" by Theodosius in 380, the word is pronounced with the Roman hall-mark and its historical significance is already attached to it. The religion "which Peter taught to the Romans" is to be the common form of Christianity; it is professed by Damasus as representing Rome, and by Peter Bishop of Alexandria, not as Bishop of that See, but as "a man of apostolic holiness." The See of Peter guarantees the authenticity of the doctrine; Peter of Alexandria's holy life is a pledge of its Christian character. And what is this Catholic doctrine? A simple statement of the dogmas concerning the Trinity which is shared now-adays by our Nonconformists and by the non-episcopal Presbyterian Church. But the historical implication of catholicity knew no such limit; historically, then and since, *Catholic* implied a well-marked divine society in communion with the Patriarchate of the West. Its significance did not lie in a mere denial of Arianism, nor even in the notion of a "Church everywhere"; it meant something wider than the one, narrower than the other

[1] See footnote p. 12.

—the union of the Churches, the consolidation of the Churches, through the See of Rome, added to the Roman conception of the *ecclesia*. It was not some subtle emanation of true Christianity; it was adopted as the name for that Christendom which emerged from the sects as the work of the Roman Church. Antecedently to that "broadening of the Churches into Catholicity," which was accomplished by the See of Peter, the Catholic character did not exist. I do not propose to discuss whether the character thus imposed on Christendom was a fine or desirable one—whether separate local Churches without the idea of the Catholic Church would have brought Christianity to the pass which J. R. Green (no pleader for Rome) declares would have resulted had Columba been preferred before Peter in the famous dispute at York. The one point to which I seek to call attention is that catholicity does not inhere in the conception of the Christian *ecclesia*—is no *proprium* of the Christian Church—but inheres in Rome's conception of that Church, and is an acquired attribute which we owe to Rome. *Catholic* in the West and *Orthodox* in the East are historical, not inherent titles.

Let us now look at the Eastern Church. Constantinople was "New Rome," and on this ground aggregated to herself some of the privileges of the Petrine See. I think this is a truth often neglected. Constantinople, the See next in importance and honour to Rome, the mother and root of the Orthodox Church and liturgy and discipline, was not all this *quâ* pre-existing Church of the East, but *quâ* an Eastern substitute for Western Rome. Her style, her title of prerogative is not: See of Constantinople, the ancient Eastern Church, but:

See of Constantinople, *The New Rome*, and so her bishops signed the Councils of the universal Church. It is Constantinople, not Jerusalem, or Antioch, or Alexandria, which is placed by the Œcumenical Council of Constantinople (A.D. 381) next in honour to Rome. Constantinople, "the new Rome." But Constantinople and its subsidiary Sees underwent the influence of Eastern Christianity; Orthodoxy was of more importance to the metaphysical oriental than organization; metaphysical subtilties than an ordered society. The idea of its catholicity, the Roman quota, the character *Rome* had impressed on the Holy Church, was tacitly allowed to fall away, to be supplanted by the conception of Orthodoxy. The Eastern liturgies indeed call the Church "catholic" in the creed, and the word occurs twice in the liturgy of Chrysostom; but the real spontaneous description—in the liturgy and out of it—of the Holy Eastern Church, of its bishops and members, is "orthodox," and Holy Orthodox Church is its official title both among the Greeks and Russians. When the schism of the West was accomplished, the Eastern Church for all practical purposes dropped the other title, and no longer spoke of herself or required her sons to speak of her as the Catholic, or the Greek Catholic Church. The word "catholic," as employed to-day in the Eastern liturgy, is as much an antiquarian reminiscence as the word "orthodox" in our prayer "for all orthodox and catholic believers" in the Roman liturgy. Moreover all that the Eastern Church assimilated or valued in the notion of *catholicity* was exhausted for her in the word *orthodox*. So that when William Palmer went to Russia in the forties, fresh from the Tractarian movement and the insistence on the idea

of the catholicity of the Church of England, to induce the Russian priesthood to give him—an Anglican in deacon's orders—Communion, he could not find any one, hierarch or other, to set any store by the name or the idea. They were not catholic, they were orthodox, and if Anglicans wished to communicate with the Orthodox Church they must make overtures through their Patriarch the Bishop of Rome.

Sixty years ago the title "catholic" in the English Church was in much the same position as it has been in the Eastern Church since the schism with Rome. If it had not been for the use of the vernacular in Anglican formularies, and the lack of a term to denote their Church tantamount historically to the Greek "Orthodox," the style "Catholic" would have ceased to be regarded as any part of its practical or working description. But a word did exist which denoted the English religion, and this word was "Protestant": chosen by the Reformers, adopted, officially and popularly, by the English Church, this style has nothing in common with such terms as "Romanist," "Papist," and "Papisher," intended to designate Catholics. These latter were adopted as nicknames by our countrymen; they were not, they could not, pretend to be historical appellations; nor were they descriptions which the great Church indicated thereby put forth regarding herself. The use they served must have been that of suggesting to the populace that the Church from which England had separated was *not* the venerable and historic Catholic Church.

Why, one may ask, should the Church of England desire a name which the Church of the East does not claim, which sleeps at the back of its consciousness as

an historical memory? The English Articles of Religion declare that all the Eastern Churches fell into error; but it is the fashion for the English Church to turn with respectful sympathy nowadays to the Greek Church. The assumption (so satisfactory to the Reformers) that every Church in Christendom had fallen into error, that the Reformed Church alone could claim to be pure, does not suit men who are looking round about them for Catholic kinsfolk. Therefore no high churchman now suggests that the Eastern Church needs reforming, and no word is raised even against that practical neglect and depreciation of the title "catholic," which in his eyes is anathema in England.

Let it not be thought that there was an original and primitive meaning of the word and the thing "catholic" which applies to a Christian Church like the Church of England, and that the historical meaning is a later description.[1] Catholicity is no nebulous entity, but a very precise and concrete historical fact: and it would be difficult to state any set of doctrines on which it depends. A Church is not entitled to a name because it broke off from a Church which possessed it, and I do not suppose that Anglicans cling to it because the Emperor Theodosius gave the Christians of his time permission to use it. For the English Church to insist on its Catholicity is for it to insist on its Romanism. "Catholic" has always been as much the badge of a great party in the West as "Orthodox" in the East, and as applied to the English Church it

[1] The rise (half conscious) of a bolder meaning for catholicity is referred to in my *Liturgy in Rome*, Part II. of the *Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome*, pp. 317, 318, but the position of the English Church is in no way affected thereby.

means that this Church is part and parcel of the Western Patriarchate. Whether Colet would have reformed the Church, or Pole would have recognized the English Church, is of no consequence to the issue: the subsequent history of the Church in England would in either case have been entirely different to what it has been.

As we all know, among a certain party in England no one can belong simply to the English Church; he must belong to the Catholic Church, and he is, as those who study Anglican literature discover, a Catholic *tout simplement*. But a member of the Unreformed Church of history, whether in or out of England, is not a Catholic *tout simplement*. He is a *Roman Catholic*. So in Spain a man is not a Spanish Catholic, he is a Spanish Roman Catholic. In England only is he fortunate enough to be an English Catholic, *i.e.*, an unqualified Catholic. Now must there not be here some jugglery with words and things? The fiction at work is that the "Catholic Church" is in possession in England, and any other Church which seeks to gain converts "sets up altar against altar." The Catholic Church does so, and is dubbed "The Italian Mission"; the Greek Church does so, but no reference is made to the fact. On the other hand, some Umbrian schismatics are included in the diocese of Salisbury, and it would be admitted that no more flagrant instance of setting up "altar against altar" exists than the establishment of the Church of England in Ireland. This fiction, moreover, does not explain why it is that apparently the "Roman" Catholic Church functions in Austria, Spain, Italy, Belgium, and France, while "the Catholic Church" functions in England. The fact is

that by adding a mark of cadency to the historical Catholic Church of the West, the Church of England has confused the issues. She leaves it to be believed that there is a vague entity, "the Catholic Church," without habitat in time or place, of which both "Rome and England" are cadets. The "Branch" theory—that the English Church is a branch of the Catholic Church—sounds very business-like. But there has never been anywhere a branch of the Catholic Church which was not also Roman; and, above all, a branch implies organic union with the parent stem. The Russian Church is a true daughter of the Holy Orthodox Church, from which it was founded and missionised, for "how shall they preach unless they are sent?" Is the Anglican Church a daughter of the Catholic Church in communion with Rome? If not, from what Catholicity does it claim? Do the Umbrians in the Bishop of Salisbury's diocese become "Italian Catholics" or "English Catholics"? and do they thus drop all qualification because they have broken away from Rome, while the historical Church next door (say in Lombardy or Venice) is *Roman* Catholic? For be it observed that the "Roman" is here used not in the sense in which we rightly say "Greek Orthodox," "Russian Orthodox," "French Catholic," "American Catholic," but as qualifying its Catholicity. The confusion is encouraged by the gratuitous assumption that "Roman," "Greek," and "Anglican" are obvious designations of three divisions of "the Catholic Church"; although "Roman Catholic" was not the title of the unreformed Church of the West subject to the Western patriarchate before the Reformation, and "Greek Catholic" does not signify the Holy Orthodox

Church even in English Church newspapers. The "branch" theory will not serve as a note of catholicity, because the only and sole meaning of "branch" in these cases is a Church which is not in communion with either of the others.

The Döllingerites assumed the name of Old Catholics, and "Protestant Catholic" would have a somewhat similar historical significance. Or is it judged more seemly that the Catholic Church should take on a qualifying adjective every time that a "branch" determines to break off from her? The expression "English Catholic" is not only misleading on the Continent, but is indeed not infrequently used to mislead, as when members of the English Church snatch an absolution at St. Peter's in Rome by telling the priest they are "English Catholics." I know of a clergyman who induced the persons temporarily in his employ in an Italian country place to attend the "mass" he celebrated in his house. Had he explained to them that, however erroneously, this mass *all'inglese* was reputed heretical by their own lawful pastors they would certainly not have gone. I trust the "Italian Mission" in England is not capable, with all its proselytising faults, of so swelling a congregation, though it has never subscribed to the "altar against altar" theory. I myself had an experience more curious than edifying some years ago when I was spending the summer in Italy. In a small country town I met an English canon and his wife, and we had some very pleasant conversations at the *tables d'hôte*, where we were the only English people. One evening I pronounced the word "Protestant"—I remember I was quoting Mr. Wilfrid Ward. My English canon's opportunity had come—thrusting his chair away

from the table he declared he would not sit there to be called a Protestant. He and his wife thereupon left the table, and neither this grey-haired clergyman nor his grey-haired wife—hailing from a diocese associated with "high church" causes—could find it in their hearts even to salute me when we met at the next meal.

Now, when did the English Church officially notify the rest of Christendom that she had repudiated the term Protestant and blotted the word out from her formularies? (In which, be it remembered, she has never ventured to describe herself as the Anglican Catholic Church.) Until this is done, what bishop or clergyman has a right to resent an appellation which is that used by the ecclesiastical head of the English Church when he administers to his sovereign the oath "to maintain the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law," and which a late Archbishop of Canterbury (Benson) said formed part of the proper description of his Church? Is it not reasonable that there should be some distinction between the Catholic Church of history (which had a local existence and authority and voice through the centuries) and that Reformed Church, which its late head declared was "both Catholic and Protestant"? Let us suppose that in France there were to be not only Calvinists and Catholics but a "branch" off from the Catholic Church, which either refused or was refused communion with Rome. This would not be the French Catholic Church. It might conceivably be of sufficient importance, sufficiently historical, sufficiently bound up with the laws and affections of the land to be known as the *Gallican* Church. But let us suppose that in every country "branches" broke off from communion with Rome—in

such an event there might cease to be a Catholic Church at all. There might still be, let us say, a "Holy Church" (as our Apostles' creed originally ran), but there would no longer be a Catholic Church—for Catholic is a word denoting the Roman orthodoxy of Christians outside the local Roman Church. But the truth is that neither "Catholic" nor "English Catholic" would at any time denote the English Church to a majority of its members, and no body of Christians in existence to-day would concede her the title.

If this is the case with "English Catholic," what can be said for "Roman Catholic"? This can only mean Catholic in communion with Rome, and as such is not an improper, though it is a redundant title. Nevertheless there is no such historical warrant for its use as for that of the title "Protestant." As I understand Cardinal Vaughan, he thinks the description "Roman Catholic" preferable to the equivocal use of "Catholic," and I have no doubt that had "Papist" been adopted as a consequence of the rise of an anti-papal party, say in the third century, to designate Catholics in communion with the Pope, Christians would have been well content with it. But historically "Protestant" has the advantage of "Papist"; it was chosen by the parties so described, and it has not the offensiveness of a nickname given to offend or to imply a character not claimed by the persons so denoted. But why are we to like "Papist" as a fitting description, and you to regard "Protestant" as a malicious nickname?

In claiming that "Catholic" is as much the distinctive, appropriate and historical title of the Unreformed Church of the West, as "Orthodox" is the distinctive, appropriate and historical title of the Unreformed

Church of the East—that no other solution is conformable to history or the common usage of language—we are supported not only by Professor Harnack, who has been called the first of living Church historians, but also by the finest of English critics, Matthew Arnold: who while allowing to the Anglican communion the historic title of "Church of England," deemed the changes in the sixteenth century too far-reaching to warrant its retention of "Catholic."

Enough, I think, has been said to show not only that catholicism is the characteristic of the Roman Church—its child, its creature, the outcome and expression of its genius—but that the Roman Church and the conception of catholicity are inseparable. No Church separated from Rome has continued to prize or represent catholicity, which is still (for better or worse) the strength and marrow of the Churches of the Western patriarchate. The conception of orthodoxy—the imposing of a mental agreement—is in itself a disintegrating, not a binding principle. In any case, it was foreign to the tolerant, social, imperial and non-metaphysical Roman Church, whose quota to Christendom is hence not intensive but extensive. The sanction of Church membership in the West was at no time, as in the East, attachment to an irreformable formula, but, on the contrary, attachment to a divine society. But if the Roman Church has been non-metaphysical, she has shown a faculty for practical psychology unapproached by any other Christian Church. She instinctively understood that unity for the masses is a question of will and affections, not of intellect; that it cannot in the ultimate resort depend on a correct conception of doctrines which have never in fact been realised or comprehended; that

the people cannot commit abstract defection (or heresy), it must be concrete defection from the visible society. Rome has never treated the schismatic as standing any nearer the truth than the heretic. She assumes (as imperial Rome assumed) that no man of good will need rend the unity of Christendom. She has had, moreover, the far-seeing courage not to shrink from the logical consequence, namely, that a man may be a heretic in thought yet remain a Catholic in intention, Church membership being based not on the theological knowledge of the flock but on their presence in the fold. The plague of the heretic is not in the mistaken thought, the incorrect concept, but in the use he makes of this to destroy the unity of the divine society.

Such a system may, and undoubtedly does, tend to substitute obedience to authority for the interior and ennobling *argumenta* of faith. But there must always be men to whom the ideas which group round "*catholic*" have more power of attraction than those excited by "*orthodox*," and who are grateful to the Roman Church for making that great conception the handmaid of Western Christianity; whereby Christian unity came to signify the embracing of as many minds as possible under a common all-comprehensive formula, which threw the onus of defection on the dissentient member; and whereby it was understood that the universal notion represented by the *ecclesia* was the Ark of Unity, not the *archivium* of Orthodoxy.

At least this is the only Church system which has effected unity without courting stagnation: and it may safely be said that no body of Christians has ever so valued, so emphasized, so identified itself with this ideal of unity as the body of Christians formed by the Roman

Church and the Roman Popes. While Orthodoxy indicated the ground of unity, but was powerless to effect it, the Roman idea was to knit the world of believers in Christ in a visible, tangible society capable of effecting what it signified. Rome rejected the spiritual idea of the "other sheep" who hear Christ's voice and form one intangible flock, preferring to it the conception of the one fold—the *ovile* boldly repeated by her in John x. 16. This is the greatness—it may also be the weakness—of Catholicism; but this and nothing else is historical Catholicity.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, LONDON.

SETTLEMENT WORK.

By LADY EDMUND TALBOT.[1]

This paper presupposes that Catholic life is based on the Gospels. It takes as its standpoint that the doctrine therein contained holds good now, as of old, and that to love God first and to love our neighbour as ourselves is the mainspring from which all work, be it philanthropic, educational, social, or spiritual, springs.

We have been told over and over again by those in authority that settlement work and social work are apostolic works, and what we have to do is to find out the best means of bringing this work to a successful issue. The questions, therefore, are: What has been done? How has it been done? What are the results? How can these be bettered?

Roughly speaking, the work done by settlements is divided into three parts: the first includes district visiting and relieving; the second embraces clubs and instructive classes, secular and religious; the third is the care and instruction of children.

I. District Visiting and Relieving.

We all know that there is nothing more depressing to the district visitor than to be confronted with poverty and sickness which she can do but little to alleviate, or when she finds that the money she has given has been wasted, or spent on drink, leaving the poor worse off than before.

Now, though relief must be given at times, it is a great mistake to suppose that no good can be done unless relief be given, and it is always best to distribute relief in kind, such as in milk, soup and bread tickets, than to give a few shillings here and there. To teach the poor that there is no necessity to live in dirt or in a general muddle, to teach them how to make use of homely contrivances, how not to

[1] A paper read at the Catholic Conference, 1903.

waste, to teach them the value of thrift and effort, forms a large part of the district visitor's work, and when she takes care that spiritual teaching goes hand in hand with temporal aid, when in her intercourse with the poor she gets them to realize that there is another life to come, that the miseries of this life are not lasting, by degrees she gets them to think less of material things, and she raises them from a low standard to higher aims and objects, and she has the satisfaction of knowing that any material aid she may have given has helped them in more ways than one. The poor, as a rule, are not thrifty, nor do they know how to make things go as far as possible, for they often throw away or waste things which might be used. Therefore by teaching the poor a few simple things, by persuading them that many of their prejudices are unreasonable, if not injurious, the district visitor obtains a real influence on the poor, because they feel she is a friend and not merely a relieving officer. Then again, many cases can be helped by non-Catholic charities and organizations; the poor are often ignorant of this, therefore a district visitor should know what societies to apply to, so that her people may see that she really enters into their lives, that her interest is real and genuine. If we ask ourselves what are the spiritual results of visiting the poor, we can prove that these have been very great; numbers of people have been brought back to Mass and the Sacraments, in many cases after years of lapsing, children have been baptized, people who were not married have been married, and perhaps the most important of all has been getting careless Catholics to send their children to the Catholic schools.

The statistics of work done during the year by the five settlements, or centres, and by the Association of the Ladies of Charity in London, is as follows: 21,360 visits were made to the poor in their homes; 177 children received in baptism who would have remained unbaptized; 137 Catholic children attending the Board Schools were brought back to the Catholic Schools; 185 lapsed Catholics were brought back to the Church; 511 Catholic children attending Board Schools received religious instruction.

Now, as a large number of our children attend the

Board and non-Catholic schools, and as these are mostly the children of mixed marriages who will not send their children to the Catholic schools at all, a very important part of settlement work is to find these poor children and to give them some religious instruction, for they are entirely ignorant of the rudiments of their Faith. It is no exaggeration to say that there is an enormous work to be done for these Board School children, and in a small way this work is being done. Classes are being held of forty to sixty children who, when they were first persuaded to come, did not know how to make the sign of the cross or to say a "Hail, Mary." Of course it is the fault of the parents, but it is no use thinking such cases are rare, because they are not.

The poor sometimes think that because they have neglected their religion altogether, all is lost, and that it does not matter what they do, that they can never get right. One case of this kind came to light, and brought out the extraordinary ignorance of the poor. It was a case which took one lady three years to get right; it was that of a woman who was not really married and who had six sons; one of them was baptized, the rest were not, and all were brought up at the Board School. The woman seemed a very nice woman, but she always declined to go to Mass or the Sacraments. At last, after three years, she told the lady who visited her that the reason she could not attend to her religion was that she was not properly married, and she had got firmly fixed into her head that therefore all was lost, that nothing could save her. Now, there were no difficulties in the way: the husband, who believed in little or nothing, had no objection to being married in the Catholic Church, and after three years of constant visiting these people were married, and the boys are now attending the Catholic Schools. It was sheer ignorance which prevented this woman from taking any steps before, and it took a long time to dispel her illusions, for she had been twenty years thinking that it was no good doing anything, as she could not be saved. This is only one case out of many; it was brought to the notice of the settlement ladies by a poor woman who was full of zeal for souls and who

only knew that at some time or other the woman whose case I have quoted had been a Catholic. But it brings home to us that there is an apostolate for the working classes of England as well as for the upper classes. Those who drift away from God and Faith do not do so from very positive disbelief, but often from sheer ignorance and indifferences; weighed down by material cares they forget that there is the life beyond the grave. What these need is a friendly word of counsel, which they would fain have and do not get.

The working classes have in their hands a very great power if they will seriously consider the matter and come forward and use this power by combining with the clergy and those who are working in settlements, for there are numberless ways where the working man and woman can establish the kingdom of Christ among his fellows—ways which are closed to those of another class.

I have no hesitation in saying that all I know about district visiting I have learned from poor working women, who taught me where to visit, what to do, and what to say; and I believe that it is chiefly by the working men and working women that the working multitude will be saved. A settlement need not be a large house—sometimes it is only a few rooms; but wherever it is, or whatever it is, large or small, it should be a home to the poor, it should enlist the sympathy of the working classes in the mission, for then it becomes a centre from which the rich and the poor can do apostolic work. Small and humble it may be, nevertheless work for God is carried on there, and the zeal, intelligence, and united efforts of all classes who come under its influence are directed for the salvation of souls.

II. Clubs and Instructive Classes.

We have to face the fact that if clubs do not exist the working girls, out of work hours, seek their amusements in the streets. An objection is sometimes raised that clubs entice the girls from their homes and encourage them to spend their evenings away from the domestic hearth. The class of girls we want to reach, and have reached, do not

spend their evenings at home, which are mostly hot and overcrowded; and it is not to be wondered at that after long hours in factories and in laundries they should seek amusement in the music-hall, cheap theatres, or public-house, or that the glaring, bustling life of the streets proves too strong to be resisted. Undoubtedly the Catholic girls have been improved by the clubs; even the roughest—the shawl-girls who used to run the streets chaffing the passers-by—have, under the influence of the ladies, become quiet and well-behaved. It is also a fact that numbers of girls have been brought back to Mass and the Sacraments simply through the club. Numbers of girls who have left the elementary schools without having made their first Communion have been prepared for the Sacraments through coming to the club.

To take an instance, when some eight years ago a club was started for rough girls, three hundred of the roughest joined. These by degrees became so well-behaved that one hundred and sixty of them are now Children of Mary, and they help to manage their club. Some are formed into a committee, who with the ladies manage different classes and funds, such as the Country Holiday Fund; not only this, but the Children of Mary bring to the club other girls whose faith is not all that it should be; and by this means we have got into touch with the girls we want, and whom otherwise we should not reach at all. Those who manage clubs should co-operate with the nuns and the elementary school teachers as far as possible. The nuns who visit can often send girls to the club, and the teachers often know of girls who ought to join the clubs through the school children who have elder sisters. It is undesirable to mix the better-class girls with the rough ones—at all events at first, when a club is starting; but once the ladies show the better-class girls what help they can render to those who are more uncouth, it is wonderful what an interest the better-class girls will take in the rougher ones. There is an apostolate among girls and boys, if they can only be got to realize it; and they do realize it if the ladies managing clubs will point it out to them and make them see it.

As to the management of clubs, the girls should meet

once or twice a week for dancing and amusements, so as to attract them and keep them out of the streets; but the principal part of the work—that is, the moral improvement of each girl—is done within the four walls of the settlement or class-rooms, where the girls can be taught and influenced, where they get *individual* attention. Where clubs are large it is better to form junior and senior clubs, and one has to remember that the younger girls are more easily influenced than the elder ones, who may have got into bad ways and rough habits. The oftener a club can be opened the better; it should be opened every night where this is possible. An ideal state of things is when two nights can be given up to amusements and where the other nights can be devoted to classes, sewing, cooking, and the like, reading, singing, and music. This is only possible where settlements exist, or where a room can be taken in which the girls and the ladies can meet for class work. A room or a small flat has been found most useful in some missions for this purpose, and the schools can generally be used for the nights devoted to amusements. A committee of club members is most useful, as this interests the members in their club, and can easily be done by allowing the elder girls to share in the management, which fosters a sense of responsibility and an instinct of self-government lacking in most women. Recreation nights, dancing, &c., are means towards an end; out of these classes grow; and in starting a club, if you open it one night a week only, and that for dancing, you soon find that the girls want classes, and that some room must be got in which to hold them.

By coming into contact with the girls, by giving them individual attention, the managers come to understand the life of the girls, their home circumstances, their work and wages. Social evenings, country holidays and excursions, visits to picture-galleries, churches, and interesting buildings—all this is part of settlement work. And if a club is primarily a place of recreation, recreation is not the only object; it is merely a means towards an end—order and discipline. The fact of learning something is invaluable, but again, this is not all we desire to accomplish. The spiritual benefit is our aim and object in all Catholic clubs; the

ultimate object of a club is religious—it is a means of helping the girls to overcome the difficulties and temptations by which our working girls are surrounded, so as to fit them to live true Catholic lives, and later on to be good wives and mothers. Every attempt should therefore be made to bring the girls in each mission under such a good and refining influence.

If there is one influence which refines and elevates more than any other, it is the religious influence, and the managers of many of our clubs in London will testify to how much the roughest and poorest of our club girls have benefited by being brought into touch with nuns. Girls and women have been taken to convents for the day, the nuns have had retreats of two or three days for them, and it would be impossible to exaggerate what good these retreats have done.

Of course every convent cannot open its doors to the girls, but there are many convents who have given most valuable assistance to the clubs, and I may mention the Cenacle, because this order is established abroad, at Manchester, and in London. Retreats for working classes form the special work of these nuns, and the good they do is untold. The girls like going there—they like the peace and rest. The cost of these retreats is very small, and can be partly paid by the girls themselves.

If all this requires organization, thought, and energy, the results in the spiritual order prove that club work is well worth doing; moreover, as this work increases, no one can fail to realize how essential clubs for boys and girls are if we bear in mind one broad fact, viz., that though clubs are by no means an antidote to all the evils of the day, they are most certainly a great help to the youth of the country, they help to keep our people together, and to us as Catholics they tend to decrease the leakage by keeping our people in touch with the Church and with the clergy.

III. The Training of Children.

The third part of settlement work is the care of poor children. During the past year great educational changes

have taken place. The State holds the right to instruct, direct, and influence the rising generation, but it has left to religion a certain limited freedom, and the question before us to-day is, how can we make the best use of this freedom? Can we do more to influence and mould the character of those attending our elementary schools? Can we make the Faith appeal more strongly to the hearts of our Catholic children, in order that religion may take a firmer hold and enter deeper into their daily lives? and if so, how? Our clergy and our devoted school teachers are straining every nerve in the service of our elementary schools, but, overworked as they certainly are, how many of them are able to come in touch with the home life of the children? Even the parents whose children attend the elementary school often neglect to go to Mass on Sundays, or neglect to send the children to Mass or to the Sunday School. Now, as the main object of settlement and social work is to prevent the loss of our children when they leave school, it is obvious that the more such work co-operates with school work the better. We are told to catch the children when school days are ended, but why not catch them before? Why wait till they have left? The elementary school is the key of the whole leakage question, and therefore the children in the schools are, or ought to be, the objects of a settlement's care and solicitude: for when the parents see that an interest is taken in the children, they begin to take a greater interest in them too. To impress on the parents the importance of sending their children to the Catholic school, and not to the Board or, as now called, "provided" schools, is a work which surpasses in importance all other settlement works put together. And if we go a step farther, and make both the parents and the children see that we are prepared to interest ourselves in them out of school hours, that our interest is a religious interest, we should go far towards breaking down the indifference and apathy which characterises the youth of to day.

The Catholic Church in England has secured for her children a sound Catholic education in every Catholic elementary school. Catholic prayers and the Catholic catechism are taught in all our schools; therefore the

knowledge of religion is acquired in the schools. Strong and sound foundations are laid, which can only be done by the priest and the teachers. But the priest and the teachers have to cope with the existing evils of the day. A spirit of independence is on the increase; there is the non-Catholic atmosphere around us, and the excitement of the streets: all this makes the task of *interesting* children in their religion more difficult than it was some years ago. Home life among the poor, owing to improper housing and irregular working hours, has gone. Home is often a place where the members of a family obtain food and a place to sleep during the intervals of work. In the struggle for life it is not much to be wondered at that the parents throw the whole responsibility of the children's moral and spiritual training on the overworked priests and school teachers. The parents think that as religion is taught at school no further trouble need be taken; in other words, the parents do not realize their spiritual responsibility as parents at all. They ask the priest and the teacher to do an almost impossible work, for they ask them not only to teach the catechism thoroughly, but they ask them to give to the children that influence which a good Catholic home secures. Then constantly the children are tired and ill-fed when they come to school, and cannot be expected to learn with any eagerness. Many are employed and are earning wages, some in workshops, as street hawkers, delivering newspapers or in doing domestic work, and if the children arrive at school tired out and heavy, are they likely to derive much real advantage from the instructions imparted to them? Are they likely to feel a thrilling interest or a keen desire for knowledge under such conditions? when with tired brains, and empty stomachs they go through the catechisms, to get it done, as they plod through the arithmetic table or the dates of the kings of England? In the towns personal interest in the schools falls entirely on the priest and teachers; outsiders feel that the poor have their schools and that this is enough. But is it enough? Do we see the same indifference to the training of children in the upper classes? Do they do nothing to refine and humanize their children? Is the Catholic father satisfied with the bare knowledge of the

catechism? Does the Catholic mother hold that as long as her child learns the catechism she need take no further trouble, that the foundations are all that is necessary? Every one knows that the religious knowledge our poor children acquire in the elementary schools is not perfunctory; that no one can better it; that it can be done by no one but by the priest and the teachers. It is this teaching which lays the foundation and teaches the principles of Catholic and Christian life.

Therefore it is not a question of supplanting a system which already exists, and which is perfect, as far as it goes, but the question of vital importance to-day is, can the knowledge of religion taught in the elementary schools be made use of in such a way as to make it act more powerfully on the children's daily lives? How is it that when our Catholic children leave school they drift away from the Church by hundreds? Is it because they do not *know* their religion, or is it because they do not *think* about it? It certainly *cannot* be because they do not *know*, because no one answers the catechism better than our Catholic poor children; therefore the reason why we lose so many of our children is because they do not *think*. The numerous opportunities for pleasure and excitement have necessarily affected the life of the children. Life in the town is not what it is in the country village, and the tendency is for children to cast off their filial sentiments as though the bond of affection were severed when the child feels it is able to take up its own life. Then the love of dress and what luxuries can be got are on the increase, and the sense of reverence is on the wane, if not lost altogether. The children keep late hours, and run the streets. With all this is it to be wondered at that we lose so many when they leave school? Now, as it is an acknowledged fact that the children *know* the catechism as well or better than most of us, it is obvious that the present system could be made use of if the child's thinking powers were brought more fully into play, and this could be done by getting some hold on the children out of school hours, by giving them something of that softening influence which the Catholic mother gives to her child, and which the poor

children seldom receive owing to the conditions of their lives. This would make the religious instruction received in school appeal to the heart and affections of the children; it would tend to increase their love for religion. They would get to realize that the Faith is something to be proud of, a treasure rich and beautiful, and perhaps it would make religion influence in a greater degree their daily lives.

Children are very responsive: they are very easy to lead if their hearts are appealed to, and they repay any little attention with affection; and a desire to please those who are kind to them is easily roused in a child's simple nature. Such work for children is eminently settlement work, and if Catholics have been behindhand in doing more for the children out of school hours it is little to our credit. Protestants do a great deal for the children in the elementary schools. They have recreative afternoons for them, when ladies and teachers devote themselves to amusing the children and playing with them; and why? Because they recognize that the mere fact of showing the children that an interest is taken in them refines them, and gets them into gentler ways. If non-Catholics do so much simply to refine their children, could we not do something more for ours, in order to bring out their affections, to make them realize that religion has its spheres of joy and gladness, and so encourage in them a greater personal love and confidence in our Lord and His Blessed Mother. Our children live habitually in a dull, cold Protestant atmosphere which needs to be counteracted by the warmer and genial Catholic atmosphere, and to do this the children must see that they are objects of interest. We must get a firm hold of their affections if we want to make religion appeal to their hearts, and the question is, how can this be done?

Perhaps in Catholic Lancashire such work is not required, in small missions it is probably organized, but in the large and thickly-populated towns experience proves only too strongly that this work for children is required, and must be done, if we are to keep abreast of the times, and if we mean to keep a hold on our children which is to be lasting. It is a very simple work; it is preventive. It is an effort to keep our children from drifting away. It is easier than

club work, because in clubs we have to get so many who have drifted back ; moreover, children are easier to influence when they are still under control, because they have not tasted the sweets of independence.

In the organization of this work there are two vital points to be borne in mind ; one is that such work must be done in co-operation with the clergy and the school teachers, secondly that it must not be done *in* the school, otherwise the parents and the children think it is extra schooling. Some definite period at which to select the children must be settled ; there must be a definite age at which to begin, an age when the children would respond to such training. By experience we know that they do respond, for this work has already begun, and though it has been very imperfectly done, the results have been most encouraging. Some time ago it transpired that a good many Catholic school children were in the habit of attending a Bible class which was organized by some Protestant ladies, and this with the sanction and approval of the Catholic parents, who, when asked why they allowed the children to go to these classes, answered that the children were taught something useful, that it was better for them to be there than in the streets. The parents thought that it was, on the whole, a good thing. Now all this went on unknown to the clergy, to the nuns, and to the settlement ladies, and it only came to light through the kindness of the Protestant ladies who held these classes. They told the ladies of the Catholic settlement that seventy-five Catholic children attended their Bible and sewing classes, and offered to give the children up if something of the same kind could be organized for the Catholic children. The results of a few shocks like this made a stir, and after a good deal of consultation between the priests, the school teachers, and the ladies it was decided to make a beginning with the children who were preparing for their first Communion. The children were fetched by the ladies from the school as the school was ending at 4.30 p.m. ; they were taken to the settlement once or twice a week, where they were instructed and generally interested in what they were going to do. The teaching was less of a dry catechetical instruction, and more of a talk

to the children about the life of Our Lord and Our Lady, with stories, examples and illustrations, and this was done in such a way as to interest the children and excite their imagination, so as to make them ask questions, and so to get out of their heads the idea that Our Lord and His Blessed Mother are persons living apart from us, and at a distance, and are therefore unapproachable and only to be treated with awe and fear, only spoken to occasionally. The children were shown pictures bearing on the Holy Eucharist, Mass, and the Blessed Sacrament; they had also, as a treat, instructions with magic-lantern slides representing appropriate subjects, mostly on the practical examples of the life of Our Lord. The lesson itself was short, only lasting half an hour; the children then sang hymns, and they began and ended with a short prayer. Everything was done to make these classes religiously attractive: an altar had been arranged and the children were allowed to have charge of it, to light the candles and arrange the flowers according to their behaviour in class. They were made to feel that this little class was for the privileged few, who were actually preparing for the greatest event in their lives, and that therefore everything was being done for them in order to help them to make a good preparation. The result was that these classes were attractive to the children, their interest was thoroughly roused, their hearts were effectually appealed to; and if such results were obtained from a small and very imperfect beginning, what results might we not expect if such work for children were properly organized on wider lines and on a larger scale? The parish priests who organized this work came to the conclusion that to do such work efficiently it was necessary for the ladies to visit the parents of every child in the preparation class—in order to interest them in the children's spiritual welfare. Of course the day of the first Communion was made as festive and solemn as possible, with a renewal of baptismal vows, and procession in which the children walked. The nuns and ladies spent the day with the children, dressing them and serving at the breakfast. If these classes were difficult to organize, the results were astonishing, for the children, who at first were rough and

independent, at the end of three months became gentle and well-behaved. They saw they had become objects of special interest and care ; they realized that just because they were going to make their first Communion the priests, nuns, and ladies were doing all they could to make the time of preparation attractive and holy, in order that it should have a lasting and practical effect on their after lives. But though everything was done to make a lifelong impression on the children, the clergy who organized the work saw that the good begun would be lost if these classes were not continued ; therefore all the children who made their first Communion are now attending perseverance classes, which are organized like the preparation classes, with the addition that the children are taught sewing, while they are read to.

If we are to keep abreast with educational advancement, an attempt must be made to refine and humanise our children. Dry *knowledge*, be it secular or religious, will not prevent the loss of so many of our children ; something more is required to make knowledge act and become a living force and reality in every-day life : the heart must be educated and the affections must be appealed to in order that our children may see and love the beauty and consolation which are to be found in the Faith we all hold so dear. Such teaching and training and interesting children can only be successful by co-operation with the clergy ; it requires on the part of those who undertake such work zeal for souls and patient perseverance. Again, we must take the children at an age when they are most open to good impressions if our moral and personal influence is to help them to begin the battle of life with a greater love for religion, with a stronger faith to resist the temptations of the world, and with hearts full of enthusiasm and admiration for the attractive side of religion.

The care of the children in our elementary schools is of absolute and vital importance ; the religious training of our children is becoming more and more important as secular education advances. Sunday schools, first Communion classes, and perseverance classes are essential *now*—we cannot afford to sit still and be content with mere head

work, which is the essential foundation, but which demands a superstructure of refinement to bring it to a perfect whole; and in urging this I would venture to suggest that the care of our Catholic children is the common interest and work of priest and people. The children are the care and business of all, for their training has been, and always will be, the concern of the Catholic people.

Conclusion.

Indifferentism has become the religious disease of this country. There are multitudes living without God: others imagine that the poor and piety are in some way linked together and are to be left to priests and nuns, and need not enter into the life of the ordinary Christian. To many the parish is but a name; that they may have duties within the parish perhaps never occurs to them. The children are safe in school and all outside and around lies the great world with its atmosphere of indifferentism and sin ready to engulf our unsuspecting children the moment school days are over. Are we to attempt nothing? Are we to do nothing more for them? Are we content that the bare knowledge of religion is enough? We are a poor body and a small body, but we are all bound one to another, we all help each other, and not one of us stands alone. A vast amount of energy and ability is running to waste among us; we have forces, and what is needed is to put our forces into action. Look around and see the fields white for the harvest, and how few, how very few, who will work.

The youth of the upper classes especially—has any one shown them how much they are wanted and how much there is to do? It is the young that are the hope of these social movements, their enthusiasm is more easily enkindled, they are the hope of the Church, but do they know what endless opportunities they have before them, do they realize that personal service is demanded, that to live for self only will breed weariness and unrest? There is no doubt of the value of personal service in settlement and social work. But the value of personal service given to the children, be it in Sunday school or religious instructive

classes, cannot be exaggerated. It is the children who are to be the future Catholics of England, who need your training, who demand your care. Refine them, interest yourselves in them, attract them, make them love their religion, show them that it has its spheres of deepest joys.

To those who are conducting the education of the upper and middle classes so admirably in our convent schools I would suggest that the importance of this work for poor children be instilled into the minds and hearts of their pupils, that the needs of our Catholic poor children be made known to those who are receiving a higher education, so that when this education is over they may know how to make use of life, that the result of this education may force them to see that to do something for others is the law of life, if life is to be lived in all its fulness.

And there are also those who are teaching in our schools —I mean the teachers and pupil teachers—who might have much influence for good over the rising generation of our Catholic poor. The authorities, secular and religious, are endeavouring to draw these teachers into centres where they will get the equipment necessary for their high calling, and if it be their duty to train and teach the poor, it is their proud privilege to impress their individuality on the minds and hearts of our children, by giving them that true Catholic spirit which can only be imparted to others by those who possess integrity of character, strong convictions, and earnestness, and who are moved by a personal experience of the sweet and attractive influences of the Catholic Faith.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, LONDON.

MOTU PROPRIO OF POPE PIUS X. ON CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY

FROM Our very first Encyclical to the Bishops of the entire world We have repeated the directions given by our honoured Predecessors on the Catholic work of the laity. This work We have declared to be highly praiseworthy and even indispensable in the present condition of the Church and of Society; and We must express our admiration for the zeal of the numerous men of eminence, who for a long time have devoted themselves to this noble task, as well as for the enthusiasm of the large body of younger Catholics who have joined in the work. The nineteenth Catholic Congress, lately held at Bologna with Our support and encouragement, has plainly shown the strength of the Catholic forces, and how much good can be done among religious populations, where Catholic action is well directed and well disciplined, and where there is unity of thoughts, of hearts, and of works.

To our great distress, however, certain differences of opinion at the Congress have given rise to disputes, which, unless allayed in time, may divide and weaken the Catholic forces. Having Ourselves, before the meeting of the Congress, made a special recommendation of concord, so that practical rules for Catholic action might be agreed upon, We cannot

now keep silence. And since disagreements about practice often turn upon theoretical disagreements, we must make sure and solid the principles which should permeate all Catholic action.

Leo XIII., of holy memory, our illustrious Predecessor, luminously traced the rules of Christian popular action in the great Encyclicals *Quod Apostolici Muneris* of December 28, 1878, *Rerum Novarum* of May 15, 1891, and *Graves de Communi* of January 18, 1901 ; and also in a particular *Instruction* issued through the Sacred Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs on January 27, 1902.

And as We see, no less than our Predecessor, the great need that Christian popular action be under proper guidance, We desire these prudent rules to be exactly and fully observed, and that no one venture henceforth to make the smallest departure from them. In order, therefore, to keep them vividly in view, We have decided to make a summary of them (giving the references to the Acts of Leo XIII.) in the following articles, to serve as leading principles of Christian popular action, and to be for all Catholics the constant guide of their conduct.

Leading Principles of Christian Popular Action.

I.

Human society, as God has established it, is composed of unequal elements, just as the members of the human body are unequal. To render them all equal is impossible, and would be precisely the destruction of human society (Encycl. *Quod Apostolici muneris*).

II.

The equality of the various members is in this, and this alone, that all men come from God the Creator,

have all been redeemed by Jesus Christ, and will be judged, and punished or rewarded, by God, exactly according to their merits or demerits (Encycl. *Quod Apostolici muneris*).

III.

Hence it agrees with God's ordinance that in human society there should be rulers and subjects, masters and workmen, rich men and poor, learned and ignorant, noble and common ; and that united in the bonds of mutual love, all should help each other to reach their final end in heaven, and here on earth their material and moral welfare (Encycl. *Quod Apostolici muneris*).

IV.

Unlike the beasts, man has not only the simple use of the goods of the earth, but also the right of permanent ownership ; not only, therefore, of things that are consumed in using them, but of things that are lasting (Encycl. *Rerum novarum*).

V.

Private property due to labour or industry, or again, due to transfer or gift from others, is a universal right of nature, and every one may reasonably dispose of his property as he sees fit (Encycl. *Rerum novarum*).

VI.

To allay the strife between rich and poor we must distinguish justice from charity. It is only when justice has been violated that there is a right to redress (Encycl. *Rerum novarum*).

VII.

The obligations of justice binding on the poorer classes and workpeople are as follows : To carry out

fully and honestly the work as specified by a free and equitable agreement; not to damage the property or to insult the persons of the masters; to refrain, even when defending their own rights, from acts of violence, and never to turn the defence into a riot (Encycl. *Rerum novarum*).

VIII.

The obligations of justice binding on capitalists and masters are as follows: To pay fair wages to the workpeople; not to injure their lawful savings by force, or fraud, or usury, whether open or masked; to give them freedom to fulfil their religious duties; not to expose them to moral corruption and the dangers of scandals; not to damage their family life or their spirit of thrift; not to impose work on them disproportionate to their strength or unsuited to their age or sex (Encycl. *Rerum novarum*).

IX.

An obligation of charity rests on rich men and holders of property to help the poor and needy according to the Gospel precept; and so grave is this precept that on the Day of Judgement, according to Christ Himself (Matt. xxv.), a special reckoning will be made of its fulfilment (Encycl. *Rerum novarum*).

X.

Hence the poor ought not to be ashamed of their poverty or to disdain the charity of the rich, but above all things to keep their eyes fixed on Jesus the Redeemer, who, when He might have been born among the rich, made Himself poor to honour poverty, and to enrich it with incomparable merit for Heaven (Encycl. *Rerum novarum*).

XI.

Towards the solution of the labour question the capitalists and the workmen themselves can contribute greatly by institutions for giving timely relief to those in need, and for drawing together and uniting the two classes. Such are mutual aid societies; the many forms of private insurance; institutions for the care of working boys; above all, the various trade associations (Encycl. *Rerum novarum*).

XII.

This is the special aim of Christian Popular Action or Christian Democracy with its many and varied works. Such Christian Democracy ought therefore to be understood in the sense already declared authoritatively, a sense quite remote from that of *Social Democracy*, and having as its base the principles of Catholic faith and morality, among them above all the principle of not injuring in any way the inviolable right of private property (Encycl. *Graves de communi*).

XIII.

Moreover, Christian Democracy ought never to mix itself up with politics, or to serve parties and political ends. This is not its field, but rather it should be work for the popular welfare, founded on the law of nature and on the precepts of the Gospel (Encycl. *Graves de communi*, *Instruction of Jan.*, 1902).

The Christian Democrats of Italy ought to refrain altogether from taking part in any political action, which under present circumstances, *for reasons of the highest order*, is forbidden to all Catholics (*Instruction of Jan.*, 1902).

XIV.

In pursuing its own objects, Christian Democracy is strictly bound to be subordinate to Ecclesiastical

Authority, giving loyal obedience to the Bishops and their representatives. It is neither meritorious zeal nor genuine piety to undertake any work, excellent though it may be in itself, when the Bishop does not approve (Encycl. *Graves de communi*).

XV.

In order that the work of Christian Democracy be directed with unity, it ought, as far as Italy is concerned, to be under the Institution for Catholic Congresses and Committees (*Opera de' Congressi e de' Comitati Cattolici*), an Institution which for many years has worked hard and well for the Church, and to which Pius IX. and Leo XIII. (of holy memory) entrusted the direction of the general Catholic movement, always with the approval and guidance of the Bishops (Encycl. *Graves de communi*).

XVI.

Catholic writers, in whatever touches religious interests and the action of the Church in Society, ought to be fully subordinate with intellect and will, like the rest of the faithful, to their bishop and to the Roman Pontiff. Above all, they should be careful, in any serious discussion, not to anticipate the judgements of the Apostolic See (*Instruction of January*, 1902).

XVII.

Christian Democratic writers, like all other Catholic writers, ought to obtain the episcopal *imprimatur* for any of their writings that deal with religion, Christian morality, or natural ethics (in virtue of the Constitution *Officiorum et munerum*, art. 41). Ecclesiastics (according to the same Constitution, art. 42), even when they publish writings

of a merely technical character, ought previously to obtain the consent of their bishop (*Instruction of January*, 1902).

XVIII.

They ought, besides, to make every effort and every sacrifice to preserve charity and concord in their midst, avoiding any kind of injury or offensive language. When real grounds of disagreement arise, instead of publishing anything in the newspapers, they ought to have recourse to the Ecclesiastical Authority, which will decide as justice requires. If they are corrected by the Authority, let them promptly obey without evasions and without making any public grievance of the matter; naturally, indeed, reserving their right of appeal, in the proper way and where the case requires it, to the superior Authority (*Instruction of January*, 1902).

XIX.

Finally, Catholic writers, in taking up the cause of the poorer classes, should be careful not to use language that may arouse in them hostility against the upper classes. Writers must not speak of claims and of justice in cases which are simply a matter of charity (as explained previously). Let them remember that Jesus Christ desires to unite all men in the bond of mutual charity, which is the perfection of justice and binds us all to strive for the good of each other (*Instruction of January*, 1902).

Acting on our own accord and with full knowledge, We, with our Apostolic authority, reaffirm the foregoing leading principles in every part of them, and We direct them to be sent to all the Catholic Committees, Clubs, and Associations of whatever

nature or form. These Societies ought to have them posted up at their offices, and to read them frequently at their meetings. We also direct that the Catholic newspapers publish them in their entirety, express their willingness to observe them, and do observe them in real earnest; else let the newspaper be gravely admonished, and on failure of amendment be prohibited by the Ecclesiastical Authority.

Moreover, as neither words avail anything, nor energy in action, unless preceded, accompanied, and followed by good example, it is needful that all the members of any Catholic work should display clearly their faith by holy lives, unspotted morals, and strict observance of the laws of God and the Church; this being the duty of every Christian, and besides, "that he who is on the contrary part, may be afraid, having no evil to say of us" (*Titus* ii. 8).

We hope that, with God's blessing, abundant and happy fruits may result from this Our solicitude for the common good, in Italy especially, of united Catholic action.

Given in Rome at St. Peter's the 18th of December, 1903, in the first year of Our Pontificate.

PIUS PP. X.

Letter of His Holiness Pope Pius X. to Cardinal Respighi, Vicar-General of Rome, on the Restoration of Sacred Music.

My Lord Cardinal,

Our wish to see the dignity and sanctity of all liturgical functions restored has persuaded us to make known by a special decree Our wishes concerning the music that is so largely used in the service of the Church. We are confident that all will help us in this much-needed reform, not only with the submission that bows to commands which are hard and contrary to its own way of thinking merely out of obedience (although this too is praiseworthy), but rather with that readiness which comes from a clear conviction that the commands are evidently necessary and reasonable. And indeed, as soon as we consider the very sacred object for which any art is put to the service of religion, and the necessity of only offering to God things that are good, or rather, as far as possible, things that are perfect, we shall see that the laws of the Church concerning sacred music are nothing but an immediate application of these two fundamental principles. Whenever the clergy and their choirmasters clearly realize these principles, good Church music at once begins to flourish spontaneously, as may be seen in many places ; on the other hand, when the principles are neglected, neither prayers nor entreaties, nor severe commands, nor threats of canonical punishment succeed in improving matters ; so easy is it for passion, or at any rate for shameful and inexcusable ignorance to elude the will of the Church and to continue year after year in the same regrettable manner. We hope to find such prompt goodwill especially among the clergy and the faithful of this Our beloved city of Rome, centre of Christendom and seat of the highest authority in the Church. Surely none should more readily follow Our directions than they who hear them from Our own mouth, nowhere should an example of loving and filial obedience to Our commands be more carefully shown than among this

first and noblest portion of Christ's flock, the See of Rome, specially committed to Our charge as Our own diocese. We will add that such an example will be given in the sight of the whole world. Bishops and the faithful come here continually from all parts to reverence the Vicar of Christ and to refresh their piety by visiting Our venerable basilica and the tombs of the Martyrs, and by fervently assisting at the solemnities which are celebrated in this city with so great pomp and splendour throughout the year. "We desire that they should not go back shocked by our customs," said Our predecessor Benedict XIV. at his time in his encyclical "Annus qui," referring to our sacred music. The same Pontiff, touching more closely on the abuse of instruments then rife, says: "What idea will they, who come from countries where instruments are not used in churches, form of us, if they hear them employed in ours just in the same way as in theatres and other secular places? Or perhaps they may come from places where people sing and play in churches just as they now do in ours. But, if they are sensible people, they will regret that they cannot find in our music that remedy for the abuses of their own churches which they came here to seek." In former days people were probably less likely to notice how the music performed in churches was contrary to ecclesiastical laws and principles, and the scandal was no doubt less great just because the evil was more general and widespread. But now that distinguished persons have taken so much trouble to examine questions of liturgy and of the arts which adorn Divine service, now that in so many churches throughout the world such consoling and often such splendid results have been obtained in the reform of sacred music, in spite of the very grave difficulties that have been happily overcome, now that every one realizes the necessity of a complete change in these matters, every abuse of this kind has become unbearable and must be removed. We are convinced that you, my Lord Cardinal, in your high office of Our Vicar General for spiritual matters in Rome, will take care, with the gentleness that is characteristic of you, but with no less firmness, that the music performed in the churches and chapels, whether secular or regular, of this city shall answer completely to Our instructions. Many things must be either corrected or removed in the chanting of Mass, of the Litany of Loreto, and of the hymns of the Blessed Sacrament, but the thing which most demands a complete change is the singing of Vespers on feast days in the different churches and basilicas. The laws of the Cœremoniale Episcoporum and the beautiful traditions

of the classical Roman school of music are no longer observed. Instead of the pious chanting of the clergy, in which the faithful too could take part, endless musical compositions on the words of the Psalms have been substituted, formed in the style of the old theatrical works, most of them of such small value as works of art that they would not be borne even in second-rate secular concerts. The piety and devotion of Christians are certainly not helped by this music, the curiosity of a few less intelligent people may be whetted ; but most are only disgusted and scandalized, and wonder that such an abuse should still be tolerated. We desire therefore that these things be entirely suppressed, and that Vespers be always celebrated according to the liturgical rules that we have laid down. We will show the way in the patriarchal basilicas by the care and the enlightened zeal of the cardinals who direct them, and these will be models for the smaller basilicas, the collegiate and parish churches, and for the churches and chapels of the Religious Orders. And you, my Lord Cardinal, will allow no exception, no delay. By putting the matter off the difficulty would not become less, it would become greater : since the thing has to be done, let it be done at once and firmly. Let all have confidence in Us and in Our words, with which the grace and blessing of God will be joined. At first the novelty will surprise some, very like some choirmasters or directors will not be quite prepared for it, but little by little things will right themselves and every one will find in the perfect correspondence of the music to liturgical rules and to the proper character of the chanting of psalms a beauty and rightness which they had not felt before. On the other hand the celebration of Vespers will be considerably shortened. But if the Rectors of churches wish at any time to lengthen the service, in order to keep the people, who so piously go in the evenings to the churches where feasts are being kept, there is no reason why after Vespers a suitable sermon should not follow, and then solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament ; indeed this would be altogether an advantage for the piety and edification of the faithful. We desire finally that sacred music be taught with special care in all the Roman seminaries and ecclesiastical colleges, to which so great a number of chosen students come from all parts of the world, to be educated in sacred learning and in a really ecclesiastical spirit. We know, and it is a great consolation to Us, that in many institutions sacred music flourishes so as to make them a model to others. But other seminaries and colleges leave much to be desired in this

respect, either through the carelessness of their superiors or through the incapacity and bad taste of the persons who are teachers of singing and directors of sacred music. You, my Lord Cardinal, will carefully look to these houses too, you will insist above all that plain chant be taught with special care and generally preferred for the services of the institution, whether public or private, according to the laws of the Council of Trent and of countless other diocesan and provincial synods throughout the world. In former times, to say the truth, plain chant was only known in incorrect, altered and shortened forms. But the daily and accurate study given to it by distinguished men, who have done so much for this sacred art, has changed the state of the case. Plain chant, when it is restored so satisfactorily to its original purity, as it was handed down by the Fathers and as it may be found in the ancient books of several dioceses, is seen to be sweet, graceful, very easy to learn and of a beauty so new and unexpected that wherever it is introduced it at once excites a real enthusiasm among the young singers. Now whenever it becomes a pleasure to fulfil a duty the thing is done with more goodwill, and its fruit is more lasting. We desire therefore that the ancient Roman chant be again introduced into all the colleges and seminaries of this holy city, as it once was heard in our churches and basilicas when it was the delight of former generations in the most beautiful ages of Christian faith. And just as this chant was once spread out from Rome to the other Western Churches, so do We wish these young students, having learnt it here under Our eyes, to spread it abroad once more throughout their dioceses, when they go back as priests to work for the glory of God. We rejoice to give these instructions at the time We are about to keep the thirteenth centenary of the death of the glorious and incomparable Pontiff St. Gregory the Great, to whom a tradition of many centuries has attributed the composion of these sacred melodies, and from whom the name of Gregorian chant is derived. Let these Our dear students study this chant carefully, that We may have the happiness of hearing them when, as We have been told, they come together to the tomb of the holy Pontiff at St. Peter's to sing Gregorian chants during the Mass which, please God, We ourselves shall celebrate at the coming anniversary. As a sign of Our special affection We give from our heart the Apostolic blessing to you, my Lord Cardinal, to our clergy, and to all our beloved people. At the Vatican, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1903. PIUS PP. X.

MOTU PROPRIO OF POPE PIUS X. ON SACRED MUSIC

One of the chief duties of the pastoral office, not only in this Holy See which we, although unworthy, by the inscrutable decree of Providence occupy, but in each diocese in the Church, is certainly to maintain and increase the beauty of the House of God, in which the holy mysteries of our faith are celebrated, in which the Christian people come together to receive the grace of the Sacraments, to assist at the holy Sacrifice of the Altar, to adore the Blessed Sacrament, and to join in the public and solemn liturgical prayers of the Church. Nothing then should be allowed in the sacred building that could disturb or lessen the piety and the devotion of the faithful, nothing that could be a reasonable motive for displeasure or scandal, nothing especially that could offend against the dignity and holiness of the sacred rites, and that would therefore be unworthy of the house of prayer, or of the majesty of Almighty God.

We do not propose to touch on all the abuses that may occur in these matters. We devote Our attention to-day to one of the commonest of abuses, one of the most difficult to uproot, and one that We sometimes have to regret, even in places where everything else, the beauty and splendour of the building, the dignity and accurate order of the ceremonies, the number of the clergy who attend, the

gravity and piety of the celebrant deserve the highest praise. We speak of abuses in the matter of the singing and of sacred music. And indeed, whether it is a result of the changeable nature of this art, or of the many alterations in people's taste and custom during the lapse of time ; whether it comes from the unhappy influence of secular and theatrical music on that of the Church, or from the pleasure excited by the music itself, which it may not be easy to retain within proper limits ; whether, lastly, it is because of the many prejudices on this subject which sometimes obstinately remain, even among persons of great piety and high authority, there certainly is a constant tendency in sacred music to neglect the right principles of an art used in the service of the liturgy, principles expressed very clearly in the laws of the Church, in the decrees of general and provincial council, and in the repeated commands of the Sacred Congregations and of the Supreme Pontiffs, Our predecessors. It is with great pleasure that We are able to recognize the good that has already been done, not only in this Our own City, but also in many dioceses of Our country, and again specially among certain nations, where the most distinguished and zealous persons, acting with the approval of the Holy See and under the direction of their Bishops, have founded flourishing societies and have thus happily reformed the music in nearly all their churches and chapels. But this reform is still far from being universal, and when We reflect on Our own experience, when We remember the many complaints that have been addressed to Us from all parts, even during the short time since it pleased God to lift Our humble person to the supreme dignity of the Apostolic See, We think it Our duty to lift up Our voice without delay in order to reprove

and condemn everything in the music of Divine Service that does not agree with the right principles so often laid down. And since indeed Our first and most ardent wish is that a true Christian spirit flourish and be kept always by all the faithful, the first thing to which We must attend is the holiness and dignity of the churches in which our people assemble, in order to acquire that spirit from its first and most indispensable source, by taking an active part in the sacred mysteries and in the solemn public prayers of the Church. It would be vain to hope for this grace from God as long as our worship of Him, instead of going up with an odour of sweetness, only, as it were, puts into our Lord's hands again the scourges with which He once drove out of the Temple those who were profaning it.

Wherefore, in order that no one may in future put forward as an excuse that he does not rightly know his duty, in order that all possible uncertainty about laws already made be removed, We consider it advisable to sum up shortly the principles that govern the sacred music of liturgical services, and to present again the chief laws of the Church against faults in this matter. And therefore We publish this Our Instruction *motu proprio et ex certa scientia*, and We desire with all the authority of Our Apostolic office that it have the force of law as a canonical code concerning sacred music, and we impose upon all by Our own signature the duty of the most exact obedience to it :—

INSTRUCTION ABOUT SACRED MUSIC

I. General Principles.

1. Sacred music, being an integral part of the liturgy, is directed to the general object of this

liturgy, namely, the glory of God and the sanctification and edification of the faithful. It helps to increase the beauty and splendour of the ceremonies of the Church, and since its chief duty is to clothe the liturgical text, which is presented to the understanding of the faithful, with suitable melody, its object is to make that text more efficacious, so that the faithful through this means may be the more roused to devotion, and better disposed to gather to themselves the fruits of grace which come from the celebration of the Sacred mysteries.

2. Sacred music must therefore eminently possess the qualities which belong to liturgical rites, especially *holiness* and *beauty*, from which its other character, *universality*, will follow spontaneously.

It must be *holy*, and therefore avoid everything that is secular, both in itself and in the way in which it is performed.

It must really be an *art*, since in no other way can it have on the mind of those who hear it that effect which the Church desires in using in her liturgy the art of sound.

But it must also be universal in this sense, namely, that although each country may use in its ecclesiastical music whatever special forms may belong to its own national style, these forms must be subject to the proper nature of sacred music, so that it may never produce a bad impression on the mind of any stranger who may hear it.

II. Various Kinds of Sacred Music.

3. These qualities are found most perfectly in the Gregorian chant, which is therefore the proper chant of the Roman Church, the only chant which she has inherited from the ancient Fathers, which she has jealously kept for so many centuries in her liturgical

books, which she offers to the faithful as her own music, which she insists on being used exclusively in some parts of her liturgy, and which, lastly, has been so happily restored to its original perfection and purity by recent study.

For these reasons plain chant has always been looked upon as the highest model of Church music, and we may with good reason establish as a general rule that the more a musical composition for use in church is like plain chant in its movement, its inspiration, and its feeling, so much the more is it right and liturgical, and the more it differs from this highest model so much the less is it worthy of the House of God.

Wherefore this ancient Gregorian chant should be largely restored in divine worship, and it should be understood that a service of the Church loses nothing of its solemnity when it is accompanied by no other music than plain chant.

Especially should this chant be restored to the use of the people, so that they may take a more active part in the services, as they did in former times.

4. The qualities described above are also found to a high degree in music of the classical school, especially in that of the Roman school, which reached its greatest perfection in the sixteenth century under Pierluigi da Palestrina, and which even afterwards went on producing excellent liturgical compositions. The music of the classical school agrees very well with the highest model of all sacred music, namely, plain chant, and therefore it deserves, together with plain chant, to be used in the more solemn offices of the Church, as, for instance, in those of the Papal Chapel. This music, too, should be largely restored, especially in the greater basilicas, in cathedrals, and in

seminaries and other institutions where the necessary means of performing it are not wanting.

5. The Church has always recognized and encouraged all progress in the arts, and has always admitted to the service of her functions whatever is good and beautiful in their development during different centuries, as long as they do not offend against the laws of her liturgy. Hence more modern music may also be allowed in churches, since it has produced compositions good and serious and dignified enough to be worthy of liturgical use.

Nevertheless, since modern music has become chiefly a secular art, greater care must be taken, when admitting it, that nothing profane be allowed, nothing that has reminiscences of theatrical pieces, nothing based in its form on the style of secular compositions.

6. Among all kinds of modern music the theatrical style that was so much in vogue during the last century, for instance, in Italy, is the one least fitted to accompany the service of the Church. This style is by nature the most unlike plain chant and the music of the classical school, and therefore the least compatible with the laws of good sacred music. Moreover, the rhythm, the structure, and the convention of this style do not lend themselves well to the demands of really liturgical music.

III. The Liturgical Text.

7. The language of the Roman Church is Latin. It is therefore forbidden to sing anything in the vulgar tongue during solemn liturgical functions, and much more is it forbidden to sing in the vulgar tongue the parts, either proper or common, of the Mass and the office.

8. Since the text to be sung and the order in

which it is to be sung are already determined for every liturgical service, it is not lawful to change either the words or their order, nor to substitute another text, nor to leave anything out, either entirely or in part, except in the cases in which the rubrics allow the organ alone to replace certain verses, which must then be recited in the choir. It is only allowed, according to the custom of the Roman Church, to sing a motet in honour of the Blessed Sacrament after the *Benedictus* at High Mass. A short motet with words approved by the Church may also be added after the proper Offertory of the Mass has been sung.

9. The liturgical text must be sung just as it stands in the authentic books, without changing or transposing the words, without needless repetition, without dividing the syllables, and always so that it can be understood by the people who hear it.

IV. The External Form of Sacred Music.

10. Each part of the Mass and the office must keep, even in the music, that form and character which it has from tradition, and which is very well expressed in the Gregorian chant. Therefore introits, graduals, antiphons, psalms, hymns, the *Gloria in excelsis*, etc., will be composed each in their own way.

11. Especially must these rules be followed: (*a*) The *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, Creed, etc., of the Mass must represent in the music the unity of their text. They may not be made up of separate pieces, each of which forms a complete musical composition which could be taken away from the others and followed by something quite different.

(*b*) At Vespers the ordinary rule must be that of the Cærimoniale Episcoporum, which requires

plain chant for the psalms and allows figured music for the verses of the Gloria Patri and the hymn.

Nevertheless on great feasts the plain chant may be used in turn with a so-called fauxbourdon chant, or with verses composed in the same suitable style.

It may even be allowed to sometimes sing a whole psalm in figured music as long as the proper form of singing psalms is not lost, that is, as long as the singers really appear to be chanting verses alternately, either with new melodies or with those taken from or modelled on plain chant. Psalms sung in the manner called *di concerto* are therefore absolutely forbidden.

(*c*) The hymns of the Church must also keep their traditional form. It is not lawful, for instance, to compose a *Tantum Ergo* so that the first verse be a romance, an air or an adagio, and then the *Genitori* an allegro.

(*d*) The antiphons at Vespers should be ordinarily sung to their own Gregorian chant. If for any special reason they are sung to modern music the melody must never be like an air in a concert, or as long as a motet or a song.

V. The Singers.

12. Except the chant of the celebrant and the sacred ministers at the altar, which must always be sung in plain chant without any accompaniment, the rest of the liturgical singing belongs properly to the choir of clerics; wherefore singers in church, if they are laymen, are the substitutes of the ecclesiastical choir. Hence their music, at any rate for the greater part, must keep the nature of choir music.

This does not entirely exclude solos. But these must never take the chief place in a service, they

may never absorb the greater part of the liturgical text ; they must be rather points of musical emphasis and accent bound up closely with the rest of the composition, which should remain strictly choral.

13. It follows from the same principle that the singers in church have a really liturgical office, and that therefore women, being incapable of such an office, cannot be admitted to the choir. If high voices, such as treble and alto, are wanted, these parts must be sung by boys, according to the ancient custom of the Church.

14. Lastly, only men of known piety and integrity who, by their modest and reverent behaviour during the service, show themselves worthy of the sacred duty they perform, may be allowed to sing in the choir. It would also be more suitable if the singers, while they are in choir, were to wear cassocks and surplices ; and, if their place be too much exposed to the gaze of the people, it should be guarded by a grating.

VI. The Organ and Other Instruments.

15. Although the proper music of the Church is only vocal, nevertheless the accompaniment of an organ is allowed. In any special case, within proper limits and with due care, other instruments may be allowed too, but never without special leave from the Bishop of the diocese, according to the rule of the Cærimoniale Episcoporum.

16. Since the singing must always be the chief thing, the organ and the instruments may only sustain and never crush it.

17. It is not lawful to introduce the singing with long preludes, or to interrupt it with voluntaries.

18. The music of the organ in the accompaniment, preludes, interludes, and so on must be played not

only according to the proper character of the instrument, but also according to all the rules of really sacred music, which have been described above.

19. The use of the pianoforte is forbidden in churches, as also that of all noisy or irreverent instruments such as drums, kettledrums, cymbals, triangles, and so on.

20. Bands are strictly forbidden to play in church, and only for some special reason, after the consent of the Bishop has been obtained, may a certain number of specially-chosen wind instruments be allowed, which must be carefully selected and in proportion to their object ; and the music they play must always be reverent, suitable, and in every way like that of the organ.

21. Bands may be allowed by the Bishop in processions outside the church, as long as they do not perform secular music. The best plan on such occasions would be for the band to only accompany some hymn or sacred chant, either in Latin or in the vulgar tongue, sung by the choir or by the members of confraternities that take part in the procession.

VII. The Length of Liturgical Music.

22. It is not lawful to make the priest at the altar wait longer than the ceremonies allow, for the sake of the singing or instrumental music. According to the laws of the Church, the *Sanctus* of the Mass must be finished before the elevation ; wherefore in this point the celebrant must also attend to the singers. The *Gloria* and the Creed, according to the Gregorian tradition, should be comparatively short.

23. As a general principle it is a very grave abuse, and one to be altogether condemned, to make the liturgy of sacred functions appear a secondary matter, and, as it were, the servant of the music.

On the contrary, the music is really only a part of the liturgy and its humble attendant.

VIII. The Chief Means of Procuring Good Sacred Music.

24. In order that these instructions be exactly carried out, the Bishops should, if they have not already done so, appoint in each diocese a special commission of persons who are really competent in the matter, to whom they will entrust the duty of watching over the music performed in the churches in whatever way may seem most advisable. This commission will insist on the music being not only good in itself, but also proportionate to the capacity of the singers, so that it may always be well executed.

25. In ecclesiastical seminaries and institutions the traditional Gregorian chant recommended above must be studied with all diligence and love, according to the law of the Council of Trent; and the Superiors should be generous in their appreciation and encouragement of this point with their students.

In the same way the formation of a school of singing for the execution of figured music of a right and liturgical kind should be encouraged among the students wherever it is possible.

26. In the usual lectures on liturgy, moral theology, and canon law, which are given to students of theology, the points which specially touch the principles and laws of sacred music must also be duly explained, and means should be sought to complete this teaching with some special instruction on the æsthetics of sacred art, so that clerics may not leave the seminary without having some right idea on these subjects, which are also part of ecclesiastical knowledge.

27. Care must be taken to restore, at least in connection with the more important churches, the ancient choir schools which have already been introduced again with very good results in many places. Indeed, it would not be difficult for zealous priests to establish such school even in small parishes and in the country, and they would form an easy means of gathering together both children and grown-up people, to their own profit and the edification of all the parish.

28. All higher schools of Church music should be kept up and encouraged in every way where they already exist, and as far as possible new ones should be founded. It is most important that the Church should herself provide the instruction for her own choir-masters, organists, and singers, so that she may inspire them with the right principles of this sacred art.

IX. Conclusion.

29. Finally, We desire all choirmasters, singers, and clerics, all superiors of seminaries, ecclesiastical institutions and Religious communities, all parish priests and rectors of churches, all canons of collegiate and cathedral churches, and, most especially, the Ordinaries of all dioceses, to zealously support these wise reforms, which have been long desired and unanimously hoped for by all, in order that no injury be done to the authority of the Church, which has already often proposed them and now insists on them once more.

Given at Our Apostolic Palace of the Vatican, on the feast of the Virgin Martyr St. Cecily, November 22, 1903, in the first year of Our Pontificate.

Pius PP. X.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, LONDON.

MOTHER PHILIPPINE DUCHESNE.

(1769–1852.)

FROM THE FRENCH OF J. M. J. BOUILLAT.

I.

Childhood, education at Sainte-Marie-d'en-Haut—Religious vocation —Philippine during the Revolution—She buys back her Convent —The Society of the Sacred Heart.

ROSE PHILIPPINE DUCHESNE was born at Grenoble on August 29, 1769. Her father, Pierre François Duchesne, a distinguished member of the Parliament of Grenoble, took an active part with Mounier and Barnave in the events which brought on the French Revolution. Her mother, Rose Euphrosine Périer, belonged to the family which a few years later gave an able Prime Minister to France, and in our days a President to the Republic.

Philippine's kindness to those in need was noticeable from her earliest years. She was not satisfied with seeing that the beggars who came to her father's house obtained relief, but she opened her little purse to them and bestowed as alms the pocket-money intended for her own use. "Nothing makes me so happy as to do good," she often said. Her strength of mind was on a par with her warmth of heart. "When most children are still playing with their dolls," one of her sisters wrote later, "Philippine had long

discarded hers. I used to watch her when she was only nine years old reading aloud so seriously by the bedside of her eldest sister, who was ill."

Until the age of ten she had been educated by her mother, whose Christian piety and acute practical mind well fitted her for the task. But she had other children who required her care, and fearing that Philippine would not have sufficient attention at home, she sent her to the convent school kept by the Visitation nuns at Sainte-Marie-d'en-Haut.

Overlooking Grenoble from its commanding position on the spur of the Alps that rises just beyond the right bank of the Isère, Sainte-Marie-d'en-Haut was the fourth convent of the new order founded by St. Francis of Sales and St. Jane Frances de Chantal, and the memory of the holy founders was fresh within its walls when Philippine went there to school. The confessional of St. Francis was still there, and the stall of St. Jane Frances was pointed out, as well as the spot on which she was praying when a voice from heaven told her that her holy director was no more at the very time when, many leagues away, his soul had taken its flight to God. The church, which had been enriched by the munificence of the Duc de Lesdiguières, the famous general of Henry IV., possessed, as it does still, a marble altar and sculptured reredos, stalls and pulpit in carved wood, whilst the vaulted roof is adorned with frescoes representing scenes from Bible history and the foundation of the monastery.

Here Philippine made her first Communion, and from the spirit of the Visitation acquired a great devotion to the Sacred Heart. She profited by the excellent lessons she received from the nuns, and both her moral and intellectual culture were highly satisfactory. The desire to consecrate her life to God's service in religion grew with her growth.

"She was assiduous in her visits to the chapel," writes one of the nuns, "and her fervour led her to rise at the same time as the religious, that she might make her meditation with them in the choir. Even in mid-winter she would come there occasionally only half-dressed rather than arrive too late or miss altogether. Her schoolfellows laughed sometimes at this great zeal, looking upon it as a transient fancy. They had not tested the strength of her will, for she never gave up the practice, but continued it all the time she was at school."

When her parents heard of the inclination of their daughter for religious life, they resolved to cut short any such idea by removing her from Sainte-Marie. Philippine acquiesced in their decision, and in order to continue her education, asked and obtained leave to follow the lessons given in Latin, mathematics, music, and drawing, by an able tutor, to her cousins the Périers.

When she was seventeen her father wished her to marry, but on this point her will was inflexible, and she refused, saying that her determination was to belong only to God. It was then fully understood that she intended to enter religion. In fact, hardly had a year elapsed before she one day asked her aunt, Madame Périer, to take her to Sainte-Marie, where she wished, she said, to speak to the Superior. Once within convent walls, she refused to return to the world, and began her noviceship, edifying all the Community by her regularity, her great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and her deep humility. After eighteen months of noviceship she was preparing to take her vows, when her father's will interposed. He knew how threatening were the times, and fearing the persecutions Philippine might have to encounter in the religious state, he positively forbade her to bind herself by vows before she had attained the age of twenty-five. This prohibition was a great blow

to Philippine. To console her, a priest said to her simply, "Let us adore God, my child. He has His secret ends in what He allows to happen. You will understand it later." Two years had not passed before the Revolutionary movement had closed the convents and dispersed the nuns.

When these evil days had come, Philippine at first took refuge at Grane, near Romans, where her parents had a property and a house, which soon served as an asylum to the persecuted priests. But before long she returned to Grenoble, for she had been told that in the prisons there a great number of prisoners were suffering privations of every sort. Other ladies joined her in the work of affording them relief, and she established a Society of "Ladies of Mercy," organized to bring spiritual and temporal help to the prisoners, and especially to any priests who might be found amongst them. She accomplished acts of truly devoted heroism, and the Confessors of the Faith immured within the walls of Sainte-Marie-d'en-Haut owed it to her that they were not utterly deprived of the consolations of religion. At the same time she instructed poor children on the chief mysteries of the Faith, assisted and nursed the sick, and procured for them priestly succour, a happiness most difficult of attainment in those troubled times, and involving much personal danger.

When in the Consulate better days dawned for France, Mlle. Duchesne had but one wish, that of buying back Sainte-Marie-d'en-Haut, which had become the property of the nation. Thanks to the credit enjoyed by the families of Duchesne and Périer, she easily obtained her desire, and on the 14th of September, 1801, she entered on the possession of the convent. "The little children of my catechism class," she wrote, "were most eager in helping me to carry my packages, in spite of the rain which poured down all day long."

On Christmas Day Philippine and her companion, Madame Faucherand, once more put on the habit of nuns of the Visitation, and assisted at the Mass which a priest celebrated secretly in their church. A few days later the convent received a visit from two Roman Prelates, Mgr. Nina and Mgr. Caselli, who had come to France on the business of the Concordat then being negotiated between Pius VII. and Napoleon. They were brought to the convent by Monsieur Rollin and the Abbé Rivet, who had given every encouragement to Philippine's effort to re-establish religious life within its walls, and whose support never failed her. This visit seemed to Philippine like the sanction given by the Church to the work she had undertaken.

However, at the end of some months she was still nearly alone in the convent she loved so much. It was then that Abbé Rivet spoke to her of a religious congregation that Father Varin had just established at Amiens. This new society, he told her, had a special devotion to the Sacred Heart. The rules were drawn from those of the Society of Jesus, which had given to the Church St. Francis Xavier and St. Francis Regis, the two saints to whom Mother Duchesne had greatest devotion; from that moment her dearest wish was to enter into relations with the Sacred Heart.

But the matter proceeded slowly. "This union was a favour which had to be earned by long waiting," Mother Duchesne was to write later. However, the time of suspense proved fruitful, for against all hope she was joined at Sainte-Marie by three ladies who shared all her views: these were the sister of Abbé Rivet, with Mlles. Balastron and Emilie Giraud.

At last, on July 30, 1804, Father Varin came himself to see Sainte-Marie and its inmates, and after this visit he

wrote to Mother Barat suggesting to her to found at Grenoble the second convent of her order. "You will find here," he wrote, "companions who will second you in your work . . . but especially one! If it were for her alone you should go to the ends of the earth."

On December 13th of the same year, Mother Barat, with three of her religious, arrived at Grenoble, and in the name of the Society of the Sacred Heart took possession of Sainte-Marie-d'en-Haut.

II.

The Noviceship—Religious profession—The School at Sainte-Marie—Euphrosyne Jouve—Mother Duchesne's vocation for the foreign missions—Pius VII. at Grenoble.

When Mother Barat and her companions, under the escort of Father Roger, arrived at Sainte-Marie, she was met at the door by Mother Duchesne, who in her joy and gratitude fell on her knees before her and kissed her feet.

The noviceship was opened on December 31, 1804, under the direction of Mother Barat, who found it an easy task to instil the true spirit of the Society of the Sacred Heart into souls so ardent and so well prepared. On November 21, 1805, after a Retreat of seven days, Mother Duchesne and her companions took their vows before M. Rey, the Vicar-General, and their ecclesiastical Superior, assisted by the Abbé Rivet, their director, and Fathers Roger and Varin, who had throughout their noviceship co-operated in the work of their formation, and had now given them the exercises of their Retreat. "Each one of us," says Mother Duchesne in her journal, "pronounced her vows kneeling before the altar on which the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and they were received by Mother Barat, who was standing on the right-hand side of the altar."

God's blessings were showered on the convent, and the school soon became very flourishing. Girls were sent thither, not only from Grenoble and Isère, but from foreign countries, for there were but few houses of education at that time. Amongst the pupils, one of the most noteworthy was a niece of Mother Duchesne, Euphrosyne Jouve, upon whom God seemed to have lavished every possible gift of head and heart. Before she completed her studies, which had been most successfully pursued, and included drawing, music, Latin, and Italian, she went home. But the air of the world was not that in which this flower was to bloom, and she soon returned to Sainte-Marie, where she made a fervent noviceship under the patronage and in close imitation of St. Aloysius, whose name she henceforth bore. She was fitted both by nature and by grace to do great things, and many hopes were entertained of her future usefulness. But God had other designs, and a few years later an illness that defied all treatment laid her low; the fair promise of her early years was fulfilled in heaven, not on earth. After her holy death miracles were worked at her tomb which ceased only on the day when Mother Barat, fearing their effect on the humility of her religious sisters, forbade Aloysia to perform any more henceforth.

A few months after her profession, Mother Duchesne received a visit which exercised considerable influence on her future life. A well-known missionary, Dom Augustin de Lagrange, a Trappist, passed through Grenoble on his return from America, and in an exhortation which he addressed to the religious of Sainte-Marie-d'en-Haut, he depicted in glowing colours the spiritual needs of those who dwelt on the banks of the Mississippi, whether Indians or settlers. His words went straight to Mother Duchesne's heart, in which a longing for the self-sacrificing and apostolic work of the foreign missions always co-existed with the

desire to dedicate herself to the teaching of children and the exercises of religious life within the walls of her own beloved monastery. Henceforward the more arduous path was always the goal of her hopes.

She wrote of this to Mother Barat and implored her to favour her project by sending her to these distant regions. In so doing she touched a cord in her Superior's heart which vibrated very powerfully in union with her own. In her reply Mother Barat told her how ardently she had desired to spend herself and be spent in the work of the foreign missions, but that the time had not yet come to carry out this wish: "My dear child," she wrote, "you are waiting for the 'yes' you have sought. It seems to you long in coming, and yet I must ask you to let me again defer it. I say instead: Hope on; foster these desires, try to grow more worthy of the signal favour you long for. We will both pray most particularly for this intention. How happy I should be if Our Lord, who has so many reasons for disdaining my service, were to accept yours. Ah, it would be then my turn to kneel before you and beg that you would take me as your little servant."

That she might study her new vocation more attentively, Mother Duchesne asked leave to spend the whole of Maundy Thursday night before the Blessed Sacrament. This favour having been granted to her, she wrote afterwards to Mother Barat an admirable letter containing these words: "When you say to me *Ecce ego mitto te* (I send you), I shall hasten to answer *Vadam* (I go). Oh, if it were to be before the year is out! I almost ventured to hope it. All night I was in the New World, but I travelled in good company. . . . All went well, and no sorrow, not even a holy sorrow could find a corner in my heart, because it seemed to me that a new application was about to be made of the merits of Jesus Christ."

Twelve years were yet to pass before the desires of Mother Duchesne's heart were realized, and during this time Mother Barat was forming her for the work. She did it chiefly by her letters, which all aimed at detaching Mother Duchesne's soul from earth and fixing it wholly upon God and eternity.

On her side, knowing how full of sacrifice is the life of a missionary, Mother Duchesne prepared herself for it by an uninterrupted course of privations and austerities. She would wear none but left-off and worn-out garments, and her food consisted chiefly of the crusts of bread and other leavings from the pupils or Community.

Her work was incessant; one who was her pupil then wrote afterwards: "Holy Mother Duchesne bore almost the whole burden of Community and school. She was procuratrix, mistress of choir and infirmarian, she taught the higher classes, the first division of religious instruction, and geography to the whole school; besides this she called every one in the morning, visited the cells at night, and was also secretary."

Mother Deshayes, who was the Superior, relates that sometimes the lay-sisters were surprised to find in the early morning the rooms swept and the bread for breakfast cut and distributed, one piece for every child. "Mother," they would say, "please give us some more work; ours has been done during the night by our guardian angel." It was not difficult to guess who the kind angel was.

The first to rise, Mother Duchesne was also the last to take her rest. Before retiring she had to make up the arrears of the day's accounts and correspondence and we are told that sometimes, overcome by sleep in the midst of this labour, her pen would wander at will over the pages of figures, and that with the items of the day's expenditure, she would on the following day find mingled such phrases

as "I love God, I hate the world." At other times, after having gone round the dormitories, seeing to everything, providing for everything, she would fall asleep at the foot of the stone cross that stood in the convent garden. When she was obliged to lie down she took her rest on the ground, with the same covering winter and summer. To those who were alarmed for her sake at so much austerity she answered, "As I cannot work for my poor Indians, the least I can do is to suffer something for them."

Mother Barat looked on in astonishment at this penitential life. During a visit she paid to Grenoble in 1807, she wrote to Mother Emilie Giraud: "Your good Mother Duchesne teaches by day, and by night sits up with any child who may be ill; she has charge of the exterior work of the house, and does all this without trouble, almost without having too much to do. She is a valiant woman." She, however, set bounds to Mother Duchesne's austerities, which would have broken down the athlete before the wrestling was begun. "Take care of your health," she wrote to her, "do not fast beyond your strength. I beg you to take your six hours of sleep, otherwise I shall be obliged to deprive you of your evening adoration, and you will go to bed at the same time as the others." And in another letter: "I thought yesterday in my meditation that I ought to take care of your body as well as of your soul, and that I should have to answer for the one and the other before God. However strong you may be, your health would not hold out for a year against such treatment, and you must not wear yourself out, that you may work for a long time for God's glory."

The fervent prayers and austere mortifications of Mother Duchesne drew down sensible blessings from God upon her family and her monastery. Her father, who had long abandoned the practice of his religion, fell dangerously ill.

He received devoted care and attention in his illness from all his children, and especially from Philippine, who obtained leave to watch by him at night. Gradually his dispositions changed; of his own accord he asked for a priest, received the Sacraments of the Church, and died in the peace of God.

Meanwhile all prospered at Sainte-Marie-d'en-Haut. The tree planted by Mother Barat bore flowers and fruits. The noviceship opened its doors to numerous postulants, of whom some were afterwards famous in the annals of the Society. Amongst these we may mention Louise des Portes, Christine de Crouzes, and Angélique Lavaudan, who pronounced their vows on December 27, 1812; to this list we may add the humble Sœur Chatain and Mother Chauvin, who during their lifetime were both looked upon as saints. The Chaplain noticed that at the moment of Communion the sacred Host left his hands and placed Itself upon the lips of one of those who was about to receive. He inquired the name of this religious, and no one was surprised to find that it was Mother Chauvin.

Far from ascribing to her labours and prayers the extraordinary prosperity of Sainte-Marie, Mother Duchesne attributed everything to the blessings which the house had received from Pius VII. at the time of his stay in Grenoble. "The Holy Father arrived as a prisoner in Grenoble at four in the afternoon on July 20, 1809," she wrote, "after having been carried off from Rome by the Emperor. As he was to be lodged in the Préfecture, opposite our windows on the other bank of the Isère, we could see his carriage, which was surrounded by gendarmes. . . . We were happy enough to lend a missal and cruets for the Holy Father's Mass the following morning. Madame de Vaulserre, who lives in our house, was able to see him, and obtained permission from the officer in charge of his person

to come again next day with Mother Deshayes. The latter was there at the time fixed for the Mass. She was dressed not as a nun, but in black as a widow. . . . The Pope received her with fatherly kindness, and allowed her to kiss his ring several times. On the third day our pupils, to the number of sixty, dressed in white and wearing black veils, went in order to the Préfecture. When they were stationed the Pope came in ; he went to each one of them, put his hand upon their head and gave them his ring to kiss, whilst they remained in a semi-circle on their knees ; then they withdrew, some amongst them not having ventured to raise their eyes to look at him."

Eleven of these children became nuns, and nine of them entered the Society of the Sacred Heart. Mother Duchesne adds in her journal : "The other persons of the house received his blessings every evening from the windows ; for the Pope gave it to the immense crowd that sought to obtain a glimpse of him. From the slope of our hill, in spite of the distance, we could make him out very well. We noticed that he looked towards our house and seemed to give it a special blessing."

This house of Sainte-Marie, on which God seemed to shower His special blessings, was very dear to Mother Duchesne, and with her Superior-General and her own family was the centre of all the earthly affections of her heart. And yet she sighed after the moment in which it would be given to her to break ties that were so dear for the purpose of winning souls to Jesus Christ in a foreign land. This moment was not now so far off. A council of the Society, called for the purpose of fixing the statutes by which it was to be governed, was to meet in Paris. Mother Duchesne went thither with Mother Bigeu, who was then Superior at Grenoble. On October 26, 1815, she left Sainte-Marie-d'en-Haut without any idea that she would never again behold the spot.

III.

Departure for America—Installation at St. Charles, Missouri, then at Fleurissant—Foundation of Grand-Coteau—Mother Duchesne visits the convent—Difficulties of the journey.

Mother Duchesne went to Paris fully determined to use the opportunity which frequent intercourse with Mother Barat would give her to urge her plea for being employed on the foreign missions, as she felt the call of God more and more strongly within her soul. But instead of what she sought she received from Mother Barat the charge of Secretary-General, a charge that she could only fulfil in Paris, where the Mother House was placed. She hoped on however, hoped against hope, and sustained by an inward assurance that her hope was not in vain. She spoke on the matter to her directors, Fathers Barat and Varin, and they approved of her desire, and, fortified by this approval, she set as far as possible everything in readiness, and waited with patience that the will of God should be made clear.

It was not long before her path was opened out before her, and she was shown for what mission she was destined.

The apostle of Louisiana, Mgr. Dubourg, was then travelling through France and Belgium, seeking everywhere for auxiliaries in the work of evangelizing his vast diocese. Father Barat met him at Bordeaux, and on November 11, 1816, wrote to Mother Duchesne: "The day before Mgr. Dubourg left for Provence I had a long conversation with him, in which we spoke much of Louisiana and of you. As your Superiors have recognized that your vocation is from God: and the Bishop wishes to

establish you in his immense diocese, and as this is your own steady and sincere desire, the affair is decided. All that remains is to arrange when and how it is to be."

Two nuns asked to set off with Mother Duchesne, Mothers Octavie Berthold and Eugénie Audé. The first of these had been converted from Calvinism before entering the noviceship at Sainte-Marie; the second had been converted, not from heresy, but from a great love of the world and its pleasures, which she had seen to great advantage in brilliant society and even at court. Both were destined to render invaluable service to the cause of education in the United States. Two lay sisters, Catherine Lamarre and Marguerite Manteau, completed the little colony.

On the 7th of February, Mother Barat assembled all the Community "and spoke to us," Mother Audé writes, "burning and heart-stirring words on the greatness of our vocation in the light of faith. 'If you but raised one new Tabernacle in Louisiana,' she said, 'or made these poor Indians breathe but one act of love for our Lord, would you not be too happy?' Her soul spoke in her words; they were full of the faith and love with which she sought to fill our hearts. And when she said to us: 'Come, you who will always be dear to us in the Heart of Jesus,' we fell at her feet. In the evening we saw her again at recreation, and she gave us various little things she was using, her watch and the string by which her cross was fastened. She would have liked to give us everything she had."

Mother Duchesne was named Superior of the missionaries, with exceptional powers for the government of the American houses. She sailed from Bordeaux with her companions on March 21, 1818, and a stormy and perilous voyage of two months was in store for them. Sister Catherine was terrified by the tempests, and to appease the fury of winds and waves she used to sing the "Ave, maris Stella." The

captain and crew remarked several times that the sea grew calmer then, and when the clouds were threatening, would ask the nuns to "sing the beautiful song that brings good weather." On May 29th the ship touched the shore of Louisiana; it was the feast of the Sacred Heart. On the 30th the nuns reached New Orleans, and were most hospitably received by a Community of Ursulines, who did their best to induce them to remain in that city. But Mgr. Dubourg had other views for their establishment, and as he expected them in St. Louis, Mother Duchesne and her Sisters set off on the Mississippi for a journey thither that was to last for forty-two days.

On their arrival at St. Louis they met with a warm welcome from the bishop. However, as his want of funds prevented him from taking a house for them in his episcopal city, their first foundation was made by his desire at St. Charles, a town further north, not far from the confluence of the Mississippi with the Missouri, and on the banks of the last-named river. Their installation took place on September 8, 1818; a few days later Mother Duchesne received the blessing of Pope Pius VII., accompanied by words of encouragement, which were all the more precious because of the many and great difficulties that beset her at the outset of her enterprise.

There was little that seemed promising at first in those amongst whom she was to work. The settlers in that part of the country were without religion or moral training. The girls were allowed to grow up in ignorance of even elementary truths of faith. They were spoiled and flattered by their black nurses, and they loved extravagance, luxury and dress. If one of them seemed inclined to listen with docility to the teaching she received at the convent, she would be taunted by her companions with "obeying like a negress," and if they were told that girls in other countries

dressed more simply, the retort was ready: "Do you take us for French girls?"

Other difficulties were superadded. Out of the pupils in the convent school, only three paid the required pension, and no resources were forthcoming from elsewhere. To keep starvation from their door, the nuns themselves cultivated their small plot of ground. "We set ourselves to new trades," Mother Duchesne wrote, "we dig the garden, lead the cows to water, carry manure and clean out the stable, the only one hereabouts, for the cows run loose generally. This is what I am fit for. For my own good and that of others, I would gladly undertake the lowest employments in the house."

This heroism was not fruitless. The happy change that took place in the girls was its first reward. Little by little they adopted new ways and soon gave complete satisfaction to their mistresses. However, a year's trial at St. Charles convinced Mgr. Dubourg that the place was not at that time a suitable one for a school, and he proposed that the nuns should remove to Fleurissant near St. Louis. For four months they lived there in a farmhouse, and there, as at St. Charles, they tended the cattle, cultivated a kitchen garden, and gathered their store of firewood in the adjacent forest. When the bishop looked on at their unwearied activity, he joked with them on their occupations. "Was it at Napoleon's court," he inquired of Mother Audé, "that you learnt how to be so good a dairy maid?"

At the end of December, they left the farmhouse for a building newly constructed for them under the direction of the parish priest of Fleurissant, M. Dunand, a former Trappist. They soon found that their installation at Fleurissant was advantageous in many respects, and amongst its advantages was one that was most highly prized. There were very few priests at that time at work

upon the American missions, but Mgr. Dubourg had established Fleurissant as the headquarters of the missions of Louisiana and Missouri, a kind of sanatorium where overworked and worn-out missionaries could rest and recruit after their toils, and receive fresh fields of labour. Mother Duchesne was too thankful for the fact that the existence of this mission centre would ensure priestly ministrations for the convent. She understood that the duty of her Community was to render the priests all possible help, and most gladly and generously did she receive and assist them to the utmost of her power. On one occasion Mgr. Dubourg having dined at the convent, with some of his priests, was not a little surprised to find on leaving the house the poor repast of the nuns upon a bench, because the only table had been lent to him. "No doubt," wrote Mother Duchesne to Mother Barat, "this is somewhat costly in money, time and regularity ; my only consolation is that those poor over-worked priests find good air and rest at Fleurissant, where there is no one but ourselves to entertain them. Besides, this is a part of my vocation, as I told you before I left France, that I should be quite satisfied if I were of no use out here, but to cook for priests."

God blessed Mother Duchesne's generous hospitality. In 1820 the school had twenty-one pupils who were all that could be desired, and amongst whom vocations now declared themselves, so that it became necessary to start a novitiate. The first American to whom God inspired the thought of entering the Society of the Sacred Heart was a good and pious girl named Mary Layton, who under the habit of a lay-sister, gave great edification to the Community. She was followed by others of higher rank, Mlle. St. Cyr, the two Miss Hamiltons, and Anna Shannon, who belonged to an excellent Irish family. Anna, formed in he school of Mother Duchesne, was her rival in mortifica-

tion. One example will suffice: in the extreme heat of Louisiana, and to honour the Sacred Heart, she resolved not to drink once during the month of June, and she kept her resolution.

To show her gratitude to the Sacred Heart, Mother Duchesne begged Mgr. Dubourg to consecrate to it the new church which he was proposing to build at Fleurissant. The Bishop willingly acquiesced, and on February 19, 1821, the first stone was laid of the first sanctuary consecrated in America to the Heart of Jesus.

At this time a rich and pious widow, Mrs. Smith, offered Mgr. Dubourg, for a school, her large property of Grand-Coteau, situated in a district called the Opelousas, 900 miles from St. Louis, and 180 from New Orleans. The Bishop immediately wrote to Mother Barat, urging her to accept the donation. Mother Duchesne also wrote: "We might not have such a chance for another hundred years in a land like this. . . . Grand-Coteau is indeed in the country, but rich with sugar plantations. These three establishments, Fleurissant, the Opelousas, and later on, no doubt, New Orleans, would cover the whole valley of the Mississippi." Her plan of campaign was traced.

Mother Audé was named Superior of the new house, and in the first days of August, 1821, bade farewell to her companions at Fleurissant, and set off with sister Mary Layton for Grand-Coteau. The journey had its incidents, which might have disconcerted weak souls, but did not daunt these valiant hearts. They had to land in deep mud at Plaquemine from the river steamer at ten o'clock at night, and spend the evening hours amidst the discomforts of a miserable inn, then to pursue their way in a cart until they took the river again, which second water journey was followed by many miles on horseback, an adventurous attempt for two utterly inexperienced riders. However,

August 25th saw them safely at Grand-Coteau, where they immediately set to work without waiting for the reinforcements which they expected from France. Their efforts were crowned with success, and the school was filling fast when illness attacked the nuns. Mother Audé first nursed Sister Layton, and then fell ill of the fever. She thought her end near, and, dying of thirst, and deprived of even a drop of water by the negligence of the negroes, she had recourse to the great Physician. She begged the parish priest, the Abbé Brassac, to bring her Holy Communion. "When I received the Sacred Host," she wrote a few days later to Mother Barat, "a thrill went through me, and I said to Our Lord: 'Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst cure me, but I do not ask it; I am in Thy hands, and my will is to remain therein.' It seemed to me that Our Lord then said to me: 'Dost thou believe that My Heart can cure thy heart?' 'Yes, Lord,' I answered, 'I believe that Thy name alone, pronounced with faith, can cure all my infirmities.' On that day the fever left me, and the day after I was as strong as before my illness."

In the course of the holidays of the ensuing year, 1822, Mother Duchesne visited Grand-Coteau, for she was anxious to find out for herself whether Mother Audé's recovery was indeed complete, as well as to make acquaintance with the new foundation. Her companions on this journey were two novices and a pupil of the school. Shortly before reaching their destination an unpleasant incident occurred. They were in a small rowing boat on one of the Bayous or arms of the stream, which was so low at that moment as to be scarcely navigable, and could not leave it, as deep mud surrounded it on every side.

"At that moment," relates Mother Duchesne, "we heard shouts in the distance. 'They are calling to us,' the head boatman said, 'from the place where we are going.' 'On

the contrary,' I replied, 'those cries are from an exactly opposite direction;' and as I was speaking we saw a canoe rowing towards us at a rapid pace. It was full of dusky figures, naked to the waist, and looking as if they were rushing on their prey. Our boatmen turned pale; not one of them could have offered any resistance. I turned to my three young companions, who were frightened, though they did not anticipate the danger as I did, and said: 'We have only one thing to do, and that is to pray to God, and place ourselves under the protection of the Blessed Virgin.' I made a vow to have nine Masses of thanksgiving said if we escaped this peril. The canoe soon overtook us. The men stared at us, and I saw them glancing at some bottles of drinkable water in our boat, which they probably supposed to be wine, of which the Indians are passionately fond. I saw they had no provisions with them. They went away, however, without asking us for anything. I thought they were going on, to wait for us in a still more favourable position for an attack, and I began to exhort my companions to prayer and patience. Our boatmen were so tired and exhausted that I did not venture to question them for fear of making them angry. At last, when I was in the full conviction that we were hopelessly lost in that marsh, all at once I saw land before me, and a cart with four oxen waiting for us on the shore. It was like a resurrection. I was not prepared for death."

Later on the nuns learnt that the boat's crew which had so terrified them were negro slaves, sent on purpose to show them the way, which their boatmen had, in fact, lost.

Mother Duchesne was delighted with all she found at Grand-Coteau. "The house is charming," she wrote to Mother Barat; "the chapel devotional, and the sacristy well furnished with sacred vessels. It is evident that God blesses this establishment. We see this by the wonderful

improvement of the children in piety as well as in their studies. One young girl, for instance, who at the age of sixteen, had never heard of God, swore dreadfully, smoked like a man, and only liked to be with the negroes, is now baptized, goes to Confession and Communion, and makes a meditation every day. Another, who when she arrived did not know how to read or write at all, can now read and write both in English and French." A missionary priest, Mr. Odin, bore testimony also to the transformation effected by the nuns in the character of their pupils. "The religious of the Sacred Heart," he wrote, "are doing immense good in the Opelousas. Girls are sent to them who are uncivilized, and in a fortnight they have made them like angels." Several religious vocations were already found among these girls, and nothing seemed likely to frustrate the prosperity of Mother Audé's house.

Mother Duchesne's return journey to Fleurissant was marked by several misadventures. She fell ill at New Orleans, whither she had gone on leaving Grand-Coteau, to embark on a river steamer for St. Louis, but the doctor advised her to continue her journey in spite of her indisposition. She did so, but became so much worse, that it was soon clear she had the dreaded yellow fever. She had therefore to leave the steamboat and was put on shore near the town of Natchez. The townspeople would, however, have nothing to say to her for fear of the infection, and she dragged herself to the poor cottage of a good man whose wife had lately died, and who gave her hospitality until the parish priest of Natchez, having heard of her distress, secured her reception into a good Catholic family, who supplied all her needs and tended her devotedly.

When she was sufficiently recovered she set off again for Fleurissant, but the steamer went aground upon a sandbank whilst still 300 miles from St. Louis, where Mother

Duchesne only arrived on November 28th. Including her stay of three weeks at Grand-Coteau, her journey had lasted more than four months. When she reckoned up the privations of spiritual help which it had cost her, she found that she had been deprived of 120 Masses, 80 Communions, and almost all the Benedictions of four months. But she did not fail to add that she firmly hoped that an abundant harvest of souls would one day be the reward of her sacrifices.

In the mean time God reserved for her further trials. Mgr. Dubourg left St. Louis for New Orleans, and his loss was deeply felt by his people. The spirit of the place soon grew very bad, and the school at Fleurissant suffered in consequence. Mother Berthold wrote to Mother Barat in March, 1823, that she had only eighteen pupils, many of whom paid very little and others nothing at all, but that "for the spouses of Christ this was a happiness;" and she added: "Do not let our Sisters in Europe, who wish to join us out here, expect earthly consolations, but rather be prepared to be as we are, poor in our clothing, food, and lodging. This is the greatest joy for a heart which, like the seraphic St. Francis, has for love of Jesus taken poverty as its portion in life."

However, in the midst of this penury, the heart of Mother Duchesne was consoled by the fervour and prosperity of her noviceship. On March 19, 1823, several novices took their vows, and to provide them with all that was requisite, many expedients were resorted to. A choir cloak was made for Sister Regis Hamilton out of an old cassock that had belonged to Mr. Dunand, and the left-off dress of one of the children furnished Sister Mary Anne Sumner with a veil. Sister Xavier Hamilton alone had a new outfit, and the only thing that consoled her for this was that her cape was old and patched and that thus she too wore the livery of her Spouse who had become poor for our sakes. There

was certainly no human element in these vocations, and yet, in the midst of such privations, joy reigned everywhere.

It was Mother Duchesne's ardent wish that these offshoots in the New World of the parent stem of the Society of the Sacred Heart should have the advantage of regular direction from priests belonging to some religious order that would develop and preserve in them the true spirit of the Society. Her prayer was heard.

IV.

Establishment of the Jesuits at Fleurissant—Various foundations—Indian School—Council of St. Michel.

In response to an appeal made by Mgr. Dubourg, eleven Flemish Jesuits came in 1823 to evangelize the native Indians of the upper Mississippi and Missouri, and they took up their abode at Fleurissant. Only two of their number were priests, Father van Quickenborn, the Rector, and Father Temmermann, the Minister. The others were lay-brothers or novices, and amongst the latter was Peter de Smet, the future apostle of Oregon, Kansas, and the Rocky Mountains. Mother Duchesne's joy at their arrival may be imagined.

One of Mgr. Dubourg's first acts after the arrival of the missionaries was to adopt six boys from various Indian tribes, that the new-comers might become acquainted with their language and ways. Mother Duchesne was like a mother to them. She undertook to provide for their keep, to wash their linen, to mend their clothes and keep them clean; and the dirt of the Indians made this a work of heroic charity of which the full value was known only to God.

But Mother Duchesne did not stop here. Although she

had already opened a school for the poor, she asked Mother Barat's leave to establish one for little Indian girls. "One evening during Office," Mother Mathevon writes, "Father Rector called and asked to see the Superior. How surprised Reverend Mother was when she saw emerge from under neath his cloak two little Indian girls who were hiding there from shyness! We have now begun our Indian school; the work we so longed for is started! Each one of us is ambitious of being employed in it."

Mother Duchesne was overjoyed, and wrote: "At last our school for Indian children has begun! An Irish Sister, Mme. O'Connor, is named to devote herself to it, and it keeps her away from us part of the day and all night. The Indians call her 'Mamma' and jump about her wherever she takes them—to the cows, the poultry yard, the garden—as they cannot bear to be still." The mistress, indeed, not infrequently found her class perched among the branches of the trees, where they climbed and scrambled about like squirrels, being far more attracted by freedom than by lessons. But nothing discouraged Mother Duchesne, who lost no time in asking Mother Barat to allow the tenth part of the revenues of the American houses, when these houses should possess revenues, to be devoted to the education of Indian children.

So much zeal deserved a reward, and God granted it by the establishment of two new convents, one in 1825 at St. Michel, a small town near New Orleans, and another at St. Louis in 1827. At the end of the year 1826, Leo XII. granted the Institute the solemn approbation of the Church, and it was a great happiness for Mother Duchesne to learn that the establishment of the houses in America had not a little contributed to the obtaining of this favour, His Holiness having rejoiced to see the worship of the Sacred Heart of Our Lord spread by her

in the New World. Father Varin wrote to congratulate Mother Duchesne about this time on the result of her labours: "Oh, my child," he exclaimed, "how good God is, and how much He has done for the Society! And how, after such prodigies of grace, could our faith and confidence ever be shaken! How could our hearts not be filled with faith and gratitude? . . . Yet once again: How good God is, and how can we not say *Courage* and *Confidence!* That must be our motto until death!"

The successor of Mgr. Dubourg, Mgr. Rosati, wrote: "May God be blessed! It is clear that He has merciful designs upon this land, since He gives us, not only the benefit of a brilliant and Christian education, but the unexpected grace of several vocations to religious life, which is for the country an unheard of and hitherto unexampled prodigy. . . . The good already accomplished is great; that which we look for is still greater."

Two new foundations were made in 1828. The first was at Bayou la Fourche, the second at St. Charles, where the religious of the Sacred Heart had made their first foundation, and whither they now returned by the advice of the Superior of the Jesuits. The Society of the Sacred Heart had now its stations at regular intervals throughout the whole valley of the Mississippi, and the Superior-General declared that for the future, rather than multiply houses in the same districts, any new foundations were to be made in the Eastern States. The convent at New York was founded a few years later in accordance with this plan. Mother Barat gave Mother Duchesne exceptional powers, similar to those of Provincials, over all the houses in the Mississippi valley, and in order to ensure unity of spirit and government, she ordered that a great Council should meet under her presidency. The Council was held at St. Michel in 1829, and Mother Duchesne took advantage of the journey

which this necessitated to visit the houses. They contained at the time 74 religious and 350 children, comprising boarders, day scholars, and orphans; a rich firstfruits, which promised an abundant harvest in times to come.

The Council of St. Michel and the visit of the convents were the last great acts of the apostolic life of Mother Duchesne. From 1830 she sought to withdraw more and more from action, to live a retired life, to practice the most sublime virtues, and prepare for a holy death.

V.

Various trials—Mother Duchesne's Mission among the Indians—Her Death.

Before rewarding the merits of His devoted servant, Almighty God saw fit to try her in various ways. In 1832 the house at Bayou la Fourche was suppressed. Mother Duchesne felt this much, but the ravages inflicted by cholera at this same time were a far deeper sorrow. At St. Michel four religious and several orphans were carried off by it within a few days. Soon afterwards Mother Octavie Berthold died in her Superior's arms of an illness whose fatal termination no care or skill had been able to avert. She had been of remarkable beauty, but fearing lest she should exercise too natural an attraction upon the hearts of the children, she had prayed that it might be taken from her. "Her prayer was heard," wrote Mother de Kersaint. "Mother Octavie, in whom, on her arrival in America, every gift of person, virtue, talent, and disposition were combined in a high degree was, in 1831, reduced by the disease to such a state that the children were not allowed to see her. The middle of her face alone was visible, the rest was hidden beneath the bandages that covered her

wounds, wounds so deep that the Sister who dressed them shed tears of compassion. Mother Octavie used to console her by saying that she loved nothing so much as her 'dear wounds.'"

Before she expired, however, she had a terrible struggle to go through, a wrestling, as it seemed, with an unseen foe. Then the most radiant peace succeeded, and she held out both arms towards Mother Duchesne: "It is over, Mother," she said, "there is only Jesus now," and in this calm and joy she breathed her last. The priest who was present at this touching scene intoned the *Magnificat* to celebrate the departure of this heroic soul to heaven.

Mother Duchesne's intensity of feeling on this occasion turned her hair white in a single day. Another grief followed hard on this one, for she heard that the existence of her much-loved convent of Sainte-Marie-d'en-Haut was threatened. It became, in fact, necessary to suppress it on account of fortifications erected on the same hill in such a way as to overlook the enclosure. The religious of the Sacred Heart left Grenoble in 1833, but thirteen years later returned to the neighbourhood by the foundation of the convent at Montfleury. Mother Duchesne's sorrow at the loss of Sainte-Marie was very deep. "I could sooner forget my right hand than that delicious abode," she wrote.

This did not however fill up the measure of her appointed suffering. In 1834 an epidemic obliged her to close for a time the school at St. Louis, and a few months later, she herself, by order of Mother Barat, left that place for Fleurissant, where she remained as Superior until 1841.

In 1835 and 1836 she thought her last hour was near, for twice did fever bring her very close to the gates of death. She was ready to go. "All desire is extinct in me," she wrote, "except that of enjoying God. . . . Retire-

ment and silence are all I am fit for. I am growing old. I have never coveted distinction, and now less than ever. I feel more and more that I am not suited to it, for bodily infirmity is now added to infirmity of soul." The deaths of several of her friends, and of her sister, Mme. de Mauduit, which occurred about this time, led her thoughts more forcibly towards the other world. However, her appointed course was not yet run. She recovered her health and resumed her ordinary labours. "I wish for rest," she wrote in 1833, "but do not hope to find it in this life. Everything tells me that peaceful retirement is not for me, and now, although I am entering my seventieth year, there is no one but me to call in the morning, to lock up and visit the house at night, to look after the garden, to see to the clothing, and to nurse the sick."

In September, 1840, Mother Galitzin, Assistant-General for the American houses, arrived at Fleurissant. Mother Duchesne received her as the living representative of the Superior-General, or rather of God Himself. Oblivious of her age and of her long services, she knelt before her to ask her blessing, and the favour of being allowed to lay down the burden of Superiority. Mother Galitzin granted her request.

Nevertheless, though increasing years deprived her of bodily strength, they did not cool the desires of her ardent heart, and in 1841 she obtained leave to establish a house of the Sacred Heart amongst the Indians evangelized by Father de Smet. Mother Mathevon was named Superior of the Mission, and Mother Duchesne, in spite of her advanced age, was one of the four religious, who on July 10, 1841, made their solemn entry into Sugar Creek, the Indian village. They were received in grand style. Groups of Indians on horseback were stationed at intervals

on the road to show the way, and suddenly, at the entrance of a wide expanse of prairie-land, a band of 150 Indians appeared, riding gaily caparisoned horses, and waving red and white flags above the many coloured plumes of their headgear. Two missionary Fathers on horseback preceded this escort. In the midst of this cavalcade the carriages of the nuns drove on, the men of the tribe executing manifold figures, and firing off guns into the air.

The procession halted at the house of the parish priest. "There," writes Mother Mathevon, "we were asked to alight and take seats, the Indians standing in four lines on either side. Father Verhaegen presented Mother Duchesne to them. 'My children,' he said, 'here is a lady who for thirty-five years has been asking God to let her come to you.' The chief then came forward and made a complimentary address. His wife did the same, and ended with these words: 'To testify our joy, all the women and girls will now embrace you,' which they immediately proceeded to do. Then all the men came to shake our hands. This ceremony was repeated seven hundred times, and in spite of her great fatigue, Mother Duchesne gladly went through it all."

A few days later Mother Duchesne expressed in a letter her happiness at being amongst the Indians. "Once converted," she says, "the Potowatomies abjure drink, theft, and brigandage. No house is kept locked, and yet nothing is taken. They meet together in the morning for prayer in common, Mass and Instruction; they assemble again in the evening for night prayers." However, much still remained to be done, and she goes on to express her astonishment at finding these same converts get through seven meals a day, and spend the rest of their time in sleep and idleness.

Before opening a school, the religious had to become

scholars themselves, and two squaws were appointed to teach them the language of their tribe. "As soon as we could," Mother Duchesne writes, "we taught the prayers of the Church to our Indians, and in particular the Litany of Our Lady, which they usually sing on Sundays after Vespers. Very soon, as our hut was not large enough to hold all our pupils, we made a room with the branches of trees. Our children are quick, and easily learn what we give them. They can do anything they like with their fingers."

Whilst the Fathers were teaching the men how to cultivate the ground, the nuns were teaching the squaws to cook, to sew, spin, and to weave. Since they had become Christians, the women swathed their limbs in bands of blue cloth, but now they soon learnt how to make themselves clothes of a less primitive fashion. Long shirts were also made for the men, and in these they came to church. The nuns allowed that at first they found it hard to be quite grave when they saw their Indians advance and receive Holy Communion in that attire.

Supernatural life soon became manifest in these simple and childlike souls; the days of primitive Christianity seemed to have returned, and miracles attested the sanctity of some of these Indians. "We are assured," writes Mother Duchesne, "that the cemetery of the Potowatomies contains the bodies of saints, and in my solitary walks I pray for the happiness of laying my bones with theirs." Her spirit of faith could but deepen in such an atmosphere, and the greater part of her days were spent in the church. When the Indians saw her kneeling motionless for long hours before the Tabernacle, they were seized with a respectful, reverential awe which made them sometimes creep noiselessly behind her and kiss the hem of her skirt. Accustomed as they are to give descriptive names charac-

teristic of a person's ways, they used to call her "the woman who is always praying."

However, the rigour of the climate, together with insufficient nourishment—for the Community had no other food in winter but maize and sweet potatoes—were a tax to which Mother Duchesne's aged frame was unequal, and she was ordered to return to St. Charles. She would gladly have ended her days amongst the Indians, but she humbly obeyed. Until her last breath the thought of her mission never left her, and she offered for it all her prayers, sacrifices, and austerities, besides her ever-growing stores of merits.

In her retreat at St. Charles she had the joy of receiving a visit from Mother du Rousier, who in 1852 established the Society of the Sacred Heart in South America. She saw also Mother Amélie Jouve, her niece, and Aloysia's sister, who had been a religious of the Sacred Heart for many years. On September 14, 1847, Mother Jouve wrote to Mother Barat: "This letter will tell you that I am with my aunt. I can say, like St. Antony, 'I have seen Paul in the desert!' Yes, I have seen a great saint, now drawing very near the end of her course on earth. I found her very feeble and her voice so weak that it is hard to hear what she says. She received me like an angel from heaven."

Mother Duchesne might indeed say her *Nunc dimittis*. Her work was finished. In 1851 the Society of the Sacred Heart had no less than sixteen houses in North America, several of which were due to her own personal exertions, the others to her extraordinary mortifications and incessant prayers. Mother Barat knew this well, and in a letter dated February 16, 1852, she thanked her in her own name and in that of the whole Society for all that she had effected.

It seemed as if Mother Duchesne awaited but this mark of approbation to depart to God, into whose hands she tranquilly gave up her soul on November 18th of that same year. None of our readers will be surprised to hear that the process of her canonisation is, together with that of Mother Barat, before the Court of Rome. If Mother Barat was the St. Ignatius of the Society of the Sacred Heart, Mother Duchesne assuredly was its St. Francis Xavier.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, LONDON.

Clothing the Naked.

WILLS AND WAYS.

"I REALLY do wish Antony would not write so much about the dreadful poverty he is living amongst; it is so depressing!" said Katie Burton, throwing aside a letter she had been reading, from her brother, who was curate of a church in the east end of London.

Katie was a cripple, condemned by her weak health to spend a great deal of time on the invalid couch her grandmother had given her, which had all kinds of contrivances attached to it for holding a candle, tray, desk, or whatever she might need. It was a very nice couch, so cleverly contrived that the discomfort of helplessness was minimized; the science of ease had been evidently carefully studied by the inventor. It had been quite a red-letter day in the Burton annals when it arrived, and great as was Katie's pleasure in her possession, it was equalled by that of her family at seeing her using what they had been unable to get for her; for money in that house was scarce, and such a couch represented a big sum.

The letter fell on the floor, and Johanna, a tall girl of seventeen, just two years younger than Katie, picked it up and began reading it. Antony's letters were common

property in the household, excepting when he wrote to his mother, for whom he had a tender reverential love; his letters to her were for her alone.

"If we were rich it might be of some use," continued Katie, drawing her work-basket towards her and taking out her embroidery. A heap of brilliant silks lay close at hand; on the satin upon which she began to work were delicate flowers traced with a truly artistic grace. "When we are all so poor, and mother has so much difficulty in making both ends meet, what does he think we can do?"

"I don't think he expects us to do anything," said Johanna. "Oh, yes! I see at the end he says, 'Do, girls, set to work and help us if you can.'"

"So like a man, they are so unpractical!" said Theodora, who wore her hair short, had a plain little face, and was yearning to leave home, live in lodgings with a latch-key, and have a career spelt with a big C. She thought the first step was taken when she ran down men, and talked of the superiority of women. This afforded her family no little amusement, and her brothers found it a capital subject for chaff.

"How can you say Antony is unpractical?" exclaimed the gentle Esther. "Why, he thinks about everything, and I know Father Harrington thinks no end of him, and says he is capital at organization."

"Oh, we know you think Antony is perfect," said Theodora, who had herself a very high opinion of the young priest, the eldest of the family, but thought it undignified to let it be seen.

Esther did not reply. A flush which had risen to her cheek faded away, and a little sigh passed her lips.

"It is really only rich people who can help the poor, and very often they do not do it—more shame for them," said Leonard, who was sitting in the window, catching the last of the brief autumn daylight as he busily arranged some foreign stamps in a large album which lay before him.

"Oh no, Leonard, I don't agree with you," said Esther. "Why, the poor are very kind to each other, and those who work amongst them all say the same. Sister Mary of the Good Shepherd was telling me the other day, when I went to see her, how many cases she has known where a tired woman, who has been working all day, will sit up with a sick neighbour; and that means real self-sacrifice, for she has to take it out of her own time of rest. A person who has not to work can rest the next day, but the poor cannot do that. And Sister has told me, too, how often they will give each other food they can hardly spare, though it means going without themselves."

"Yes, I have heard that before. Well, if I were rich I should send Antony a nice big cheque to spend on his people," said Johanna. "He says they are so cold and badly clothed, and if it is as hard a winter as they say it will be they will suffer very much. There is one thing I can do—happy thought!—I shall ask Gladys Anderson if she will give me some old clothes for them. At least I can beg, if I can't do anything else. With all her small nephews and nieces there must be a great many clothes, and really there are no poor here."

"That is so like you, Johanna," said Katie. "You are so energetic, and always hit upon some solution to a difficulty."

"I don't think I should mind begging," said Theodora, "only I know no one to beg from. You know Gladys ever so much better than I do. I don't get on with her, she is so stupid, and has no idea of conversation except about all those children to whom she is devoting herself. I am sure Dr. Anderson is fortunate to have a sister to look after them as she does. As long as I am not asked to work for poor people, I don't mind what I do; but I cordially hate sewing."

"Yes, I know," said Esther. Theodora was wont to tear her clothes and leave them unmended from sheer laziness and dislike to her needle, and Esther was accustomed to mend them.

Esther was a most amiable sister, and was so always provided with plenty of employment in that household with its inadequate means, much work to be done, and only a small servant of sixteen to help. Katie required constant attention. Mrs. Burton was always busy; there were clothes to make and mend, and household work to do, so Esther was, as she often said, unlikely to rust out. She did all that came in her way very quietly; being observant, she managed to discover what everyone wanted, and endeavoured to help them to get it as far as lay in her power. Her day was made up of a multitude of small duties, of little acts of kindness, and of hard work; and she shared her mother's anxieties more than any of the others. It was all taken as a matter of course, both by herself and her family, and she was a very happy general helper. She had been thinking over Antony's letter a good deal, and a line came across her usually placid brow, from which her soft hair was brushed away—hair as

brown as those eyes, which to one person in the world, Dr. Anderson's assistant, Harry Deniston, were "sweetest eyes that e'er were seen." A plain little ring glistened on her left hand, and when Harry placed it there two months ago, he was as sure that she would wait patiently until they could be married as she was of her own perfect contentment to do so. Her heart was torn in two ways, for she knew how much she would be missed at home, and she could not bear the idea of leaving it; yet when she thought of Harry, she knew that her love for him would enable her gladly to leave her people and her father's house, and trust herself to the man who was worthy of her confidence.

"I wish I could do something," said she presently, knitting harder than ever; for a few minutes her fingers had been as idle as her thoughts had been active. "It seems to me that Antony has given up his life to work as a priest among the poor—you know he always said that he hoped and prayed he should never be sent to any but a poor mission—and here we all are doing nothing."

"I am going to beg for old clothes—that is something; and I think I shall go this afternoon—it is not too late. Come now, good people, I have started to do what Antony wants us to do, and I shall be so pleased if I can get a good many clothes out of Gladys. Perhaps you will think of other things we might do. You know, where there is a will there's a way. Adieu!" So saying, Johanna ran up to her attic to dress, and soon passed the window of their little house.

Etherton was quite a small place, with a picturesque

steepled church half covered with ivy. It was the delight of archæologists, for it boasted a leper's window, a sepulchre, and many other interesting memorials of Catholic times, quite out of keeping with the modern restoration. The squire of the place was a Catholic and had a private chapel in his grounds, in which the family had never lost the privilege of keeping the Blessed Sacrament. There were hardly any poor in the village; on all sides were small picturesque cottages, people who looked as if they had come out of a picture, and tidy children; a general air of prosperity stamped everything about the place. The Protestant children went to the schools adjoining the church, and a small convent not far off provided education for the Catholics.

Father Grantley was much liked by everyone; he had little to do, but was greatly interested in gardening. The Protestant rector, who was a high and dry Anglican, with a delicate wife, no children, and even less work, was also fond of his garden; the two had a good deal of pleasant intercourse and were the best of friends. They exchanged amenities over cuttings, took opposite views on grafting, and lent each other gardening books and journals. Mr. Wistley, being of independent means, never allowed any of his parishioners to want; and Father Grantley knew that at The Towers he would always find an open purse for any need of his flock. He liked his work and thoroughly enjoyed his garden, his books, and the society of a friend now and then; last, but not least, he prided himself in having his little church, a mile from The Towers, in the most perfect order.

It was all very peaceful, and tranquil, and idyllic; but

when young Father Antony came there that midsummer for his holiday, he felt more than thankful that his lot was cast in the crowded east end of London, among the poor, the ignorant, the sad, and the sinful. He went back to the dingy little presbytery which he shared with his rector, and its smoky walls, its squalid outlook, even the incessant noise of the ironworks at the back, were more congenial to him than the scenes he had just left. Not that he was oblivious to beauty, or that he liked the ugly long lines of hideous houses, the depression which reigned around, the poverty and the wretchedness. It was because he loved all that was beautiful that he had an inherent attraction to what was pure and lovable, that he longed to bring some light and spirituality into the lives of the poor; that he yearned to teach them, would they but listen, the sacramental value of suffering. He desired to show them how their pains, their losses, their hunger and thirst, the cold from which they could not protect themselves in winter, the burning heat of their close houses in summer, might become means for rising heavenward, for expiating their sins, for practising the great virtues of patience and resignation. He had no money, for he was poor; his very studies had been made abroad at the expense of an old friend of his father's; but he had youth and zeal, and the conviction that, as some one has expressed it, happiness is found in "a great love and much serving."

It was getting dusk, and Esther went up to put the bedrooms in order, Theodora went to trim a hat with some ribbon she had bought the day before, and Leonard, who could see no longer to put in his stamps, sat watching the

greyness covering the scene before him. There was a small fire burning, and Katie said she would rather not have the light. Very soon Leonard was tired of looking out of the window, and went away to his own little den, where he could carve and chip wood and make as much mess as he wished. He was a quiet, shy boy, a clerk in the village lawyer's office, where he earned a little money.

Katie was left alone, but in a few minutes Mrs. Burton entered and seated herself in a low chair. She was a small, wiry woman, with a keen, clever face, on which was an expression of anxiety, evident even in the dim light from the fire.

"Are you tired, mother?"

"Yes—very!" said Mrs. Burton. "I was doing accounts all the morning, and weary work it was; we have so very, very little, Katie, I really wonder sometimes how we get on at all. But I feel faithless when I have anxieties, for so far we have always been helped; and we have steered clear of debt, thank God!"

"It is you, mother, who work so hard and manage so wonderfully; and it must be harder for you than for any of us," said Katie.

Mrs. Burton had the prefix of Honourable to her name, and had been brought up in great luxury in Paris; and it was only since her husband's death that she had had to battle with poverty.

"Yes," said Mrs. Burton, "in a way it is, for none of you children were brought up as I was, but still, till your dear father died, we had plenty and to spare. But to-day I am rather depressed about the smallness of our family purse, for Antony writes such deplorable accounts of the poverty

of his mission that it makes one long to help him, only I can't see how it is to be done. I have the will but not the means."

"Yes, in his letter to us he asks us to do all we can, and Johanna has gone off to Gladys Anderson to beg for some old clothes. It was her idea, and she is so energetic that she has gone off at once."

"I sometimes think we do not remember the poor enough," said Mrs. Burton, thoughtfully. "In your dear father's lifetime it was all so different. We had comfortable means, and he always gave liberally to every charity of the place we lived in. He put aside a tenth of his income and gave that away."

"A tenth, mother! That seems a great deal," said Katie.

"Yes; he said the Jews gave that proportion away and that we should do at least as much. He considered it a debt to God, and that charity only began after it had been paid."

"I wish I could remember father better," said Katie.

"My dear, you were so delicate that you were away during the last year of his life, undergoing special treatment in Germany. You were only four when the smash in the business he was largely connected with came, and he died quite suddenly. It was a terrible time altogether; and then Leonard was born, as you know, just a fortnight after your father's funeral. But to return to what we were talking about: it does seem to me that we forget the poor very much; perhaps it is seeing so little of them in this place."

"Yes, but if we were inclined to forget, Antony reminds

us," said Katie, who loved all that was beautiful and cheerful, and felt unspeakably thankful that where they lived they had sweet peaceful surroundings, and need never see anything of the wretchedness, starvation and poverty about which Antony was so fond of talking when he came to see them. They were only two hours from London by a quick train, but he had not time or money to come often to the little house which had been the home of the Burton family since the loss of father and fortune.

"Dear boy! yes, he is giving his life and youth and his interests to this east end work; can you wonder that he tries to enlist the sympathies of others? Certainly we can do very little, it is so hard for us to feed and clothe ourselves;" and Mrs. Burton thought of the shabby dresses she and her children had to wear, the scanty meals, economy in firing, and the various ways in which they one and all felt the pinch of poverty.

As she was thus thinking, Esther came into the room followed by Theodora, who declared it was too cold to sit upstairs. She had her shabby old hat in her hand and began rummaging in a large work-basket which stood on the large table at one end of the room. Esther turned up the gas, and the light showed how shabby the room was; yet everywhere there were signs of making the best of things and getting as much beauty as was possible out of what cost little or nothing.

There was a big brown pot on the table, and some branches of autumn leaves with their lovely golden brown and red shades, some hips and haws, and a few chrysanthemums. On the walls were some sketches done by Esther, and framed simply. A table-cover on a small

deal table was of Turkey twill, with an artistic border done in coloured cotton by Katie's quick fingers; it made a pretty spot of colour in the room.

Esther drew the blinds down and pulled the curtains together, shutting out the darkness; and as Mrs. Burton poked up the fire into a blaze, Madame, the large grey cat, came and settled herself before it.

"Mother has been talking about Antony's letters, Esther," said Katie, beginning to work again at her embroidery.

"Oh, mother dear, then don't talk any more about them," said Theodora. "I am not a bit in a mood for being anything but as cross as two sticks, because we are so poor. I have tried and tried to get this hat to look decent and it won't," and Theodora threw the offending object on the table and began trying to make a bow.

"Well, my dear love," said Mrs. Burton, "I have been thinking a good deal about our being poor, because it would be so nice to help Antony's people."

"Mother has been examining her conscience, and thinks we should do more for the poor, at least Antony's poor. Didn't I say I wished he would not always be harping on the subject?" said Katie.

"I am very glad he does," said Mrs. Burton. "Suppose we try all of us to do something for them. Think how terrible it will be if this winter proves very severe. There is one thing some of us can do, even if we haven't any money."

"What is that, mother?"

"Mother means we can pray," said Esther, who had more clue to her mother's mind than the rest of her

sisters. "I can do that, mother; I will try and go to mass oftener in the week, and offer my intention for Antony's people."

"You certainly are letting us know all about it," said Katie. "I thought that it was always supposed that one should do those things secretly," she added, for she felt cross, and her helplessness irritated her.

Esther flushed and was silent.

"My dear," said Mrs. Burton, "our Lord says we should not let our left hand know what our right hand doeth. In some cases almsgiving should be secret, in others it need not be so, as the letting others know about it comes under the head of letting one's light shine before men. As I heard it once explained, to do the good things for our Lord's sake, and let the example take care of itself, is different from doing good only to be seen of men. Very often seeing a person do good inspires others with the wish to do the same."

"It is the only thing I can think of," said Esther, in a low voice, not caring to defend herself, for she knew for whose sake she wished to do violence to her natural love of staying in bed in the morning.

"People in stories, when they want to help the poor, always have wonderful things happening! A rich uncle appears on the scene and hands over cheques, or fortunes are left to them, or they sell a rubbishy sketch for a big sum, or find that some cracked plate is of priceless value," said Katie, who read a great deal, and objected to stories she considered improbable.

"Well, none of those things will happen to us, as far as we know," said Mrs. Burton, smiling, having made up

her mind privately for some little sacrifices in the way of food, which she could make unobserved.

Johanna came in very soon in high spirits; her friend Gladys Anderson had promised to send down all she could find in the way of old clothes the next morning. In due time the big bundle and a large card box arrived. As Johanna was out, they could not, however, be opened, so those at home agreed, until her return. She earned money by being companion for half the day to an old blind lady who lived in the village. One day she went in the morning, the next in the afternoon, and she enjoyed the work, for she was one of those happy-natured girls to whom occupation of almost any kind came as a pleasure. Great was the difference she made in the life of the old lady.

Theodora was governess to the village lawyer's little girls, who were very fond of her; and Esther stayed at home, busy helping her mother in all kinds of ways, and learning much that she knew would be useful to her when she set up a house of her own. The hope of that future coloured many a tiresome bit of work, and often lightened an uninteresting task.

To Katie it was a great trial to be a burden instead of a help in the family, where every pair of hands had work for four ready at hand; and no one but God knew how she fretted over it. Sometimes her mother guessed a little about it and sympathized and helped her as mothers can, touching with a gentle hand the wounds which she soothed and healed.

The evening before, when Mrs. Burton went up to her room, she sat down for a little to think. It was very cold, for November was near at hand; the carpet and curtains

were very thin, and there was no fire. She was both business-like and capable, and fond of thrashing a thing out thoroughly when it presented itself as a difficulty ; and the talk of the afternoon came to her just then.

To many it seemed ridiculous that the question of helping the poor should weigh upon her at all. It had never really done so until that day: she had always listened sympathetically to any tale of suffering or poverty of which she had heard, and she often longed to be rich so that she could help those in need. But until Antony had gone to work a year after his ordination at St. Francis's, Paradise Avenue, the wants of the poor had not been brought very much under her notice. However, now the subject would not go out of her head, and she felt that she had lived in forgetfulness of the fact that the corporal works of mercy devolved on every one. Those who had much should give abundantly of time, money or work ; those who had little should give of what they had. She had always read her Bible and studied it, finding in its pages the very best of spiritual reading and subject-matter for meditation. Having an excellent memory, some words that she had read came to her then:—

"Give alms out of thy substance, and turn not away thy face from any poor person: for so it shall come to pass that the face of the Lord shall not be turned from thee. According to thy ability be merciful. If thou have much, give abundantly: if thou have little, take care even to bestow willingly a little. For thus thou storest up to thyself a good reward for the day of necessity."

That very day, too, in turning over a book of sermons, her eyes had lighted on the words of St. Elphege to the people

of Winchester:—"Believe me, he who does not think of the wants of the poor is not a member of the body of Christ; for if one member suffers, all suffer"; and reading on she had found, "What sacrifices can we make for the poor which will seem enough, when we reflect that mercy to them is our only means of repaying Jesus Christ, who sacrificed His life for us?"

Poor as they were for their station in life, Mrs. Burton could see clearly that she had been guilty of the sin of omission in that she had never trained her children to care for and think of relieving the necessities of others, and doing that little which in one way or another lies in the power of all. She was so frank and true that she felt she must tell her children what she thought about it.

She told them after lunch next day that she had resolved to look out for means and ways of doing works of mercy, doing a little even if she could not do much; "and," she continued with tears in her usually bright eyes, "Johanna in begging has had the start of us all excepting——" She was going to say she had noticed Esther at mass that morning, but a pleading look in her daughter's eyes kept her silent. "Let us all do in the future what we can, and not despise things because they are small."

There was no answer from any of them, only Johanna slipped her hand into that of her mother, and then Mrs. Burton and the girls went to inspect the clothes Gladys had sent.

"Certainly they are worn within an inch of their lives," said Mrs. Burton, taking up rather gingerly some very old frocks from which hooks and eyes had departed, and which were not very clean.

"Yes, mother, and these little coats are really very ragged," said Esther. "Well, as they are going to the very poor, I don't suppose it matters."

"I should think it mattered a great deal," said the practical Johanna; "how are the poor things to find time to mend them and put them to rights? I don't think they ever will, and probably they will wear them as they are."

"Teaching them untidiness and slovenliness—girls, this will never do! I will get those which are dirty washed, and we can mend them if we set to work in earnest."

Theodora assented feebly, and Esther's face lengthened, for her free afternoons were promised to Harry for cycling, as she was able to use his sister's wheel. However, out of those afternoons she nobly said she would give one, and Johanna said she would iron the clothes if they were ready washed.

On the next day no cycling would have been possible in the state of the roads, rain having fallen the night before. The girls, with Mrs. Burton's guidance, for she was a capital needlewoman, worked with a will; while Johanna ironed, Katie sewed on buttons and laid aside her beloved embroidery.

The difference in the clothes was astonishing when they were all clean, mended, and every necessary button and string sewn in place. Patches were put in, braid sewn down, and it seemed strange to think that only a few pence had been spent on materials, for the household rag-bag had provided a large store of pieces to choose from, which answered admirably.

Gladys came in when they were working, and seemed a little ashamed of having sent the clothes in such a condi-

tion; but Esther comforted her by saying that they were sure it was want of thought, for everyone knew that Gladys had the kindest heart in the world.

"I think I could get you some more clothes to send to Father Antony," she said, when she had been provided with a needle and thread; "my married sister at Kingbury would, I know, send me some if I wrote and asked her; she's awfully kind."

"Oh do, that will be good of you," said Johanna, who was justly pleased at the success of her venture of begging, and Esther felt that the prayers in the cold church on those dark November mornings were being answered very soon.

"When you mend, can I come and help?" asked Gladys. "I should love to, and I don't work badly."

"Do come by all means, every Friday afternoon; it would be a good plan for doing it altogether," said Mrs. Burton, and so it was settled.

"Won't the hats do as they are?" asked Gladys as she drew on her coat preparatory to taking her departure.

Mrs. Burton smiled, and turned to the large card box in which the discarded millinery of Gladys and her little nieces had been carelessly thrown. There were two children's sailor hats burnt brown from the sun at their last summer at the sea-side, which Mrs. Burton said would need nothing but a good brushing and cutting off the frayed ends of the ribbon.

"How do you think, Gladys, that this would suit a girl in the slums?" asked Mrs. Burton, holding up a hat which in its early youth had been charming, and worn most suitably by Gladys at many a garden party. It was now shabby, the chiffon tumbled, with roses which were none the

better for having been crushed. "And this?" continued Mrs. Burton, holding a hat with limp feathers and pale blue ribbons.

Gladys laughed. "My poor hats! well, they are shabby, I own, but I think poor girls love finery, and why should they not have what is pretty?"

"What is pretty, by all means," said Mrs. Burton; "but old finery is never that, and what would be quite suitable for a girl in your rank of life, would be very unbecoming for a poor girl, and indeed in many cases might lead her into harm."

Gladys opened her blue eyes very wide. "I don't understand," she remarked.

"Girls in the lower ranks of life are obliged to go about a great deal alone by night and by day, and consequently quiet dress is itself protection, and draggled finery is generally associated with girls who are careless in other matters besides dress. In any case, old finery has always a disreputable look about it. and even if girls will wear it it is as well not to give it to them."

"Yes, I see," said Gladys. When they met to work next time, the offending hats were shorn of their trimmings and some plainer decorations substituted, while the old feathers and flowers found their way to the dustbin in company with the chiffon.

By the time November was two-thirds over a good large parcel was sent to Father Antony; and his letter of thanks made the girls feel that the time spent over those clothes was giving them a great deal of unexpected pleasure.

The weather grew colder and colder, and the reports of the misery in the poorer quarters of London were very sad

indeed. Many hundreds were out of work, and there was very great suffering. In the Burtons' home at least every member felt she was doing what she could to relieve a little bit of the distress; it was astonishing, now the idea was put before them, what a number of ways determined wills had discovered. Katie, who generally sold her embroidery and gave the money to the family housekeeping, took off a certain proportion for the poor. Her mother was glad that she should do so, and ever since the resolution had been made it was astonishing how her work had prospered. Hitherto she had not had many orders, for her embroidery was not particularly good, though the designs which Esther traced for her were highly artistic. Mr. Bainbridge, the squire, had a sister who had lately come to The Towers; she was a great authority on needlework and had written several books on the subject. She was an enthusiast on embroidery, and was always discovering designs and inventing new stitches. Calling on the Burtons one day, she had soon fraternized with Katie on the subject, and forthwith began to give her lessons, which the girl enjoyed and which added to her few pleasures.

Miss Bainbridge was an elderly lady who had lived a great deal abroad and had only come to The Towers at her brother's request, on a long visit. The squire and his wife often lived abroad themselves; their twin daughters were bright girls, who since they had left school had been very little at home. But they had come out at the big ball given at The Towers on their eighteenth birthday, and were enjoying their lives, having little thought for any but themselves. The lessons learnt in their convent days seemed in a marvellously short time to

have slipped quite out of their minds; and existence meant to them the pursuit of pleasure in every available form. They liked the Burton girls very much, pitied them because work and not play was the chief element in their lives, and wondered at the fact that in spite of poverty, few pleasures and hard work, they could be contented and happy.

It was impossible for the young people to be together so much without entering into each other's interests, and the fact that the Burtons and Gladys Anderson were working for Father Antony's mission soon became known.

It seemed such a small beginning! Just a few hours spent mending clothes which had been begged for, little self-denials unknown to anyone but God, some earnest prayers at the time when prayer, united to the great sacrifice, pleads best with Almighty God; yet it was growing little by little, and the doing what each one can do for the poor was being recognized as a high and holy duty which has in it a very present reward.

Christmas came, and the great feast was kept very devoutly in Etherton. There was midnight mass in the chapel at The Towers, where the sanctuary was beautiful with the rarest flowers the hot-houses could produce, for the squire was a devout Catholic, who always gave of his best to the Church. The chapel was freely used by all the Catholics of Etherton, and it was full that night, there being no midnight mass at the church of the parish.

Miss Bainbridge came in only a few minutes before mass began, and the congregation struck her very much. All were more or less well-to-do people; the poorest there

were not really indigent and certainly not in want, and there was an air of prosperity about it very greatly in contrast to the mass in the little east end church at which she had assisted the Sunday before. She had heard so much from the Burtons of Father Antony's parish and all its needs that she had, without telling them about it until afterwards, gone down to pay it a visit. It had been a bitterly cold day, and the wind blew strongly through the wide forsaken looking streets as she walked from the station to Paradise Avenue. There were very few people about, for it was so very cold they were staying indoors as much as they could. In the church everything was in fair order and comeliness for the service of God, but all was very poor. The congregation was entirely poor, and the thinly clad women and girls, and the men shivering in old jackets, the thin faces and general air of want, impressed themselves as much on her mind as did the simple sermon, suited to his hearers, of the young priest whom she had not seen since his ordination.

After mass she went into the presbytery, and talked of the work of the place with the rector, Father Harrington, who only enlarged upon what she already knew about it. She realized quite well the truth of what he said, that helping the people spiritually must be done through the means of the corporal works of mercy,—feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and nursing the sick. She saw that it was all perfectly true. Good, too, as the works of mercy were in themselves, they had a double value inasmuch as they were means to an end. "And if a brother or sister be naked, and want daily food: and one of you say to them, 'Go in peace; be ye warmed and

filled,' yet give them not those things that are necessary for the body, what shall it profit?"

Miss Bainbridge made her way back to London—the mission was so far east that it seemed like a distant country of its own—and as she had lunch at her club she thought over all she had seen and heard. She did nothing in a hurry; that was not her way, for she was Scotch, naturally cautious and prudent; but at the same time she was deeply interested.

Christmas Day had been happily spent by the Burtons, and the New Year seemed to be opening very brightly. There was a most unexpected prospect of Harry Deniston being in a position to marry in the summer, and Esther was in a seventh heaven of delight. Dr. Anderson was buying a practice in Scotland, and an uncle of Harry's was making it easy, as far as money was concerned, for his nephew to stay at Etherton in the doctor's place. Harry's one desire at that time was to look older than he did, for he was, as he said, dreadfully young-looking, and people declined to believe in his thirty-four years. He fondly hoped that he was getting grey, and he took to glasses, which the Burtons declared made him look venerable.

When Leonard went over on bank holiday to see his brother, he slipped a sovereign into the poor-box, and no one knew who had placed it there. The priests when they found the coin—very rare in those parts—in the box, guessed it was an offering by Miss Bainbridge. But Leonard had earned it by arranging a very large stamp collection for his chief at the office, and the money went there instead of being put by towards the books he much wanted.

One March day Theodora got a letter from Helen Bainbridge, dated from Brittany, whither the family had gone just after Christmas, Miss Bainbridge remaining behind, greatly to Katie's delight. The latter was an apt pupil, and was learning a great many new embroideries and ways of working. Orders poured in, and the girl who had felt herself so useless was charmed to find that her nimble fingers were now the means of adding no small sum to the family purse, as well as of increasing the number of coins in her little money box, the contents of which she sent to her brother. Katie never complained, now, that Antony's letters were depressing. It made all the difference that she had a will to help, and that the way had been opened out to her to add her little offerings to the work.

The letter from Helen Bainbridge ran thus :—

"Dinan, *March* 11, 18—.

"DEAR THEODORA—We are enjoying Brittany so much, and as the weather has been fine we have had no end of cycling and there have been some jolly people here. We shall be sorry to go back to London. We shan't be at The Towers until after the season is over. Meg and I are going to be presented. Meg says she will be nervous, but, I shall not—I think it will be rather fun. Aunt Lydia has been down to see your brother's mission in the East End. It must be a dreadful place. She has asked father if he will lend the grounds of The Towers for a sale of work and garden fête to take place in August, and dad is saying yes. It won't be much of a bazaar, as there is not time, but we shall have recitations and a concert and all kinds of things, and all the money will go to your brother's mission. Now

isn't that a brilliant idea? We are going to buy heaps of Breton embroidery—it is so pretty, you cannot think, and Breton pottery and all kinds of queer foreign things which will sell well. . . ."

And so the letter ran on. It was followed by a visit from Miss Bainbridge the next day, and she expressed her pleasure at her brother's action.

"Some people disapprove of bazaars and of many of the means for getting money," said she as she drank her tea by Katie's couch; "but I do not disapprove."

"If I were rich, I think I should write cheques and send them," said Esther; "it seems the most direct way of helping people, unless one can go and work among them one's self."

"Just so. Only, my dear, in this world we must remember that folk are very different, and we must let people do good in their own ways. Of course it seems like a mixture of piety and pleasure, but what if it is? So long as there is nothing that can't be blessed about it, there's no harm in the hard work it gives many people as well as the pleasure. Then, many people who would not send you a couple of shillings for the mission would go and buy a Breton pot for that sum, and if it's their way it's not a bad way, for good comes of it. Many, too, can help by interesting others in the object of the fête and getting contributions, even if they cannot give much themselves."

"I never thought of it in that way," said Mrs. Burton. "Well, we should all like to help, though I fear we cannot do much."

"I think you will all be very helpful," said Miss Bainbridge. "I want Katie here to do some work for me—a new quick kind, Katie, and that will be an order, remember."

Katie flushed up.

"I should like to give it, only——"

"Only you can't manage it; yes, I know. Well, you will be helping very much if you do these things for me, for I shall not have time," said Miss Bainbridge. "There are two pretty work-bags begun, and I have all the materials for finishing them, and you can have them; and if you like to finish them, send them to the sale," she continued, mentally resolving that they should be bought, and at a good sum too.

"I think Gladys will help," said Mrs. Burton. "She has been so good this winter. I don't think I told you of an excellent plan she arranged."

"I'd like to hear it," said Miss Bainbridge. "I like plans if they are practical."

"Her sister at Kingsbury sent her a quantity of serge and flannel; this was in last November, when we were so anxious to send warm clothing to Antony's poor. We had none of us time to make the things, so she cut them all out, petticoats, shirts, jackets, and many other things, and she took them over to Lestonbury, where her cousin is head of a large girl's school. There she got leave to ask all the girls to take one thing each and make it and they all agreed, and in a week all the things were sent made to the presbytery. Then Gladys thought it would be a good thing to ask several of her friends to make at their own expense just two things a year, and it is wonderful what a number of people have agreed to do it."

Summer came, and with it there was plenty of excitement and employment for everyone. Esther was married in July and returned from her little wedding tour to the Lakes in

time for the garden fête, which brought in a good sum and was a great success. Those who were opposed to bazaars and sales for charity, and who did not care for amusements in the way of fêtes of the kind, kept aloof, in some cases sending money to the fund.

The Bainbridges did their utmost to make everything go off well, and the beautiful grounds of The Towers were admired and appreciated by those who came from far and had never seen them before. The picture gallery, the oak hall, the various great halls of the place, were all open, and the girls were the kindest of guides to the people, who wandered about enjoying the sight of so much that was beautiful in the way of art and nature.

Katie was wheeled there in an invalid chair which had lately been given her by her grandmother in Ireland, who had never seen her and did nothing for any other member of the family. Her appearance had improved, the discontented expression had gone from her face, for unselfishness and thought for others lend light and gladness to any countenance.

Four years passed away, bringing with them changes in the lives of those in whom I have been trying to interest you.

Mrs. Burton died suddenly a year after Esther's marriage. The little home at Etherton was broken up, for her children were left very poor, and their grandmother, who declined to help any of them, was their only surviving relation on their mother's side. Those of their father were few in number, and in Australia: Leonard went to them and sent home good accounts of himself.

Katie lives with Esther, and is a devoted aunt to the two babies, who are a great interest to her.

Theodora has got her wish and has a career, though not of the kind she anticipated. No one misses her mother more than she does, and she never regrets the way in which liberty has come to her. There is a small house near the presbytery in Paradise Avenue, the rent of which is paid by Miss Bainbridge. After much thought and prayer, consulting of those well versed in such matters, the step was taken. Miss Bainbridge never did things by halves, and she furnished it suitably, making it practically into one of those settlements which have sprung up in many parts of London. She did not go abroad quite so often, and no one knew why a long-desired visit to the East had been given up. It meets a want felt by many who can give part of their time, but not all, to work amongst the poor ; and to the priests in charge of the mission it has come indeed as help in time of very great need.

Miss Bainbridge lives there part of the year, and when she is not there an old friend of hers, a childless widow, takes her place. Theodora, who is now twenty-nine, has been there on and off for three years, finding her vocation in much that she can do under the guidance of workers more experienced than herself. She is very happy and an excellent worker, and writes long accounts of all that goes on to her favourite sister, Johanna, who is now a novice with the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul.

Gladys comes down now and then to see them and brings things she has collected for her mission, as she calls it. She is married to a literary man in London, and he has done his share in getting help for the work by his sketches from

life, done for a well-known paper. Though the names were changed and the locality somewhat disguised, for Father Harrington abhorred advertisement, it leaked out where the district was, and this awoke an interest in many who belonged to that half of the world which does not know how the other and poorer half lives.

The Bainbridge girls now and then, when they are in London, come to Paradise Avenue, and have tea with their aunt, if she is there, or with Theodora. They both say it does them good to be reminded of the lives those workers are leading, and of what they can do to help them. They have no vocation for work of the kind, and their place is in society, at least at present. But they have learnt that it is a great joy to help those who are working among the poor, if they themselves cannot go directly amongst them, and it is astonishing in how many ways they find they can help.

"With thy garments cover the naked," say the words of Holy Writ. Any who desire to do this work of mercy, if they have but a will which urges them to work and not to dream, to make and not miss opportunities, will most assuredly discover for themselves the truth of the old saying—"where there's a will there's a way." And those who give their personal service to the poor know well how the bestowal of timely temporal help, and providing for bodily wants, often opens the way for that spiritual work which verily clothes needy souls with the garments of grace.

THE DUTIES OF PARENTS

BY THE BISHOP OF LEEDS

It cannot be denied that in these days there is a very serious falling off in faith and piety among our people.

How many are there among our young men and young women, and these trained in Catholic schools and brought up under Catholic influences, who neglect the ordinary duties which religion prescribes, and consider attendance at Holy Mass an obligation of but slight importance? How many others are there, Catholics only in name, who never darken the doors of their Church, who never approach the Holy Sacraments? They are frequenters of the public-house, their language is profane and blasphemous, and they unblushingly violate the laws of morality. How many, again, are there who completely abandon their religion and openly profess themselves unbelievers? How many sacrilegious marriages are contracted in violation of the Church's law—these marriages being oftentimes entered upon between parties, both of whom are born of Catholic parents?

Then, too, amongst those who do not entirely turn their back upon their Faith, what disobedience to parents, what unfeeling conduct towards them do we not witness! What quarrels and dissensions, what breaches of the precept of charity! Contemplating this sad state of things among so many of our people, our heart is filled with grief. Nor

are we alone in looking with dismay on this indifference and open sinfulness in the midst of our flock. Our Priests, too, remark it, especially those who work in our cities and in the populous centres of industry; and although their trust in God sustains them in their labours, they experience in themselves a continual sorrow.

When we recall the sacrifices that have been made during the last thirty years to secure for our children the priceless blessing of a good Catholic education, it is truly amazing that in spite of all these efforts there should still be so prolific a crop of evil! Where does the fault lie? Who is to blame? Certainly not our priests, or our religious and secular teachers. Of the devotion of our clergy to the care of the little ones of the flock we are well assured. By their instructions in School and Church, by their zealous care in preparing children for the Sacrament of Penance and for their first Holy Communion, by gathering them into Guilds and sodalities, by the close personal interest taken in each child of their flock, our priests leave nothing undone to train up practical, sincere, and intelligent Catholics. In this labour of love the Sisters, consecrated to God in holy religion, nobly second them. Is it not a marvellous thing to behold so many daughters of loving parents, forsaking the comforts of home and the tender solicitude of father and mother, and going, in the very bloom of youth, to spend health and strength and life itself in the arduous work of teaching, taking upon themselves this grand duty, not for the sake of filthy lucre, nor for any reward this world can give, but seeking only God's glory and the saving of immortal souls! Nor can we justly pass over the secular teachers, who conduct so many of our schools. They, too, merit from us the highest praise, since with but rare exceptions, they spare no pains and count no cost, provided they can bring the schools or departments entrusted to them to the highest state of excellence. We believe our Catholic

teachers are actuated by a strong sense of zeal, and that in their mind the saving of our children's faith comes before any thought of temporal remuneration.

Humanly speaking, then, all has been done and is being done to give to every Catholic child a sound secular education and an intelligent grasp of the faith; and to awaken in him a sense of his responsibility to God, a hatred of all that is vicious, base, or mean, a love of truthfulness, sobriety, industry, and a desire to discharge conscientiously his duty to God and man.

Considering, therefore, the training afforded our Catholic children in school, and the sacred influences brought to bear upon them from so many quarters and in so many forms, every Catholic boy and girl who reaches maturity should develop into a model Christian. Again, then, we ask, how is it that in many cases the result of this Catholic training, is, in practice, so different from what it ought to be, and what we should expect it to be? We believe that the root of the evil is to be found in the Catholic home, that is, it is the fault of the parents. Upon parents rests the responsibility of nine-tenths of the evils which flourish in our midst. There are other influences at work, it is true, which aggravate these evils; but if parents understood their duty and carefully discharged it, those other influences would work but little mischief.

Can we be surprised that many children who leave our schools, after every care has been lavished upon them by priests and teachers, become indifferent in the practice of religion, and even live openly wicked lives, when we call to mind the kind of homes in which they have been reared? Homes, do we say? Nay, it is a desecration of the word to apply this name to the habitations of some of our little ones. The sights which meet the eye of the priest on his daily rounds make his heart bleed. When we see the house lost in squalor and dirt, bare and cheerless, the poor chil-

dren, with worn faces, gazing in fear or sadness at a drunken, brutal father or upon a raving, drunken mother, can we be astonished that children reared under such circumstances should turn out badly? Would it not be more astonishing if it were otherwise? The greatest wonder of all is that so many of these unfortunate children keep their innocence, and, when free from the servitude of their guilty parents, lead exemplary lives. Still, many do not turn out well. Many develop the evil seed sown in their young minds by wicked parents, and hand on to those who come after them the tradition of their own sinful and blighted childhood. The cases we allude to here are of the worst type. There are, however, a great many other homes where parents neglect their duty to their children. They are criminally slothful, and will not devote to the careful training of their helpless charges the time, the patience, the watchfulness, which Almighty God expects and demands of them. Hence their children see and hear a thousand things, which sully their innocence, deaden their finer feelings, familiarize them with evil, so that when later on in life gross temptations come before them, they do not shrink with that instinctive horror from the very thought of sin, with which they would have done had their parents trained and guarded them as they were bound to do in their tenderer years.

The Church does so much for the little ones of her flock that many parents forget that they too, as well as the priest, and even before the priest, have to take a part, and the main part, in the education of their children. Dear parents, never forget your sacred obligations. You have a duty to your children, which no one can fulfil but yourselves. No matter what your priests may do, no matter how zealous the Sisters and the teachers may be, parents have a duty to their little ones which no one else can discharge Remember, dear parents, that though you are allowed to

lighten your burden by sharing it with others, you cannot free yourselves from it entirely. You always remain the first teachers and instructors of your offspring. This is the law of nature, the law of religion, the order of divine providence, the will of God.

It is on the mother's lap that the little child should learn to lisp its first prayer, to praise God its Maker, to bless God its Saviour, to love Jesus of the Manger, Jesus of Calvary, Jesus of the Tabernacle. It is from a father's lips it must learn its first lessons of wisdom. These and the like lessons will never be forgotten. This primary duty of parents is such that, unless it be observed, Priests and Nuns and teachers will labour in vain. Unless parents co-operate with them, it is not possible to give to children a proper training. What is built up in School or in Church, if not supported and strengthened by home teaching, sooner or later must fall to ruin. Hence the duty of parents is to provide their children with a Christian home.

The home is of God's making. It is the most ancient and the most venerable of all the institutions found among men. Before society existed on earth, before kings ruled or parliaments made laws, Almighty God fixed and established the home of man. Having created him, God said: "It is not good for man to be alone"; so He created woman, and joined Adam and Eve in wedlock, and thus placed on earth the first home. And when God came on earth as the Son of Mary to rebuild the world, shattered by the sin of man, He took special precautions to restore the home, perfecting it by the example of His own sweet home at Nazareth, fortifying it by making it the abode of one man and one woman, joined together by the indissoluble bond of marriage, and dwelling in their home as in an impregnable fortress. The Christian home is the gift of the Sacred Heart of our Lord. In order to re-establish it, to sanctify it, to enrich it with precious graces and wonder-

ful prerogatives, He elevated the contract of marriage to the dignity of a sacrament, into which He poured the priceless fruits of His Precious Blood: for into the Christian home are to be born the future princes of eternal glory.

"Children are a heritage from the Lord." Parents receive them from God, and as soon as possible they must bring them to the Sacred Font, when through Holy Baptism they are spiritually born again, and are enrolled among God's adopted children, whose names are written in the "Book of Life." From the font, with souls purified and innocent, and radiant with heavenly beauty, they are taken home to be reared in such a way as to fit them for their rightful station, sooner or later, in the courts of their Heavenly Father.

Parents, do we not see here in the gift of children a wonderful proof of God's affection for you? What confidence does He not place in you? What treasure could God entrust to you more precious than a little child? Fashioned to the likeness of God, bought by the precious blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, sanctified by the eternal Holy Spirit of God, heir of heaven, and prince of eternal glory, this child is placed in your hands. You have to take charge of it and train it, and the realization of God's intentions in its regard depends, humanly speaking, upon the way in which you discharge your responsibility. This child will be, as a rule, saved or lost, receive its inheritance, and reign with God, or be banished from its Maker for ever, according to the home it is reared in. But if the future happiness or woe of the child depend upon the parents, may we not say with equal truth that the salvation of the parents depends upon the eternal welfare of the child? How can parents hope to be saved if through their sinful neglect their child is lost? How boldly presumptuous they would be to expect God to reward them with the joys

of paradise when, through their fault, the child He created and redeemed is burning in hell! There will be no fear of so miserable a lot if Christian parents provide their children with a Christian home. What, then, is a Christian home? It is a home in which religion holds the first place, in which the name of our Lord is a familiar sound, and where the parents govern themselves and rule their children by the principles of a Christian life. The Christian home is easily discovered. The very walls of the house will tell you at a glance who it is that holds the first place in the minds and hearts of its inmates. If, on looking round, the eye rests on the emblems of our holy faith, if you find in every room the Crucifix, or the image of Our Lady, or a religious picture; if you see the holy-water stoup well replenished, along with other tokens of faith, then the very appearance of the house will afford presumptive evidence that our Divine Lord holds His rightful place in the bosom of the family dwelling there.

This, however, is only presumptive evidence. Much more is needed to constitute a Christian home. Great vigilance, wonderful patience, unflagging industry on the part of parents is required, if the children are to grow up in virtue. To be a father or a mother is no easy task. The one charge, the one duty they have to look to, is the welfare of their child. This obligation overshadows every other. Even their own salvation, as we have already said, depends in a very great measure on their labouring for the salvation of their children.

Before, however, parents can fully and perfectly discharge the duty of their office, they must realize to themselves the dignity, the privilege and responsibility of being a parent. The words of a truly Christian man, the founder of the society of St. Vincent de Paul, on the birth of his first child, will show you better than anything we can say what should be the thoughts and sentiments of husband and wife

when God blesses them with children. "A new blessing," he writes to a friend, "has come to me, the greatest joy probably it is possible to experience here below: I am a father! We prayed much: we begged for prayers on every side: never did we feel greater need of the divine assistance: and we have been heard above and beyond all our hopes. What a moment it was when I heard the first cry of my child, when I beheld that little, but immortal, creature, which God had confided to me, and which brought me so many delights and so many duties! With what impatience I waited for the day of her baptism! . . . The mother is able to nurse her babe. Thus we shall not lose the first smiles of our little angel. We will begin her education early, and at the same time she will begin ours: for I perceive that Heaven has sent her to teach us a great deal and to make us better. I cannot look upon that sweet face, so full of innocence and purity, without seeing there, less obliterated than in us, the sacred impress of the Creator. I cannot think of this imperishable soul, of which I shall have to render an account, without feeling myself more penetrated with my duties. How dare I teach her lessons that I did not practice? Could you find a kinder way of instructing me, of correcting me, and of setting my feet on the road to heaven?" (*Life of Fredk. Ozanam*, p. 241).

These sentiments, so nobly expressed, ought to hold sway in the heart of every Christian parent. God gives you children to be a blessing to you, and they will be a blessing to you, if only you accept them as a trust from God: if you recognize the awful responsibility imposed on you, if you remember that your children are immortal, and are destined by God to reign eternally with Him and with you, if you do but correspond with God's designs and fulfil to those children the duty of true Christian parents.

Your first obligation is to guard them from evil. Now

this is a comparatively easy task if your home is a Christian home. The home is the fortress, wherein the child is placed in safety. There it is screened from the danger of seeing or hearing anything to wound its innocence; for good parents will take care that no word shall fall on a child's ear, no action meet its eye, but what is proper and becoming. Never in a Christian home will neighbours be allowed to congregate, to discuss in the presence of innocent children the lewd sayings and evil doings of the wicked. And if need be, parents will not hesitate to drive out of their home with righteous indignation any one who dares by speech or manner to show forgetfulness of the reverence due to a child. Then when the time comes for their children to go to school, or when, for other reasons, they must let them out of their sight, the vigilance of the parent will note the time they leave the house and the time they should return, and will give them no opportunity of becoming entangled in dangerous friendships.

Moreover, whatever affects the child of a Christian home will interest the parents. They will understand that the attendance at school does not remove from themselves the obligation of educating and training their child. The priest and the teacher are powerful auxiliaries in the delicate and arduous task of "training a child in the way it should go." The priest, as the pastor and spiritual father, has a work to do which is indispensable for the child's welfare. No one can do the work for him. In like manner the share of the teacher, religious or secular, in real education is most important.

But neither the priest's work nor the teacher's work removes the responsibilities of parents. They are, as we have already said, aids in the task of educating the child: they assist the parents, but parents have their own duty, which is essential for the child, and they cannot throw this duty upon any one else's conscience. When their children

are out of their parents' sight it is their duty to know where they are and what they are doing, and to keep them out of harm's way. They should take notice of their work at school; not listen to school tales or complaints. Let them inquire about their studies, about what they have learnt or about the lessons to be prepared for the following day. Above all, let them question the child on the Catechism and hear its recitation of the hymns or prayers that have been learnt. Then, it is the mother's special duty to see that her children should say their morning and night prayers; and blessed will she be, here and hereafter, if she kneel down with her little ones and recite her prayers along with them. Both parents should take care that grace before and after meals be reverently said. Attendance at public instructions and Benediction also should be insisted on. The parents, too, should take care that their children are enrolled in some religious confraternity suitable to their age, and should see that its rules are observed. The sacred pictures on the walls of the home should not be regarded as mere ornaments. They are meant to teach a lesson to all the inmates of the house, and especially to the children. As the Christian mother will show her little one the Crucifix, the picture of Our Lady, and other sacred representations, and will teach it to lisp, before any other words, the names of Jesus and Mary, so, as it grows older, she will tell it all she knows of the sacred events that these objects of piety are intended to depict.

But what will be the sentiments of parents when the day of their child's first Confession or first Communion draws nigh? With what interest they will watch the little one's preparation for each of these great events. They will encourage the child to have no fear of approaching the tribunal of Penance, to go with perfect confidence to the feet of its spiritual Father and tell its little misdeeds with the signs of hearty sorrow so often witnessed and so touch-

ing in innocent children. Confirmation will be regarded as an event of the utmost importance, as it truly is, and parents will afford their child every help to receive it worthily. What a day, above all, will be that upon which a child makes its first Communion! How earnestly father and mother will pray for it, watch over it with renewed vigilance, and encourage it in its preparation! They will gaze with fond affection and reverence on that little one in whose heart the King of Heaven is making ready His mansion. And when the day arrives, they will be found side by side with it, offering their own Communion in its behalf, and renewing the happy memory of their own First Communion Day.

There is, however, no garden to be found free from weeds; and in like manner children, beautiful and innocent, and most dear to God and to parents, to whom God has given them, have within them the seed of corruption, which, if not checked, will in due time bring forth an abundant crop of evil fruit. Hence restraint and correction are absolutely necessary for the proper training of children. No doubt it is a most painful duty for a loving father or mother to be obliged to punish their child; but the wilfulness of human nature requires it, and no parent who really loves his child and wishes it well will shut his eyes to this duty. If children are to grow up loving, affectionate, and dutiful, they must be kept in their place and be taught to obey from their earliest years. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" is a truth revealed by God, and the experience of all ages confirms it. A spoilt child is an intolerable nuisance. No one can like such a child, and sooner or later it will be a source of untold trouble to the parents who bore it, and will bring them in sorrow to the grave. A spoilt child is a selfish child, seeks only its own pleasure, thinks only of itself, and at the same time is ever a torment to itself, because it is never content.

Parents, let us ask you not to gratify your tender feelings at the expense of your judgment. Let your Heavenly Father be your model. Learn from Him, who chastens those whom He loves, to deal firmly as well as gently with your children. Restrain their wilfulness and make them obey you. Do this by firm kindness, and when this does not suffice, spare not the rod. Yet the greatest pains must be taken to win the confident affection of your child, and, when punishment is necessary, never inflict it in anger. Let your child realize that you punish it for its own good, and not from passion. Children trained up in loving obedience, taught to give up their own pleasure for the sake of others, to deny themselves in little things for the sake of their crucified Saviour, will grow up in the way they should go. They will be cheerful and content, they will love and esteem their parents, and will show them dutiful affection as long as their life shall last.

But all your labour will be in vain, dear parents, unless your training and your teaching be enforced by your own example. What children see makes a far deeper impression on them than what they hear. If parents advise their little ones in one way and act in direct and flagrant opposition to their teaching, children will forget the advice and will follow the example of their parents. Moreover, there can be no Christian home, unless parents practise what they preach, for it is the careful observance of religious duties, the constant remembrance of God's presence, the prudence and charity in speech, the modesty in action, the self-restraint enjoined by our Lord and Master Jesus Christ, that give the home its Christian character. Hence it is most incumbent on parents to live together in mutual charity. Between father and mother there must be one mind and one heart. They must respect one another, must be thoughtful of each other. The husband must overcome the ingrained selfishness so marked in the

generality of men, and the wife must curb her temper and her speech, and bide her time, waiting for the seasonable moment to win her way with her husband. A child ought never to hear a harsh word pass between father and mother, nor see a frown, nor any sign of ill-temper on its parent's face. How fathers and mothers deceive themselves, who tell their child to say its prayers and never pray themselves; who send their child to Mass on Sundays, but never darken the doors of the church themselves; who check vulgar and profane words in their child, but have these words constantly on their own lips even in its presence. What can be more shocking to a child than to see its father in a state of drunkenness, to witness the mother's anger, to listen to the harsh, and perhaps foul language bandied between the two! And are not such scenes of daily occurrence in many Catholic homes? Are they not witnessed oftentimes in homes, where the inmates pretend to keep up a certain amount of religious observance? And yet people wonder that children, who are brought up in fairly decent surroundings, so often turn out badly. Is the reason far to seek? Is it not that the children have seen and heard at home that which destroys the effect of the teaching in church and at school? In this case it is the parents who sow cockle in the field of their children's hearts, and become in truth the worst enemy of their little ones.

Parents, do not deceive yourselves. You have a grand work to accomplish for God, but a work most delicate, requiring most careful handling, a work which any indiscreet word or action may utterly spoil. God has given you children to be a blessing to you and an honour to Himself. The charge is great. The responsibility is beyond description. God's honour, your own happiness here and hereafter, your children's eternal welfare, depend chiefly on the discharge of this duty. However, although the bringing up of children involves labour and anxiety, it is a work of love,

The affection, which binds parent and child, sweetens every toil and softens every hardship. Nothing can be more delightful than to lavish upon your little ones the parental love with which God has filled your hearts, whilst the clinging affection of the child, its trust in your goodness, its devotedness, its fidelity to you as it grows in years, is ample recompense for all that your child has cost you.

Thank God, then, for giving you children. If you have not children, pray that God may bestow them on you. Fear not the increase of your family. Each child is a special blessing from Heaven, and the more such blessings are multiplied the better. Let your home be as a garden, enclosed, planted with beautiful flowers, which you tend fondly and constantly, training them to adorn one day the courts of the Great King.

Endeavour to make your home so sweet, so pure, so redolent of Jesus Christ, of His love and sufferings, so fragrant of the love that burns in His Sacred Heart, so full of joy, peace, patience and charity, so enriched with prayer and holy living, that, when your children leave you and go out into the world to set up a home of their own, the picture of their childhood's home may hold the dearest place in their memory, and may inspire them with one ambition, one desire, to faithfully reproduce it. Let your children be able without reserve to say: "Home, sweet home, there is no place like home." This will be so, if parents live practical Christian lives: if they so live as to be worthy to say to their children, in the words of the Apostle: "Be ye followers of Christ as you have our example."

Let the love of holy faith and the observance of the duties of religion hold the chief place in your hearts, and you will not fall far short of doing for your children all that God requires of you. Let the light of your example shine before your children, and then they, seeing your good

works, will glorify our Father in heaven by reproducing in themselves what they see in you. Let every home be a true Christian home, and the result in a few years hence will be seen in a new generation of obedient children and virtuous, earnest and faithful Catholics.

II.

Jesus Christ, the everlasting Son of the Father, moved by pity for our fallen state, loving us with a strong and mighty love, came on earth to bring a remedy to the ills of man and to win for him every good. In His wisdom He willed to appear among us as a little child. He could, had He so chosen, have come into the world like the first Adam, in perfect manhood. But it pleased Him to begin life as we begin it, to pass through all its stages, in order that He might sanctify and bless every step and every condition of human existence.

Hence we see Him as a child, and growing up, like other children, spending His boyhood and youth in a home at Nazareth.

Turn your attention to this home now, for it will teach you how to sanctify your own homes. If these homes of yours be modelled on the Home at Nazareth, then, indeed, there will spring up a new and a better generation of Catholics, who by their consistent Christian life, will edify the world and bring glory to God and honour to His Church.

We stated above our conviction that the falling away from the practice of religious duties must, in the main, be attributed to the careless and even irreligious homes in which many of our flock are reared.

We are more and more convinced that this is the root of the evil which infects Catholic life at the present day. As

that great Pontiff, our late Holy Father, Leo the Thirteenth, said, "the well-being of individuals and of the community depends chiefly on the family and the home." It is in the home that the future man is formed, and if that man is to be endowed with Christian fortitude, and to bring forth the virtues which our holy religion inculcates and cherishes, he must have spent his earlier years under the elevating and perfecting influences of a holy Catholic home.

To make it comparatively easy for Christian parents to provide their offspring with the blessing of a good home, it pleased God to reveal to us the Holy Home of Nazareth, where holiness reigned throughout, where every domestic and social virtue flourished, where, amid straitened circumstances and the pinch of poverty and hardships, we find joy and contentment such as were never found outside heaven. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph formed the family circle. How familiar these names are to your ears! There is hardly any prayer more frequently uttered than the invocation of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. If those who say this prayer would only remember the example of the Holy Family, and strive to copy it, how much greater would be their happiness!

"In St. Joseph the father of a family has a wondrous example of parental solicitude and care; in the Most Holy Virgin, Mother of God, mothers find a perfect model of love, of modesty, of resignation and of perfect faith; and in Jesus, who 'was subject to them,' children have a divine pattern of obedience for their admiration, their devotion and their imitation. Those who are highly born will learn from this family of royal blood how to be modest in prosperity and dignified in adversity. The rich will be taught how virtue must be preferred to riches. Those who are engaged in labour, and all who, especially in our times, are so strongly tempted to dissatisfaction and impatience by straitened circumstances and the hardships which they and

theirs have to suffer, need only cast their eyes upon these holy members of a holy household, and they will find reasons rather for rejoicing than for murmuring at the lot which has fallen to them. Like the Holy Family, they labour; like the Holy Family, they have to provide for their daily bread; like Joseph, they must live by what they earn; and if they work with their own hands, so also did Jesus before them." (*Pious Association of the Holy Family.* Leo XIII.)

This is the home which the Pontiff tells us "God has divinely revealed," that it may be the pattern upon which the homes of God's people should be modelled. To attain this end, then, should be the aim and ambition of all those who are joined together in the holy bond of marriage. In entering this holy state of life they should do so in the hope that God will bless them with children. True, indeed, children are a great responsibility and entail many labours and much anxiety. But if they bring with them pain and toil, they bring also a blessing from God, who by His grace lightens the burden and replenishes the yoke with heavenly sweetness. As there is no greater responsibility, neither is there a greater joy than that of parents. If God does not bless the union with issue, it must be endured with submission to His will. But husband and wife, if they are wise and long to taste the greatest happiness that is accorded to their state of life, should be constant in prayer to obtain from heaven these tokens of God's goodness. A child brings a blessing to a home, brightens it up like a sunbeam. It is a bond of affection and interest. It furnishes an object in life, and spurs parents on to industry and frugality in things temporal, and makes them more earnest in spiritual things, provided, of course, that they are animated with right views and endeavours to carefully fulfil the duties of parental responsibility. Children are the gift of God: "the inheritance of the Lord are children,"

says the Holy Spirit, and He pronounces that "man blessed that hath filled his desires with them." (*Psalm* cxxvi. 3, 5.)

At the present time impious theories are more or less advocated, theories which are subversive of the Creator's rights and of the purpose of man's creation; and since these theories pander to the basest passions of human nature and promise exemption from the responsibilities of family life, some are led astray by them, and in consequence live in a state of grievous sin for years, and not infrequently die in it. Every true Catholic must and will repel these theories with horror. Do not be misled by the Arch-deceiver, who is at the bottom of this abominable movement. In this, as in all things else, he is a liar, and should you listen to his suggestions, hoping thereby to reap benefit, be convinced that ere long you will be miserably undeceived, and that you will have meted out to you God's severest chastisement.

Apart, however, from all question of morality, the word of God stands true for ever—that children are a gift from God, and therefore blind and foolish, nay, beyond expression wicked are those parents who deprive themselves of this pledge of His favour and of His blessing. Experience proves that the largest families are the happiest, and that the parents of such families are the most contented. But no family can be happy unless parents bring up their children in "the fear and admonition of the Lord." If, then, your home is to reflect the peace, joy, and contentment of the Home at Nazareth, there must be on the part of parents an unselfish devotion to the duty of their state of life. They will therefore in the first place have order in the house. Some parents allow their children to do as they please. Lost in dirt, wretchedly clad, these little ones present a sad and pitiable spectacle, whilst the older children are permitted without any reproof to keep late and untimely

hours. Oftentimes when the priest is called to the sick on the stroke of midnight, he finds, even then, young children of both sexes playing and romping about in the public streets. Well may they be pallid in look and sleepy in school. All life is taken out of them, because there is no order, no regularity in their home. It could not be so in the Holy House. We could not think of our Blessed Lady keeping her child from His rest. Parents who wish to have good children, reflecting in some degree the features of Mary's child, must be careful to make it the rule of their house that all children be in bed at least three hours before midnight, and children attending school should never be out of bed later than eight in the evening. These little ones require many hours of sleep to make them healthy and strong.

It may seem to some of you foreign to our office to deal with details of this sort, but to do so comes within our province. It is our duty to instruct and advise our people in whatever promotes virtue, and this question of "early to bed" has a far greater influence on the moral character of children than most people imagine.

Industry is a further essential requisite which should mark the Christian home. If parents give way to sloth, it is impossible for them to "train up their children in the way they should go." To fulfil the obligations of a good parent demands constant activity.

To keep the house clean and well ordered, that so it may attract its inmates and make them glad to be within its walls, is a task that leaves wife and elder daughters no time for idle gossip—a task that requires constant attention and an entire forgetfulness of their own ease and amusement. Without industry, neatness and comfort are impossible, and yet these are necessary for a true home, whose very arrangement and tidiness should be an index of the order and peace which ought to reign in the soul of a parent.

Industry is still more urgently demanded when father or mother take up the work of teaching religion to their children. It is interesting to see how readily a little child imbibes and assimilates the teachings of Holy Faith: it is delightful to see it clasp its tiny hands and speak in its childish accents the Holy Name; sweet, indeed, to watch it kiss the Crucifix, or fold its little arms as it lays its head upon the pillow. Yet all this means labour. There are seasons of weariness, when the tasks feel irksome, and at these times industry must be summoned into action; the mother must raise her heart to God, and He will by His grace refresh her jaded spirit and renew her strength.

Under the head of industry we should include the trouble parents ought to take to teach their children to be gentle and kind to each other. This requires great tact and patience on the part of parents; they must keep a restraint upon themselves, correct their children without sign of passion, and never allow an unseemly word to escape their lips. Brothers and sisters should dwell together in peace: their relations with one another be marked by respectfulness, affability and good temper. To attain this the late Bishop Grant, of Southwark, proposed a rule which we would urge parents to put in practice:—"Teach children to be *polite* to brothers and sisters *as though they were strangers*." Adopt this rule, impress this lesson upon your children, and inspire them to act in this way for the love of Christ and His dear Mother, then peace, cheerfulness, and good-fellowship will always pervade the domestic circle.

Then, too, vigilance must play an important part in the Christian home. We need not dwell upon the watchfulness that must be exerted to prevent mishaps or to avert sickness; but parents must be vigilant in watching over the spiritual welfare of their children.

They ought to know whither their child goes, who are its

companions and friends, and how the hours of recreation are spent. Especially are parents bound to watch over their children when their school days are ended, and they begin to work, or to learn a business. They must at this time be carefully observant and see whether any danger of sin or vice threatens their inexperienced offspring. When the daughter grows up to maidenhood, both father and mother should be on the alert to warn her firmly, but gently, and never with ill-usage or foul language. As her best friends, as her loving parents, they must put her on her guard against any danger to which they believe her to be exposed. Especially should they advise her never to encourage the advances of any young man who is not a sound practical Catholic, lest her affections, before she be aware of it, be caught, and she be drawn into the misery and wretchedness of a mixed marriage. Should she become engaged to one whom her parents can approve of, then let them still shield her from danger, warning her never to allow any familiarity which she would be ashamed to permit in the presence of her father or her mother. By her own modest demeanour let her teach the young man to treat her with all respect and reverence. If parents would but exert this watchfulness over their young daughters, if they would gently and earnestly advise them of the dangers which surround them, how many scandals would be avoided, how much misery averted, how much sin prevented, and what comfort and consolation would they have in their children and in their home.

But neither order, nor industry, nor watchfulness will secure the peace and happiness of the home unless piety flourishes within its walls. The parents must be practical Catholics if they wish to see their children virtuous and faithful. Hence the home must be a house of prayer. If the duties of life hinder joint morning prayer, there are but few homes where it would not be possible to have night

prayers in common. Our late Holy Father endeavoured to promote the practice of family prayer by drawing up a prayer to be said every night before a picture of the Holy Family. It is short, only occupying a few minutes; but its recital brings the household together for an act of loving homage to the Redeemer of their souls, to His Blessed Mother and St. Joseph.

Would that we could induce all parents to observe the holy and ancient custom of family prayer. What a beautiful sight to see the father and mother, with their children, kneel in their humble home or in the parlour of their mansion, to thank God for His mercies during the day, to beg pardon for transgressions, and to beseech His blessing for the night! Children reared under this holy practice most certainly will be endowed with a greater spirit of piety, with loftier ideals of religious duty, and more tender sentiments towards God. If parents desire their children to love prayer, they must set them the example by praying themselves. They must pray in the home and must pray with their children.

To prayer at home we would add something further. Let parents provide their children with good Catholic books to read. At a very tender age nowadays children begin to read, and it is all-important that pains be taken to guide them in the choice of books and to cultivate their taste for reading. All manner of trash is put forth in the shape of literature, some of it dangerous, and most of it worthless, and therefore injurious to the spiritual welfare of a child. It is easy to procure Catholic books which interest and instruct, and if parents would only take the trouble to bring these books to their children's notice, they would create in them a relish for wholesome reading, which would make them turn away with disgust from the vulgar, ridiculous, and pernicious papers which so many of our young people read at the present time.

There can be no excuse made in these days on the ground that cheap and wholesome books cannot be found. The Catholic Truth Society has issued numerous and excellent works adapted for young people—histories, biographies and tales, so cheap that they are within the reach of the most limited purse. We would urge our flock most earnestly to purchase these publications and put them into the hands of their children.

What we wish, then, is to induce you to turn your minds to the Home at Nazareth. That our Lord and our God should have dwelt in that home until He was thirty years of age is a marvellous thought, which should touch our hearts with fervent love; but that He had no end in view in living that humble domestic life during all those years would be a thought even more astounding.

It was for your sakes that our most loving Lord lived in that cottage home. He wished to sanctify home life, to exalt and ennoble that condition of life which is the lot of all mankind. It was to afford us a pattern of what man's home should be, to give us an object lesson, and one which all men, even the lowliest and poorest, could copy. It was for this that Jesus lived with His Blessed Mother and Foster-Father St. Joseph in that humble abode.

Keep, then, this divine example before your eyes. Endeavour, Christian parents, to make your home like the home of Mary, and then, indeed, will be seen the wonderful effects it will work in the lives of your children. They will grow up obedient, pure and affectionate, they will love God and keep His holy law, they will reverence and love their parents, they will be an honour to the Church, an honour to their country, and their parents' crown and glory. Put in practice, then, these precepts, and when you, dear Christian parents, grow old, and infirmity should cast you on a bed of suffering, or deprive you of the means of livelihood, your good children will

stand by you in the hour of trial, and by loving attention and filial devotion will console your heart and fill you with joy, and you will bless the day that God entrusted them to your care. Remember, that well-nigh all the happiness of yourselves and your children in this world and in the next depends upon your home. The more closely your home resembles the Home of Nazareth the more certain will be your success in bringing up Christian children; but remember, too, that without order, industry, sobriety, vigilance and prayer, confirmed and cemented by your own good example, there can be no real home, and still less can it be a home like that of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, LONDON.

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS

OF THE

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

PRESIDENT:
HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

HON. SECRETARIES:
JAMES BRITTEN, K.S.G., 41 Boston Road, Brentford.
REV. W. H. COLOGAN, Stock, Ingatestone.

TREASURER:
J. B. EVELYN STANSFELD, Esq., 18 Rossetti Mansions, Cheyne Walk, S.W.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION TEN SHILLINGS,

PAYABLE IN JANUARY.

LIFE SUBSCRIPTION TEN POUNDS.

The Subscription entitles Members to *Catholic Book Notes* monthly, and to a ticket of admission to all the meetings held in connection with the Annual Conference ; they also receive a discount of 25 per cent. on accounts amounting to over 5s. if paid within three months, while orders under that sum are sent to them post free. These privileges do not extend to those whose subscriptions are more than a year in arrear. Subscribers of not less than One Guinea are entitled to receive, if they desire it, every publication of the Society priced at 6d. or under, issued during the year for which the subscription is paid. The existence and increase of the work of the Society is dependent on the number of Members and *punctual* payment of subscriptions. Donations, however small, will be gratefully received. Members wishing to collect such sums are requested to communicate with the Hon. Sec. Associates' Fund, 69 Southwark Bridge Road, S.E.

DEPOTS: 69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, S.E. ;
245 BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. ; 22 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

Bound Volumes (cloth), Suitable for Lending Libraries, Prizes, etc.

The Catholic Magazine. Vols. 2-5 (each complete in itself), 4s. 6d. each, or the set for 16s.

Price Seven Shillings and Sixpence.

Meditations on Christian Dogma. By the Right Rev. Dr. Bellord. With an Introduction by Cardinal Vaughan. 2 vols.

Price Three Shillings and Sixpence.

A Short History of the Catholic Church in England: with Preface by Bishop Brownlow. New edition.

Hymns for the Ecclesiastical Year. With accompanying Tunes. 3s. 6d. net. (Words only, 3d.)

Life of Blessed Sebastian Valfré. By Lady Amabel Kerr.

St. Peter, his Name, his Office, and his See. By T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G.

St. Edmund's College Chapel: with numerous illustrations. By Monsignor Ward.

Price Three Shillings.

Essays on Un-Natural History. By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.

Price Half-a-Crown each.

The Gospel Story for Catholic Homes. By B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A. Fully illustrated.

A Modern Galahad. By Mrs. Grange. (Boards, 1s 6d.)

A Mixed Marriage. By Lady Amabel Kerr.

The Life and Ministry of Jesus. By the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J. Cloth gilt, extra.

Under a Cloud and **Mère Gilette.** In 1 vol.

The Place of Dreams. By the Rev. Dr. Barry.

Ursel and other Stories. By Frances Maitland.

A Handful and other Stories. By the same.

Before Our Lord Came. By Lady Amabel Kerr. (New and fully illustrated edition.)

St. Peter, his Name and his Office. By T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G.

Claudius: a Sketch from the First Century. By C. M. Home.

The Thanes of Kent: a Tale of the Coming of St. Augustine. By the same.

Under the Red King: a Tale of the Times of St. Anselm. By the same.

Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. The Six Series in 3 vols., gilt extra, 2s. 6d. each.

Father Cuthbert's Curiosity Case. By the Rev. Langton G. Vere. Two Series in 1 vol.

The Holy Gospel according to St. Luke. With Introduction and Notes by Mgr. Ward.

The Holy Gospel according to St. John. With Introduction and Notes by the Very Rev. Canon M'Intyre.

The Church: or, What do Anglicans mean by the Church? By the Very Rev. Canon Bagshawe.

Price Half-a-Crown each (*continued*).

The Catholics of Ireland under the Penal Laws of the Eighteenth Century. By Cardinal Moran.
The Orange Society. By the Rev. H. W. Cleary.
The Condition of Catholics in England under Charles II. Translated from the French of the Comtesse de Courson by Mrs. F. Raymond Barker.
The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. Translated from the French. With a Preface by Cardinal Vaughan.
The Early History of the Church of God. By Bishop Brownlow.
A Book of Oratorios, with Discourses. Compiled by the Rev. R. Eaton.

Two Shillings each.

Cobbett's History of the Protestant Reformation. Edited by Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B. Net.
The Value of Life. By Mrs. W. A. Burke.
The End of Religious Controversy. By Bishop Milner. Edited by Dr. Rivington. (Wrapper, 1s. net.)
A Spanish Crucifix. By Ymâl Oswin.
Unravelled Convictions. By the same.
A Hundred Readings intended chiefly for the Sick. With Preface by the Archbishop of Westminster. (Wrapper, 1s. net.)
The Pope and the People: Select Letters and Addresses on Social Questions by Pope Leo XIII. With Preface by C. S. Devas.

Eighteenpence each.

The Price of the Pearl and Revenge.
The See of St. Peter. By T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G.
The Eucharistic Month of Holy Scripture. By the Right Rev. Dr. Bellord. Printed in red and black, bound in leather.
To Calvary through the Mass. By the Rev. Eric W. Leslie, S.J.
Carmen's Secret. By Baroness Pauline von Hügel.
The New Utopia. By Miss Drane (Mother Francis Raphael).
Rosary Meditations. By the Very Rev. Canon Bagshawe.
Stories on the Beatitudes. By L. E. Dobrée.
Breviary Hymns and Missal Sequences. Translated by the Bishop of Nottingham.
The Holy Gospels. Cloth gilt, elegant.
"Forgive us our Trespasses." By Mother M. Loyola.
Some Stories. By Clara Mulholland (for list see p. 33).
Herbert Greville's Christmas Box, and other Tales. By C. M. Home.
"You did it unto Me": Stories on the Corporal Works of Mercy. By L. E. Dobrée.
Where Saints have Trod: Some Studies in Ascetism. By M. D. Petre. With Preface by Rev. G. Tyrrell, S.J. (Wrapper, 1s.)
Chronicles of Semperton. By Joseph Carmichael.
Love and Self-Sacrifice. By Lady Herbert.

COLLECTED PUBLICATIONS OF THE SOCIETY.

One Shilling each.

Fifty-three Volumes are at present issued in this Series.

VOL. I.

Socialism. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.
The Passion of our Lord in the Words of the Gospels.
The Catholic's Library of Poems. No. I.
St. George, Protector of England. By the Rev. J. W. Reeks.
St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland. By the Very Rev. Canon Ryan.
The Continuity of the English Church. By Very Rev. Canon Croft.
Church Defence—First Series.
Evolution run Wild. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. I.

VOL. II.

The Blessed Sacrament the Centre of Truth. By Cardinal Manning.
The Church of Old England. By the Rev. J. D. Breen, O.S.B.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. II.
The Catholic's Library of Poems. No. II.
A Voice from the Dead. By the Count de Montalembert.
St. Bede, Monk and Mass-Priest. By the late Bishop of Hexham.
Queen Mary. By G. Ambrose Lee.
Don Bosco. By Mrs. Raymond Barker.
"Church Defence." Second Series.

VOL. III.

Ven. Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel. By G. Ambrose Lee.
Blessed Thomas More. By the Hon. Justice O'Hagan.
The Scottish Reformation. By the Archbishop of Glasgow.
Who are the Workers? By Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.
Modern Socialists and the Catholic Church. By A. H. Atteridge
Ven. Edmund Arrowsmith. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. III.
The Catholic's Library of Poems. No. III.
The Ceremonies of Holy Week explained.
Questions and Answers.
A Scriptural Life of the Blessed Virgin. By the Rev. W. H. Cologan.

VOL. IV.

The English Martyrs. By the Rev. John Morris, S.J.
A Story Book for St. Patrick's Day.
The Holy Rosary. By the Very Rev. Canon Ryan.
St. Ignatius Loyola. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
A Book of Irish Poems. Edited by James Britten.
Transubstantiation. By the Rev. J. F. Splaine, S.J.
Purgatory. By the Rev. W. H. Cologan.
What are they doing at the Altar?
St. Columba. By the Rev. John Golden.

VOL. V.

The Bible and the Reformation. By C. F. B. Allnatt.
B. Edmund Campion. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
A Story Book for Our Lady's Month.
The Old Religion in England. By the Rev. P. Lynch.
Poems for Our Lady's Month. Edited by James Britten.
"Outside the Church there is no Salvation." By Rev. H. I. Ryder.
Ven. John Ogilvie, S.J. By Mrs. Francis Kerr.
Before and after Gunpowder Plot. By E. Healy Thompson.
Does the Catholic Church suppress the Second Commandment?
Faith and Reason. By the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S.J.

VOL. VI.

Pope Leo XIII. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. VII.
St. Thomas of Canterbury. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
Was Barlow a Bishop? By Mr. Serjeant Bellasis.
The Faith of the Ancient English Church concerning the Holy Eucharist. By the Very Rev. J. S. Provost Northcote.
The Catholic's Library of Poems. No. VII.
King Henry VIII. and the Royal Supremacy.
St. Francis of Sales. By the Very Rev. Canon Mackey.
The Present Position of Catholics in England: I.—Protestant View of the Catholic Church. By Cardinal Newman.

VOL. VII.

St. Benedict. By the Right Rev. Abbot Snow, O.S.B.
Positivism. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. IX.
St. Augustine, Apostle of England. By the Rev. A. J. Saxton.
St. Mary Magdalen and other Women of the New Testament.
The Catholic's Library of Poems. No. VIII.
The Abuse of Indulgences.
The English and Foreign Reformation.
A Letter to the Working Men of England.
Popery on every Coin of the Realm.
The Present Position of Catholics in England: II.—Tradition the Sustaining Power of the Protestant View. By Card. Newman.

VOL. VIII.

Ven. Margaret Clitheroe. By the Rev. A. B. Gurdon.
Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries. By Cardinal Manning.
St. Francis of Assisi. By the Rev. Jarlath Prendergast, O.S.F.
Papal Supremacy and Infallibility. By Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. X.
B. Clement Hofbauer. By Rev. O. R. Vassall, C.SS.R. [Cologan.
Total Abstinence from a Catholic Point of View. By Rev. W. H.
The Present Position of Catholics in England: III.—Fable the Basis of the Protestant View. By Cardinal Newman.

VOL. IX.

Archbishop Ullathorne.
The Church Catholic. By B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A.
Why in Latin? By the Rev. G. Bampfield.
The Little Sisters of the Poor. By the Right Rev. Mgr. Connelly.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XI.
Mary Queen of Scots. By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott.
Episcopal Jurisdiction in Bristol. By the Bishop of Clifton.
Dame Marion Boyd. By the Archbishop of Glasgow.
The Present Position of Catholics in England: IV.—True Testimony unequal to the Protestant View. By Cardinal Newman.

VOL. X.

Father Mathew. By the Rev. W. H. Cologan.
How to Help the Sick and Dying.
Father Damien, the Apostle of the Lepers.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XII.
St. Columbanus. By the Rev. John Golden.
The Present Position of Catholics in England: VI.—Prejudice the Life of the Protestant View. By Cardinal Newman.

VOL. XI.

Mary Howitt. By James Britten.
The Mass. By B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A.

VOL. XI.—(*continued*).

The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XIII.
Father Olivaint: a Martyr of the Commune.
Before and after the Reformation.
The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau.
Ven. Julie Billiart.
The Present Position of Catholics in England: VII.—Assumed Principles the Intellectual Ground of the Protestant View. By Cardinal Newman.

VOL. XII.

St. Brigid. By Mrs. Atkinson.
The Faith of the Ancient English Church about the B. Virgin.
St. Vincent Ferrer. By the Rev. B. Wilberforce, O.P.
Helen Forsyth, or a Shadowed Life. By H. M. Lushington.
Church Defence. Series III.
Ven. Oliver Plunket. By the Rev. O. R. Vassall, C.SS.R.
The Present Position of Catholics in England: VIII.—Ignorance concerning Catholics the protection of the Protestant View. By Cardinal Newman.

VOL. XIII.

Cardinal Newman. By the Rev. Dr. Barry.
Extracts from St. Irenæus on the Church, etc. By C. F. B. Allnatt.
B. Juvenal Ancina. By the Rev. John Morris, S.J.
Our National Vice. By Cardinal Manning.
The Catholic Church and the Bible.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XIV.
St. Vincent de Paul. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
The Present Position of Catholics in England: IX.—Duty of Catholics towards the Protestant View. By Cardinal Newman.

VOL. XIV.

Blessed Peter and the English People. By Cardinal Vaughan.
The Curé d'Ars. By Lady Herbert.
The Three Claims. By the Very Rev. Canon Moyes.
The Holy Coat of Trèves. By the same.
St. Catherine of Siena.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XV.
Leo XIII. on the Conditions of Labour. By Cardinal Manning.
The Last Retreat of Père Olivaint. By L. C. Skey.
A Poor Man's Notion of the Church. By Rev. J. B. Morrall, O.S.B.

VOL. XV.

The False Decretals. By the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J.
St. Cuthbert. By Mrs. Francis Kerr.
Woman's Work in African Missions. By Edith Renouf.
Was St. Aidan an Anglican? By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XVI.
St. Gregory. By the Rev. A. J. Saxton.
The Drink Traffic. By the Rev. W. H. Cologan.
Twelve Facts proving that the English Church before the Reformation was Roman Catholic. By Very Rev. Canon Moyes.
St. Peter Claver. By the Rev. F. Sola, S.J.

VOL. XVI.

Miracle. By C. Kegan Paul, M.A.
The Immuring of Nuns. By the Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.
St. Margaret of Cortona.
Pilgrimages. By the Rev. G. Bampfield.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XVII.
St. Aloysius. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.

VOL. XVI.—(*continued*).

The Catholic Church. By the Rev. W. Gildea, D.D.
Frederick Ozanam. By B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A.

VOL. XVII.

St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572. By Rev. William Loughnan, S.J.
St. Elizabeth of Hungary. By Elizabeth Mathew.
Readings in Catholic Doctrine. [S. F. Smith, S.J.
How "the Church of England washed her Face." By the Rev.
St. Pius V.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XVIII.
Mr. Collette as a Historian. By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.
St. Anselm. By Mrs. Ward.

VOL. XVIII.

St. Dominic. By the Rev. W. Lescher, O.P.
The Holy Angels.
A Flag of Truce. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
St. Helen. By M. E. James.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XIX.
The Gordon Riots. By Lionel Johnson, B.A.
Alexis de Clerc. By Lady Amabel Kerr.

VOL. XIX.

St. Teresa. By David Lewis, M.A.
The True History of Maria Monk.
The Spanish Inquisition. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
St. Alphonsus Liguori.
A Workhouse Concert. By L. E. Dobrée.
Readings in Catholic Doctrine, 4–5.
Adolf Kolping. By Ellis Schreiber.
Monks and Nuns. By the Very Rev. Canon Foran.

VOL. XX.

St. Francis Xavier.
The Huguenots. By the Rev. W. Loughnan, S.J.
The Revival of the Catholic Faith in England. By C. T. Gatty.
Théophane Vénard. By Lady Herbert.
Uncle Luke's Legacy. By L. E. Dobrée.
Abstinence and Moderation. By C. Kegan Paul, M.A.
Ellen Golding, the "Rescued Nun." By Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.

VOL. XXI.

St. Thomas Aquinas.
The Church and the Catacombs. By B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A.
The Myth of the Walled-up Nun. By the Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.
St. Zita. By Lady Herbert.
Comforted. By L. E. Dobrée.
Religious Education in England in the 14th and 15th Centuries. By Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B.
Auguste Marceau. By Lady Amabel Kerr.
Why I left the Church of England. By James Britten.

VOL. XXII.

Augustus Henry Law, Sailor and Jesuit.
Our Lady's Dowry. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
Dick's Desire. By L. E. Dobrée.
St. Margaret of Scotland. By Mrs. Morgan Morgan.
Points of Anglican Controversy.
Christian Aspects of the Labour Question. By Abbot Snow, O.S.B.
Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. By the Rev. G. Bampfield.
The Five Dominican Martyrs in China.

VOL. XXIII.

Leo XIII. on the Reunion of Christendom.
A Siberian Priest. By Lady Herbert.
Mixed Marriages. By Archbishop Ullathorne.
Continuity Reconsidered. By J. Hobson Matthews.
Coals of Fire. By L. E. Dobrée.
How I came Home. By Lady Herbert.
The Church and the Printing Press. By the Rev. Dr. Casartelli.
St. Edmund of Canterbury. By the Rev. W. Le Grave.
Calumnies against Convents. By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.

VOL. XXIV.

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina. [Wiseman.
The Anglican Claim of Apostolical Succession. By Cardinal
Reapers for the Harvest. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
A Paragon of Perfection. By L. E. Dobrée.
The Doctrine of Intention. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
The Reunion of Christendom. By Cardinal Vaughan.
The Carthusian Martyrs. By Dom Lawrence Hendriks.

VOL. XXV.

The Book of Common Prayer and the Mass. By Rev. R. C. Laing.
Blessed Margaret Mary. By Lady Amabel Kerr.
The Cures at Lourdes. By J. R. Gasquet, M.B.
Thistledown. By L. E. Dobrée.
Our Church Music. By W. Jacobskötter.
Dom Maurice Chauncy. By Dom Lawrence Hendriks.
Faith and Reason. By the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S.J.
Geographical Catholicism. By the Rev. George Angus.
Sacred Ceremonies. [Paul, M.A.
The Seven Holy Founders of the Servite Order. By C. Kegan

VOL. XXVI.

Apostolic Letter of Pope Leo XIII. to the English People.
St. Frances of Rome. [Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
Dr. Littledale and the Disappearance of the Papacy. By the
The One Thing Needful. By the Rev. George Angus.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XX.
The Sacrifices of Masses.
Ven. Edward Oldcorne, S.J. By the Rev. J. G. MacLeod, S.J.
Fair Treatment for Honest Work. By Abbot Snow, O.S.B.
Dean Farrar and Good Friday. By Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.

VOL. XXVII.

The Way to the Reunion of Christendom. By Cardinal Vaughan.
St. Antony of Padua. By C. Kegan Paul.
England and the Blessed Virgin. By Mgr. Connelly.
Worth While. By L. E. Dobrée.
Mr. Collette as a Controversialist. By F. W. Lewis.
The Revival of Liturgical Services. By the Rev. W. H. Kirwan.
Father Hermann. By Mrs. Liebich.
The Teaching of the Twelve. By B. F. C. Costelloe.

VOL. XXVIII.

Cardinal Manning. [Procter, O.P.
Savonarola and the Reformation. By the Very Rev. John
The Rock of Ages: a Story.
Another Mexican Myth. By the Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.
Ven. John Thules. By Mgr. Gradwell.
Dean Farrar on the Pope's Letter. By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.

VOL. XXIX.

Father Hermann. By Mrs. Franz Liebich.
The Church and Labour. By Abbot Snow, O.S.B.
Christian Priesthood. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
Thoughts for the Sick-room.
Does the Pope claim to be God? By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
Nine of our Martyrs. By the Rev. Gilbert Dolan, O.S.B.
The Mission Field of the Nineteenth Century. By Card. Moran.
Mr. Collette on St. Peter. By C. F. B. Allnatt.

VOL. XXX.

The Encyclical 'Satis Cognitum' (on the Unity of the Church).
Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln. By Mgr. Robinson.
St. Peter's Primacy and the Royal Supremacy. By T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XXIII. [Rivington.
The Conversion of Cardinal Newman. By the Rev. Luke
Mother Margaret Hallahan. By Lady Amabel Kerr.
How to become a Catholic.
Why do Catholics pray to the Saints?

VOL. XXXI.

Letter Apostolic of Leo XIII. concerning Anglican Orders.
Leo XIII. and the Reunion of Christendom. By Card. Vaughan.
St. Rose of Lima.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 1.
England and the Holy Eucharist. By Mgr. Connelly.
The Catholic Sick-room. By the Rev. J. F. Splaine, S.J.
St. Stanislaus Kostka.
But They Don't!

VOL. XXXII.

The Bull on Anglican Orders. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 2.
The Drunkard. By Archbishop Ullathorne.
Modern Science and Ancient Faith. By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.
St. Wilfrid. By the Rev. W. Dallow.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XXIV.
The Ember Days. By Dom Columba Edmonds, O.S.B.
Ought we to honour Mary? By the Rev. J. F. Splaine, S.J.
Chiniquy.
The Protestant Alliance.

VOL. XXXIII.

The Anglican Archbishops and the Pope. By Cardinal Vaughan.
Church Music. By the Bishop of Newport.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XXV.
The Catholic Church in Japan. By the Rev. Dr. Casartelli.
Bishop Challoner. By the Rev. E. H. Burton.
Rome and the Bible. By the Rev. T. Donnelly, S.J.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 3.

VOL. XXXIV.

The Coming of St. Augustine. By Venerable Bede.
Why I became a Catholic. By H. E. Chapman, M.A.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 4. [S.J.
The Alleged "Failures" of Infallibility. By the Rev. Charles Coupe,
The True Story of Barbara Ubryk. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XXVI.

VOL. XXXIV.—(*continued*).

No Sacrifice, No Priest ; or, Why Anglican Orders were Condemned. By the Rev. A. S. Barnes. [Bampfield, B.A.
Sergeant Jones and his Talks about Confession. By the Rev. G.

VOL. XXXV.

Confessio Viatoris. By C. Kegan Paul, M.A.
The Mission of St. Augustine. By Abbot Gasquet.
Folk-lore ex Cathedra.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 5.
St. Edmund, King and Martyr. By J. A. Floyd, B.A. [field.
Cannot, or which Church believes the Bible ? By the Rev. G. Bamp-
The Immaculate Conception. By the same.
An Enemy of the Race. By Sir Andrew Clarke.

VOL. XXXVI.

Father Thomas Burke, O.P.
The Landing of St. Augustine. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
The Second Spring. By Cardinal Newman.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 6.
Garcia Moreno, President of Ecuador. By the Rev. T. J. Gerrard.
Persecution. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J. [de Zulueta, S.J.
Bessie's Black Puddings ; or, the Bible Only. By the Rev. F. M.
The Truth about Convents. By James Britten, K.S.G.

VOL. XXXVII.

Bishop Milner. By the Rev. E. H. Burton.
The Relics of the True Cross. By the Rev. James Bellord.
Christ upon the Waters. By Cardinal Newman.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 7.
Indifferentism. By the Rev. Charles Coupe, S.J.
St. Peter Fourier. By the Very Rev. A. Allaria, D.D.

VOL. XXXVIII.

The Iron Virgin of Nuremberg. By the Rev. H. Lucas, S.J.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 8.
The Age of the Sun. By the Rev. A. J. Cortie, S.J.
Mother Mary Teresa Dubouché. By Edith Renouf. [Bowden.
A Simple Dictionary for Catholics. Edited by the Rev. C. H.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. No. XXVII.
The Slatterys. By James Britten, K.S.G.

VOL. XXXIX.

England's Dedication and the Angelus. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
The Catholic's Library of Tales, No. XXVIII.
Chats with Deacon Douglas. By the Rev. G. Bampfield. [B.A.
The Reformation at St. Martin's, Leicester. By Dudley Baxter,
The Hungarian Confession of Faith. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 9.
"I go straight to Christ." By the Rev. F. M. de Zulueta, S.J.

VOL. XL. [Cardinal Newman.

The Analogy between the Mysteries of Nature and of Grace. By
Monsieur Olier. By the Right Rev. Dr. Bellord.
Aunt Marcia's Conversion. By Frances Noble. [O.S.B.
Christian Democracy before the Reformation. By Abbot Gasquet,
The Meaning and Aim of Christian Democracy. By C. S. Devas, M.A.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 10.
Why in Latin ? By the Rev. George Bampfield.
The Art of Lying. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.

VOL. XLI.

Cardinal Wiseman.
A Lifelong Battle. By the Rev. G. Bampfield.
Anglican Prejudices against the Catholic Church. By Lady Herbert.
The Public Spirit of the Catholic Laity. By the Bishop of Newport.
Celibacy. By C. Kegan Paul. [Britten, K.S.G.
Mr. S. J. Abbott and the Convent Enquiry Society. By James
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 11.

VOL. XLII.

St. Edward the Confessor. By A. Streeter.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 12. [Bampfield.
Carpenter Lynes; or, The Mother and the Son. By the Rev. George
What is Benediction? By the Rev. F. M. de Zulueta, S.J. [O.S.B.
The Layman in the Pre-Reformation Parish. By Abbot Gasquet,
The Layman in the Church. By the Rev. Dr. Barry.
Father Cuthbert's Curiosity Case. By the Rev. L. G. Vere. No. 1.

VOL. XLIII.

The Work of the Catholic Laity in England. By Cardinal Vaughan.
St. Sebastian. By the Rev. John Procter, O.P. [ham.
The Catholic Church in the Scriptures. By the Bishop of Notting-
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 13.
Father Dominic and the Conversion of England. By Dom Bede
Camm, O.S.B. [Rev. Mgr. Campbell.
The Dogmatic Teaching of the Roman Catacombs. By the Right
Luther and Tetzel. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
Pilgrimages.

VOL. XLIV.

The Religious State of Catholic Countries no Prejudice to the Sanctity of the Church. By Cardinal Newman.
The Social State of Catholic Countries no Prejudice to the Sanctity of the Church. By Cardinal Newman.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 14.
A North Country Martyr. By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B.
For Christ's Sake. By Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C.
The Popular Use of the Scriptures. By Father Anselm, O.S.F.C.
The Church and Bible-reading. By B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A.
A Chat in the Train. By F. B. Lord.
The Child Guest. By the Rev. G. Bampfield.
The Conversion of Miss Drane. By the Rev. B. Wilberforce, O.P.

VOL. XLV.

The Coronation Oath. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
Nano Nagle.
The Help of the Laity. By the Rev. John Norris.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 16.
The Renaissance. By the Author of "The Life of a Prig."
Father Cuthbert's Curiosity Case. By the Rev. L. G. Vere. No. 2.
A Martyr of Japan, Father Mastrilli, S.J. By Ymâl Oswin.

VOL. XLVI.

Canon Bathurst. By Fr. Bernard Wilberforce, O.P. [Vaughan.
The Protestant Rule of Faith an Impossible One. By Mgr. John S.
Wilfulness and its Consequences. By Lady Herbert.
The Conservative Genius of the Church. By Wilfrid Ward.
Jesuit Obedience. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
The Setting of a Great Hope. By C. M. Home.
St. Simon Stock. By Mrs. Franz Liebich. [Carmont.
The First Experiment in Civil and Religious Liberty. By James

VOL. XLVII.

Catholic Progress under Queen Victoria.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 18.
The Conversion of Cardinal Manning. By Aimée Sewell.
Cranmer and Anne Boleyn. By the Rev. J. Stevenson, S.J.
The Monastic State. By the Bishop of Newport.
St. Bede. By Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B.
Father Cuthbert's Curiosity Case. By the Rev. L. G. Vere. No. 3.
"The Jesuit Oath." By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.

VOL. XLVIII.

The Pallium. By the Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.
How to Look for the True Church. By Mgr. J. S. Vaughan.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 19.
"Convocation" never a Canonical Synod. By W. D. Gainsford.
St. Rita of Cascia. By Lady Herbert.
Ruthven *v.* De Bom (Judge's Summing-up).
Father Cuthbert's Curiosity Case. By the Rev. L. G. Vere. No. 4.
Rescue Work. By Lady Edmund Talbot.

VOL. XLIX.

St. Charles Borromeo. By M. S. B. Malins.
The Prospects of Catholicism. By the Rev. Dr. Barry.
Wayside Tales. No. 20. By Lady Herbert.
The French Associations Bill. By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.
Christian Civilization and the Perils that threaten it. By Archbishop Ryan.
The Ban of the Harringtons. By C. M. Home.
Bishop Talbot. By the Rev. E. H. Burton.
The Carmelites of Compiègne. By the Comtesse de Courson.

VOL. L.†

Was St. Peter Bishop of Rome? By C. F. B. Allnatt.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. Nos. IV. and VIII.
The Catholic's Library of Poems. No. IV.
Blessed John Fisher. By the Rev. W. H. Cologan.
189: or, the Church of Old England protests. By Rev. J. D. Breen.
Why should we remember the Fifth of November?
The Popes and the English Church. By the Rev. W. Waterworth.
St. Philip Neri. By G. Ambrose Lee.

VOL. LI.

Father Faber (with portrait).
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 22.
The Last Voice of the Old Hierarchy.
St. Hugh of Lincoln.
The Working Man's Apostolate. By F. Cuthbert, O.S.F.C.
A Saint in Algeria. By Lady Herbert.
Bogeys and Scarecrows. By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.
Into the Way of Peace. By C. M. Home.

VOL. LII.

Bishop Brownlow. By the Rev. Vincent M'Nabb, O.P. (with portrait).
The Society of Jesus. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 22.
King Alfred. By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott.
"The End justifies the Means." By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.
The Old Religion. By the Rev. V. Hornyold, S.J.
The Jesuit Libel Case: Vaughan *v.* "The Rock."

† Numbered IXa. in former lists.

VOL. LIII.

Daniel O'Connell. By M. S. B. Malins (with portrait).
The Priest-Hunters. By Lady Amabel Kerr.
What the Catholic Church is, and what she teaches. By the Rev. E. Hull, S.J.
Our Church Music. By R. R. Terry.
The Secret Instructions of the Jesuits. By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 25.
St. Bernardine of Siena. By the Rev. F. Stanislaus, O.S.F.C.
Is there Salvation outside the Church? By Monsignor John Vaughan.

SOME PROTESTANT FICTIONS EXPOSED.

First Series: Containing:—

All about Monks and Nuns. By the Very Rev. Canon Foran.
Calumnies against Convents. By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.
The Immuring of Nuns. By the Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.
Mr. Rider Haggard and the Myth of the Walled-up Nun.
The True History of Maria Monk.
Ellen Golding, the "Rescued Nun." By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
Mr. Collette as a Historian. By the same.
Does the End justify the Means? By the same.

Second Series: Containing:—

Does the Pope claim to be God? By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
Mr. Collette as a Controversialist. By F. W. Lewis.
Another Mexican Myth. By the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J.
The True Story of Barbara Ubryk. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
Rome and the Bible. By the Rev. T. Donnelly, S.J.
The Truth about Convents. By James Britten, K.S.G.
The Alleged Failures of Infallibility. By the Rev. C. Coupe, S.J.
The Gunpowder Plot. By the Rev. J. Gerard, S.J.

CONCERNING JESUITS.

The Jesuits. By the Comtesse de Courson.
The Jesuits. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.
The Jesuits' Oath. By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.
The "Monita Secreta." By the same.
Bogeys and Scarecrows. By the same.
"The End justifies the Means." By the same.
Jesuit Obedience. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
The Jesuit Libel Case: Vaughan *v.* "The Rock."
The Jesuit Plot for the Destruction of our Liberties.

THE CHURCH OF OLD ENGLAND.

VOL. I.

The Church of Old England. By the Rev. J. D. Breen, O.S.B.
The Continuity of the English Church. By Very Rev. Canon Croft.
The Popes and the English Church. By the Rev. W. Waterworth.
A Voice from the Dead. By the Count de Montalembert.
Was St. Peter Bishop of Rome? By C. F. B. Allnatt.
"Church Defence": Notes on the History of the Church in England.

VOL. II.

Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries. By Cardinal Manning.
Papal Supremacy and Infallibility. By Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J
The Bible and the Reformation. By C. F. B. Allnatt.
Was Barlow a Bishop? By Serjeant Bellasis.
Before and after Gunpowder Plot. By E. Healy Thompson.

189: or, the Church of Old England protests. By Rev. J. D. Breen.
The English Church and the Holy Eucharist. By Provost Northcote.
King Henry VIII. and the Royal Supremacy.
Popery on every Coin of the Realm.
A Letter to the Working Men of England.

VOL. III.

The Conversion of England. By H. E. Cardinal Vaughan.
Rome's Witness against Anglican Orders. By Rev. S. F. Smith.
The Revival of the Faith in England. By C. T. Gatty.
Why I left the Church of England. By James Britten.
Before and after the Reformation.
The Foreign and English "Reformation."
Why should we remember the Fifth of November?
The Truth about the Reformation.
England's Title: Our Lady's Dowry. By Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.

VOL. IV.

Blessed Peter and the English People. By Cardinal Vaughan.
How the Church of England washed her Face. By Rev. S. F. Smith.
The English Church and the Blessed Virgin. By Provost Northcote.
Points of Anglican Controversy.
How I came Home. By Lady Herbert.
Continuity Reconsidered. By J. Hobson Matthews.

THE ANTIDOTE.

Edited by the Rev. John Gerard, S.J. Vol. I.

I.—Catholic Doctrine and Practice.
II.—Points of History.
III.—Current Topics.
IV.—Doctrinal.
V.—Anti-Catholic Prejudice and Credulity.
VI.—Jesuits.
VII.—The Pillory.

HISTORICAL PAPERS.

VOL. I.

The Spanish Inquisition. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
The False Decretals. By the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J.
Cranmer and Anne Boleyn. By the Rev. J. Stevenson, S.J.
The Pallium (illustrated). By the Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.
The Immuring of Nuns. By the same.
The Huguenots. By the Rev. W. Loughnan, S.J.

VOL. II.

How "the Church of England washed her Face." By Rev. S. F. Smith. S.J
St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572. By Rev. Wm. Loughnan, S.J.
The Rood of Boxley. By Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
The First Experiment in Civil and Religious Liberty.
Was St. Aidan an Anglican? By Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.
The Gordon Riots. By Lionel Johnson, B.A.

VOL. III.

The Great Schism of the West. By Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
Rome's Witness against Anglican Orders. By the same.
The Book of Common Prayer and the Mass. By Rev. R. C. Laing.
Religious Instruction in England during the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries. By Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B.
England's Title: Our Lady's Dowry: its History and Meaning. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.

VOL. IV.

Dr. Littledale's Theory of the Disappearance of the Papacy. By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J. [Thurston, S.J.
Dean Farrar on the Observance of Good Friday. By the Rev. Herbert
Savonarola and the Reformation. By the Very Rev. J. Procter, O.P.
Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln. By Mgr. W. Croke Robinson.

VOL. V.

The English Coronation Oath. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
Blessed Thomas Percy, Martyr, Earl of Northumberland. By the Rev. G. E. Phillips.
The Landing of St. Augustine. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
The Hungarian Confession. By the same.
The Reformation at St. Martin's, Leicester. By Dudley Baxter, B.A.

THE METHOD OF THEOLOGY

AND OTHER ESSAYS.

The Method of Theology. By Mgr. Mignot, Archbishop of Albi.
Church History and the Critical Spirit. By Hartman Grisar, S. J.
The Liberty of the Children of God. By the Abbé Hemmer.
The Temperament of Doubt. By M. D. Petre.
Devotional Essays. By the same:—Prayer: Mass: Communion: Confession.

CATHOLIC BIOGRAPHIES.

VOL. I.

St. Patrick.
St. George.
St. Bede.
B. Thomas More
Queen Mary.
Ven. Edmund Arrowsmith.
Don Bosco.
St. Columba.

VOL. II.

Ven. Philip Howard.
B. John Fisher.
Legends of St. Francis.
The English Martyrs.
B. Edmund Campion.
Ven. John Ogilvie, S.J.
St. Alphonsus Liguori.
St. Francis of Sales.

VOL. III.

Leo XIII.
St. Peter Claver.
St. Alphonsus Rodriguez.
St. Joan Berchmans.
St. Thomas of Canterbury.
St. Teresa.
St. Augustine.
St. Benedict.

VOL. IV.

Archbishop Ullathorne.
Dame Marion Boyd.
St. Philip Neri.
B. Clement Hofbauer.
St. Francis of Assisi.
Ven. Margaret Clitheroe.
Mary Queen of Scots.
St. Columbanus.

VOL. V.

Ven. Julie Billiart.
Father Damien.
Franz Witt.
St. Francis Xavier.
Father Mathew.
Brother Giles and Brother Juniper.
The Little Sisters of the Poor.
Mary Howitt.

VOL. VI.

Cardinal Newman.
Ven. Oliver Plunket.
St. Brigid.
St. Ignatius Loyola.
Father Olivaint.
St. Vincent Ferrer
B. Juvenal Ancina.

VOL. VII.

The Curé d'Ars.
St. Catherine of Siena.
St. Vincent de Paul.
Frederick Ozanam.
St. Aloysius
St. Zita.
Sœur Rosalie.
St. Cuthbert.

VOL. VIII.

St. Dominic.
Théophane Vénard.
St. Margaret, the Penitent of Cortona.
St. Pius V.
St. Anselm.
St. Elizabeth of Hungary.
St. Thomas Aquinas.
St. Rose of Lima.

VOL. IX.

St. Edmund of Canterbury
Augustus Henry Law. [China.
The Five Dominican Martyrs in
Alexis de Clerc.
Auguste Marceau.
St. Helen.
Adolf Kolping.
St. Margaret of Scotland.

VOL. X.

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina.
Blessed Margaret Mary.
Ven. John Thules.
St. Antony of Padua.
The Seven Holy Founders of the Servite Order.
St. Frances of Rome.
A Siberian Priest.
The Carthusian Martyrs.

VOL. XI.

Cardinal Manning.
Ven. Edward Oldcorne, S.J.
Bishop Challoner.
St. Stanislaus Kostka.
St. Wilfrid.
St. Guthlac.
Father Thomas Burke, O.P.

VOL. XII.

Bishop Milner.
St. Antoninus, Archbishop of Florence.
St. Peter Fourier.
St. Edmund, King and Martyr.
Mother Margaret Hallahan.
Dom Maurice Chauncy and Brother Hugh Taylor.
St. Gregory the Great.
Father Hermann.

VOL. XIII.

Cardinal Wiseman.
St. Edward the Confessor.
St. Sebastian.
Mother Mary Teresa Dubouché.
Garcia Moreno.
Nano Nagle.
Monsieur Olier.
Father Dominic and the Conversion of England

VOL. XIV.

St. Charles Porromeo.
St. Bernardine of Siena
King Alfred.
St. Aelred.
Bishop Talbot.

VOL. XIV. (*continued*).

Father Mastrilli, S.J.
Canon Bathurst.

VOL. XV.

Daniel O'Connell. By M. S. B. Malins.
Blessed Sebastian Valfré. By Lady Amabel Kerr.
St Simon Stock. By Mrs. Franz Liebich.
St. Hugh of Lincoln.
St. Rita of Cascia. By Lady Herbert.
The Carmelites of Compiègne. By the Comtesse de Courson.
St. Lioba.
St. Bede. By Abbot Gasquet.

Jesuit Biographies.

The Catholic's Library of Tales and Poems. Vols. I.–VI

The English Martyrs. Two Vols.

A Mother's Sacrifice. By A. M. Clarke.

Science or Romance? By Rev. J. Gerard, S.J.

Science and Scientists. By the same.

Evolutionary Philosophy and Common Sense. By the same. (For contents of the three foregoing, see p. 26.)

Fifty Catholic Tracts. (Boards.)

Forty Catholic Tracts. (Boards.)

The Ministry of Jesus. By Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J.

The Life of Jesus. By the same [contents see p. 32.)

Stories of the Seven Sacraments. By L. E. Dobrée. (For

A Sevenfold Treasure. By the same.

The Trial of Margaret Brereton. By Pleydell North.

Mère Gilette. By the Author of "An Old Marquise."

Father Perry, the Jesuit Astronomer. By the Rev A. L. Cortie, S.J. (Boards 1s.)

Under a Cloud. By M. F. S.

The Little Flowers of St. Francis.

The Tug of War. By L. E. Dobrée.

A Runaway Marriage. By Mrs. William Maude. [Boards.

The Temperance Speeches of Cardinal Manning.

Joan of Arc. By Lady Amabel Kerr. Wrapper 1s.; cloth 1s. 6d.

Ethics or Anarchy. By B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A. Wrapper; cloth, 1s. 6d. [S.J. Net.

Manual of Prayers for Youth. Edited by the Rev. J. Morris,

A Protestant Converted by her Bible and Prayer Book. By Mrs. Pittar.

Reasons for Rejecting Anglican Orders. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J. (Wrapper.)

Eight Lectures on the Position of Catholics in England. By Cardinal Newman. (Wrapper.)

The End of Religious Controversy. By Bishop Milner. Edited by the Rev. Dr. Rivington. (Wrapper, net.)

Cardinal Manning. By J. R. Gasquet (Portraits).

The Reunion of Christendom. (See p. 26.)

Wayside Tales. Six Series. By Lady Herbert. 1s. each.

Mirli's Ring. By Margaret E. Merriman.

Companion to the Encyclical 'Satis Cognitum.' By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J. [Vere. Three vols.

Father Cuthbert's Curiosity Case. By the Rev. L. G.

The Value of Life. By Mrs. W. A. Burke. (Wrapper.)

A Spanish Crucifix and other Tales. By Ymâl Oswin.

Garden of the Soul. Printed in red and black.

The Eucharistic Month of Holy Scripture. By the Right Rev. Dr. Bellord. (Paper Boards.)

Mensis Eucharisticus (The above in Latin). By the same. (Wrapper.)
Cobbett's History of the Protestant Reformation. Edited by Abbot Gasquet. Net. [Howitt.
Three Converts: Father Thayer, Miss Trail, and Mrs.
The Second Epistle to the Corinthians. With Introduction and Notes by the Rev. R. D. Byles.
Catholics and Nonconformists; or Dialogues on Conversion. By the Bishop of Clifton.
Arundel Hymns. Edited by the Duke of Norfolk and C. T. Gatty, F.S.A. Parts I. to VII., each 1s. net.
Rosary Meditations. By the Very Rev. Canon Bagshawe.
The Gospel according to St. Luke. With Introduction and Notes by Mgr. Ward (abridged edition).
Protestant Fiction. By James Britten, K.S.G.
Outlines of Meditation. By the Right Rev. Dr. Bellord
Protestant Belief. By J. Herbert Williams.
Christian Argument. By the same.
The Church of the Revelation. By the same.
The Land of Mist and Mountain. By Katherine Tynan.
The Land I love Best. By the same.
Led by a Dream, and other Tales. By the same.
Sister Chatelain; or Forty Years' Work in Westminster. Edited by Lady Amabel Kerr.
The Catholic Temperance Reader. By the Rev. W. H. Cologan and Sir Francis Cruise, M.D.
Where is the Church? By the Rev. Charles Coupe, S.J.
Poor Dear Ann. By the Prig.
The Holy Gospels. In one volume. Cloth, 1s.; cloth gilt, 1s. net.
Some Converts. Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Manning, Canon Bathurst, C. Kegan Paul, James Britten, Lady Herbert, Augusta Drane, Mary Howitt.
First Confession. By Mother M Loyola.
The Marigold Stories. By Lady Gilbert.
Before Our Lord Came. By Lady Amabel Kerr [Bampfield.
Guide-Posts on the Road to Truth. By the Rev. G.
The Faith of Old England. By the Rev. V. Hornyold, S.J.
Hymns and Verses. By Lady Catherine Petre.
Havelok the Dane. An Old English Romance, rendered into later English by Emily M. P. Hickey. [Kerr.
Lives of the Saints for Children. Vol. I. By Lady Amabel
The Pope and the People: Select Letters and Addresses on Social Questions by Pope Leo XIII. (Wrapper.)
By the Merest Chance: a Story. By S. M. Lyne.
A Short History of the Catholic Church in England.
A Simple Cyclopædia for Catholics. [By Abbot Gasquet.
Virgin Saints of the Benedictine Order.
A Bible Picture-Book. Text by Lady Amabel Kerr.

Tenpence.

Gleanings for Saints and Sinners about St. Mary Magdalen. By Fr. Pius Cavanagh, O.P.

Ninepence, *net.*

The Guide to Heaven. For the use of those at sea.

Eightpence.

Anglican Fallacies: or, Lord Halifax on Reunion. By the Rev. Dr. Rivington.
Catholica. By B. F. C. Costelloe.

Sixpence each.

The Catholic's Temperance Library. Vol. I.
The Fourfold Difficulty of Anglicanism.
Stories for Christmas.
Gradus ad fidem: or, the Logic of Faith.
The Catholic's Library of Tales. Vols. I.–VI.
The Catholic's Library of Poems. Vols. I. and II.
Prayer; Confession; Holy Communion. By Mgr. de Segur. 6d. net.
The Pope and the Bible. By Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J.
The Existence of God. By the same.
Revenge: a Tale. By F. B. Lord.
Per Parcel Post: a Tale. By L. E. Dobrée.
A Few Flowers from St. Francis's Garden.
Life of the Curé d'Ars. By Kathleen O'Meara.
Life of St. Monica. By Lady Herbert.
Ireland's Spiritual Shamrock: being Lives of St. Patrick, St. Brigid, and St. Columba.
The Price of the Pearl. By Baroness P. von Hügel.
Roman Claims. By the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S.J.
Dean Farrar and the Catholic Church.
The Weekly Communicant. By the Rev. R. F. Clarke S.J.
Leading Events in Church History. Parts I. and II., 6d. each, net. Part III., 8d. net. Part IV., 1s. net.
A Life's Struggle. By Lady Herbert.
A Simple Vesper Book. By Canon Connelly.
Poems on the Reunion of Christendom. Edited by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
The Religious Rights of the Catholic Poor. A Handbook for Poor Law Guardians. By William C. Maude, Barrister-at-law. Cloth, 6d. net.
Life of James, Earl of Derwentwater. By the Rev. C. H. Bowden.
Life of St. Wilfrid. By A. Streeter. With an introductory Essay by the Rev. Dr. Rivington.
A Key to Labour Problems. An adapted translation of Léon Harmel's 'Catéchisme du Patron.' By Virginia M. Crawford.
Report of the Catholic Conference, 1897.
Holy Childhood: a Prayer Book for Children.
Who was the Author of the 'Imitation of Christ'? By Sir Francis Cruise, D.L.
The Priest of the Eucharist (Père Eymard). By Lady Herbert.
Picture Prayer Book for Children (coloured). 6d. net.
Sacerdotalism. By Bishop Brownlow. (The two series bound together in cloth.)
Garden of the Soul. Pp. 576, cloth, red edges.
Before Our Lord Came. By Lady Amabel Kerr. (Wrapper.)
The Faith of Old England. By the Rev. V. Hornyold, S.J.
Where is the Church? By the Rev. C. Coupe, S.J. (Wrapper.) Net.
Short Verses on Scripture Thoughts.
The Coronation Ceremonial: its True History and Meaning. By the Rev. H. Thurston, S.J. Illustrated.

C.T.S. SIXPENNY SERIES (Net).

Cloth, gilt top, with marker.

A Little Book for Holy Communion: Containing the Lay Folk's Mass Book, the Jesus Psalter, and Prayers for Holy Communion from the Sarum Missal. [Home.

Catholic Customs: A Guide for Catholics in Church and at

The Convert's Guide, with Form for the Reception of a Convert. By E. C. B., author of "Home Truths for Mary's Children."

Prayers from Old English Sources. Selected and translated by Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B.

The Inner Life of St. Francis of Assisi. Adapted from the French of the Abbé Felix Vernet by F. Stanislaus, O.S.F.C.

A Bird's-eye View of Church History.

The Our Father and Hail Mary. By Jerome Savonarola, O.P. Edited by F. Bertrand Wilberforce, of the same Order.

Meditations on the Miserere. By the same.

The Love of Jesus. By the same.

Prayer and Mass Book.

Simple Prayer Book and Life of Our Lord. Red cloth, gilt.

Words on Wings: A Thought for Every Day in the Year. Compiled by Aimée Sewell.

Daily Readings for a Month. Compiled by Mrs. W. A. Burke.

Readings for Lent. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.

St. Augustine's Manual; or, Little Book of the Contemplation of Christ.

St. Francis and You. By F. Cuthbert, O.S.F.C.

Ecclesiastical Precepts in Reference to Church Music. By Provost Mitterer. Translated by W. Jacobskötter.

Some Prerogatives of Peter. By the Rev. W. R. Carson.

Fifty-Two Psalms. Selected and edited by the Rev. Hugh

A Handful of Myrrh. [Pope, O.P.

Night Thoughts for the Sick and Desolate.

A Christmas Sheaf: Verses for Christmas.

The Mass and its Folklore. By J. Hobson Matthews.

Simple Meditations on the Life of Our Lord. By Abbot Smith, O.S.B. First and Second Series. [By the same.

Meditations on the Passion for Weekly Communicants.

A City set on a Hill. By R. H. Benson, M.A.

A Bible Picture-Book. Text by Lady Amabel Kerr.

Spiritual Counsels from the Letters of Fénelon. Selected by Lady Amabel Kerr.

CATHOLIC ARTISTS SERIES.

Grey paper boards, with frontispiece, Sixpence each, net.

Fra Angelico. By V. M. Crawford.

Sandro Botticelli. By A. Streeter.

Fra Bartolommeo. By M. E. James.

Raphael. By V. M. Crawford.

Uniform with above.

Dante. By the Rev. H. S. Bowden.

THE CATHOLIC'S MINIATURE LIBRARY.

Seven Volumes. Sixpence each.

VOL. I.

How to Converse with God. By Père Boutauld, S.J.
Pearls from the Hidden Treasure. By St. Leonard of Port Maurice.
Conformity to the Will of God. By St. Alphonsus Liguori.

VOL. II. [Blessed Margaret Mary.

The Sacred Heart and the Holy Souls; selections from the Writings of the
Holy Maxims; from the Writings of Cardinal Manning.
Good Words from the Lips of the Curé d'Ars.
Words from the Worldly; or, Scriptural Jewels. By Percy Fitzgerald.

VOL. III.

To Calvary: a new method of making the Stations. Translated and abridged from the French of Père Abt, S.J. By L. M. Kenny.
A Day's Devotion in aid of the Suffering Souls. [Lercari, S.J.
Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament: or, the Eucharistic Month. By Father
The Jesus Psalter.

VOL. IV.

Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius arranged in Prayers.
Method of Mental Prayer. By the Rev. B. Wilberforce, O.P.
On Reading. By the Bishop of Newport.
Consummated Perfection. By St. Catherine of Siena.

VOL. V.

The Seven Words of Our Saviour upon the Cross. By F. Sabine Chambers, S.J.
Is Life Worth Living? By Archbishop Ullathorne.
The Holy Rosary in the New Testament.
A Little Manual for hearing Mass Spiritually.
Our Responsibility for Intemperance. By the Bishop of Newport.

VOL. VI.

The Rosary Confraternity. By the Very Rev. John Procter, O.P.
Our Angel Guardian. By the Rev. H. S. Kerr, S.J.
All Day Long. By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.
An Hour with my Crucifix.
Dom Lansperg's Week of the Sacred Heart.

VOL. VII.

Maxims of B. Sebastian Valfré for every day in the Year.
A Short Treatise on the Holy Exercise of Meditation.
The Immaculate Conception. By the Very Rev. Canon Bagshawe.
A Rule of Life. By Bishop Challoner.

A HANDBOOK OF CATHOLIC CHARITIES.

This contains as complete a list as possible of the various homes, refuges, schools, hospitals, and other associations and institutes provided for Catholics, with particulars as to the modes in which help may be obtained. Wrapper, 6d. net.

Fourpence each (cloth).

A Simple Prayer Book. (Sooth thousand.)
Visits to Jesus in the Tabernacle.
A Little Book of Indulgenced Prayers.
Maria Magnificata. By the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J.
The Holy Angels. By the same.
Requiescant in Pace. By the same.
Resurrexit. By the same
The Great Truths. By the same.
Meditations for Advent. By the same.
St. Joseph. By the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J.
The Sacred Heart of Jesus. By the same.
The Precious Blood. By the same.
The Sacred Passion. By the same.
The Holy Infancy. By the same.
The Hidden Life. By the same.
Veni Sancte Spiritus. By the same.
Humility: a Book for Lent. By the same.
The Children's Ballad Rosary.
A Little Book for Holy Week.
Little Helpers of the Holy Souls.
How to Converse with God.
The Sacred Heart and the Holy Souls.
Conformity to the Will of God.
A Way of assisting at Holy Mass.
Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. By F. Lercari.
A Flag of Truce. By Rev T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
A Book of the Mass.
The Life and Writings of St. Peter. (Wrapper.)
The Catholic Servant. By the Rev. G. E. Howe.

Fourpence each (cloth) (*continued*).

A New England Convert, the Rev. John Thayer. By Rev. T. E. Bridgett. (Wrapper.)
The Conversion of Miss Trail, a Scotch Presbyterian. By herself. (Wrapper.)
The Miraculous Infant Jesus of Prague.
A Life of Our Lord. By Lady Amabel Kerr.
The Four Gospels. With notes by the Very Rev. Canon M'Intyre. (Cloth gilt, 4d. each.) [Bellord. (Wrapper.)
A New Catechism of Doctrine and Practice. By Bishop

Threepence each.

Scenes from the Life of St. Benedict. Dramatized by a Benedictine Nun. [T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
The Rood of Boxley, or How a Lie Grows. By the Rev.
An Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass. [Cardinal Wiseman.
The Anglican Claim of Apostolical Succession. By
Savonarola and the Reformation. By the Rev. John Procter, O.P. [Bishop Brownlow.
The Reunion of England with Rome. Three Lectures. By
The Jesuits. By the Comtesse R. de Courson.
Instructions for First Communion. By Rev. H. Gibson.
Scripture Readings: Being the Epistles and Gospels for Sundays and Feasts.
Blessed Thomas Percy. By the Rev. G. E. Phillips.
The Kings and **The Shepherds.** By Miss Drane. With illustrations and cover by Paul Woodroffe. [Smith, S.J.
Dr. Horton and Catholic Truthfulness. By the Rev. S. F.
A Bird's-eye View of Church History (Wrapper).
The Inner Life of St. Francis of Assisi (Wrapper).
Catholic Customs: a Guide for Catholics (Wrapper).
The Basilica of San Clemente in Rome, with illustrations. By Bishop Brownlow.
St. Francis and You. By F. Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. (Wrapper).
Ecclesiastical Precepts in Reference to Church Music. Translated by W. Jacobskötter. (Wrapper.)
Meditations on the Infancy. By Henry More, S.J.
Meditations on the Passion. By the same.
Meditations on the Resurrection. By the same.
Meditations on the Blessed Sacrament. By the same.
Some Prerogatives of Peter. By the Rev. W. R. Carson. (Wrapper.) Net. [Pope, O.P.
Fifty-Two Psalms. Selected and edited by the Rev. Hugh
Our Lady of May: Poems by Emily Hickey. (Wrapper.)
A Handful of Myrrh.
Night Thoughts for the Sick and Desolate.
The Method of Theology. By Mgr. Mignot, Archbp. of Albi.
The World and its Maker. By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.
A Christmas Sheaf: Verses for Christmas. (Wrapper.)
The Mass and its Folklore. By J. Hobson Matthews. (Wrapper.)
A City set on a Hill. By R. H. Benson, M.A.
Spiritual Counsels from the Letters of Fénelon. Selected by Lady Amabel Kerr.

Twopence each.

Was St. Peter Bishop of Rome? By C. F. B. Allnatt.
The Love of Jesus. By Jerome Savonarola, O.P.

Twopence each (*continued*).

The Bible and the Reformation. By the same.
The Church of Old England. By Rev. J. D. Breen.
Papal Supremacy and Infallibility. By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.
Rome's Witness against Anglican Orders. By the same.
A Primer of Plain Chant. By Charles Walker.
Cranmer and Anne Boleyn. By Rev. J. Stevenson.
The Pallium. By the Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.
The Great Schism of the West. By the same.
The Revival of the Faith. By C. T. Gatty.
Readings for Lent. By Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.
St. Augustine's Manual, or Little Book of the Contemplation of Christ. (Wrapper.)
Religious Education in England in the 14th and 15th Centuries. By Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B.
Dr. Littledale and the Disappearance of the Papacy. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
The Weekly Communicant. By the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J.
Poems on the Reunion of England with Christendom. Edited by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
The Church and Labour. Four Lectures by Abbot Snow, O.S.B. [Cardinal Moran.
The Mission Field of the Nineteenth Century. By
Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln. By the Very Rev. Mgr. W. Croke Robinson.
The Catholic Church in Japan. By the Bishop of Salford.
Sacerdotalism. By Bishop Brownlow. (Three series.)
Anglican Prejudices against the Catholic Church. By Lady Herbert.
Picture Prayer-Book for Children. (Paper boards.) Net.
A Simple Prayer-Book. (Red cloth, flush.)
A Life of Our Lord. By Lady Amabel Kerr. (Red cloth, flush.)
The Convert's Guide. By E. C. B.
The Four Gospels. With notes by the Very Rev. Canon M'Intyre. (Cloth, flush, 2d. each.)
The Temperament of Doubt. By M. D. Petre. [Grisar, S.J.
Church History and the Critical Spirit. By Hartman
Devotional Essays. By M. D. Petre.
Doubts against the Faith. By J. F. X. Westcott.
What does Science say? By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.

THE CATHOLIC'S PENNY LIBRARY.

Scriptural Series.

The Passion of Our Lord in the words of the Gospels.
A Scriptural Life of the Blessed Virgin.
St. Mary Magdalen and other Women of the New Testament.
The Four Gospels. With notes by the Very Rev. Canon M'Intyre, D.D. 1d. each net.
Psalm CXVIII. With notes by the Rev. Hugh Pope, O.P.
The Book of Wisdom. With notes by Canon M'Intyre. Net.
The Acts of the Apostles. With notes by Canon M'Intyre. Net.

Historical Series.

Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries.
The Ancient English Church and the Holy Eucharist.

Historical Series (*continued*).

The Faith of the Ancient English Church concerning the Blessed Virgin.
The Church Catholic. By B. F. C. Costelloe.
The Church and the Catacombs. By the same.
The Mass. By the same.
The Teaching of the Twelve. By the same.
Before and after the Reformation.
Before and after Gunpowder Plot.
Blessed Peter and the English People.
The First Experiment in Civil and Religious Liberty. St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572.
The Catholic Church. By the Rev. Dr. Gildea.
The False Decretals. By Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J.
The Huguenots. By the Rev. W. Loughnan, S.J.
The Gordon Riots. By Lionel Johnson, B.A.
Dean Farrar and the Observance of Good Friday.
England's Title: Our Lady's Dowry.
The Spanish Inquisition. By Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
The Book of Common Prayer and the Mass.
The Lay Folk's Mass Book.
England and the Holy Eucharist.
England and Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.
The Coming of St. Augustine. By Ven. Bede.
The Mission of St. Augustine. By Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B.
The Landing of St. Augustine. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
The Reformation at St. Martin's, Leicester.
England's Dedication and the Angelus.
The Dogmatic Teaching of the Roman Catacombs.
Luther and Tetzel. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
The Early History of the Church of God. By Bishop Brownlow. Complete in thirteen numbers.
The Renaissance. By the author of "The Life of a Prig."
The Coronation Oath. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
A Short History of the Catholic Church in England. By Abbot Gasquet. In three parts, 1d. each.

Anglican Controversy.

A Voice from the Dead: Being a letter to an Anglican Friend, by the Count de Montalembert.
The Continuity of the English Church. By the Very Rev. Canon Croft. [Waterworth.
The Popes and the English Church. By the Rev. W.
The Sacrifices of Masses. By J. H. Mayer. New edition.
Was St. Aidan an Anglican? By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
How "the Church of England washed her Face." By the same.
Was Barlow a Bishop? By Serjeant Bellasis.
189: or, the Church of Old England protests. By the Rev. J. D. Breen, O.S.B.
The Doctrine of Intention. By Rev. F. Smith, S.J.
St. Irenæus on the Church, &c. By C. F. B. Allnatt.
Points of Anglican Controversy.
Continuity Reconsidered. By J. H. Matthews.
How I came Home. By Lady Herbert.
Why I left the Church of England. By James Britten, K.S.G.

Anglican Controversy (*continued*).

Church Defence—First Series.
Church Defence—Second Series.
Church Defence—Third Series.
St. Peter's Primacy and the Royal Supremacy. By T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G. [Rivington.
The Conversion of Cardinal Newman. By the Rev. Dr.
The Conversion of Cardinal Manning. By Aimée Sewell.
No Sacrifice, no Priest: or why Anglican Orders were Condemned. By the Rev. A. S. Barnes.
Why I became a Catholic. By Horace E. Chapman, M.A.
The Anglican Archbishops and the Pope. By Cardinal Vaughan. [Dr. Rivington.
Tekel: or, the Anglican Archbishops arraigned. By the Rev.
Episcopal Jurisdiction in Bristol. By Bishop Brownlow.
The Conversion of Miss Drane. By the Rev. Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P. [Gainsford.
"Convocation" never a Canonical Synod. By W. D.
The Last Voice of the Old Hierarchy.
From Darkness to Light. By Mgr. Croke Robinson.
By What Authority? By F. B. Lord.
The Title "Catholic" and the Roman Church. By M. A. R. Tuker.

Protestant Controversy.

The Catholic Church in the Scriptures. By Bishop Bagshawe.
What is the Bible? By Rev. W. H. Anderdon, S.J.
Confession to a Priest. By the same.
The True History of Maria Monk.
Monks and Nuns. By the Very Rev. Canon Foran.
Questions and Answers. *Leaflets* 3, 5, 7, 8, 13, 42 (*see p.* 36).
"The Letter of the Three Bishops"; or, Mr. Collette as a Controversialist. By F. W. Lewis.
Mr. Collette as a Historian. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
Ellen Golding, the Rescued Nun. By the same.
Calumnies against Convents. By the same.
Does the Pope claim to be God? By the same.
The True Story of Barbara Ubryk. By the same.
The Hungarian Confession of Faith. By the same.
The Immuring of Nuns. By Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.
The Myth of the Walled-up Nun. By the same.
Another Mexican Myth. By the same.
The Gunpowder Plot. By the Rev. J. Gerard, S.J.
The Art of Lying, as practised by some anti-Catholic Tract-writers. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
The Christian Priesthood. By the same.
Tradition. By the same.
Why in Latin? By the Rev. G. Bampfield.
Carpenter Lynes, or, The Mother and the Son: Talks about Our Lady. By the same. Two parts, 1d. each.
Sergeant Jones's Talks about Confession. By the same.
Cannot. By the same.
Chats with Deacon Douglas. By the same.
Protestant Fiction. By James Britten, K.S.G.

No. 1—Nuns and Convents. No. 2—Jesuits. No. 3—Priests.
No. 4—The Laity. No. 5—Protestant Poets.
The five in one volume, with introduction, price One Shilling.

Protestant Controversy (*continued*).

The Truth about Convents, as told by Ex-nuns and others. By James Britten, K.S.G.
The Slatterys. By the same.
The Methods of a Protestant Controversialist (the Rev. Dr. Horton). By the same.
Ought we to honour Mary? By the Rev. J. F. Splaine, S.J.
The Alleged Failures of Infallibility. By the Rev. C. Coupe, S.J.
Rome and the Bible. By Rev. T. Donnelly, S.J.
Confessio Viatoris. By C. Kegan Paul.
Catholics and Nonconformists. By Bishop Brownlow.

1—Breaking the Ice.
2—To the Law and to the Testimony.
3—One Baptism for the Remission of Sins.
4—Searching the Scriptures.
5—Justification and the New Birth.
6—Catholic Worship.

The above in one volume, with preface, price One Shilling.

Persecution. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J. [Bellord.
The Relics of the True Cross. By the Right Rev. Dr.
Bessie's Black Puddings: or, The Bible only. By the Rev. F. M. de Zulueta, S.J.
"I go straight to Christ." By the same.
"What is Benediction?" By the same. [S.J.
The "Iron Virgin" of Nuremberg. By the Rev. H. Lucas,
Reasons for being a Catholic.
Celibacy. By C. Kegan Paul.
Prayers to Saints.
The Christian Sabbath. By the Rev. C. Galton, S.J.
The Religious State of Catholic Countries no Prejudice to the Sanctity of the Church. By Cardinal Newman.
The Social State of Catholic Countries no Prejudice to the Sanctity of the Church. By Cardinal Newman.
The Popular Use of the Scriptures. By F. Anselm, O.S.F.C. With **The Church and Bible-reading.** By B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A.
How to look for the True Church. By Mgr. J. S. Vaughan.
The Protestant Rule of Faith an Impossible One. By the same.
Jesuit Obedience. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.
Eight Lectures on the Position of Catholics in England. By Cardinal Newman. 1d. each.
Ruthven *v.* De Bom (Judge's Summing-up).
"The Jesuit Oath." By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.
The "Secret Instructions" of the Jesuits. By the same.
The French Associations Bill: its Authors and Objects. By the same.
"The End justifies the Means." By the same.
Bogeys and Scarecrows. By the same.
Popery on every Coin of the Realm.
The Pope on the Unity of the Church. [John Vaughan.
Is there Salvation outside the Church? By Mgr. Canon
What the Catholic Church is, and what she teaches. By the Rev. E. R. Hull, S.J.
The Old Religion. By the Rev. V. Hornyold, S.J.
The Society of Jesus. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.
The Jesuit Libel Case: Vaughan *v.* "The Rock."
Apostolic Letter of Pope Leo XIII. to the English People.

Protestant Controversy (*continued*).

Leo XIII. and the Reunion of Christendom.
A New England Conversion. By J. M. Robins.
John Foxe and his Book of Martyrs. By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.
Mr. S. J. Abbott and the Convent Enquiry Society. By James Britten, K.S.G. New edition, with preface by the Rev. J. Gerard, S.J.
The Catholic Church and the Bible (new edition).

Papers on Social Questions.

Christian Aspects of the Labour Question. By Abbot [Snow, O.S.B.
Leo XIII. on Labour. By Cardinal Manning.
Catholic Temperance Leaflets (8 in wrapper).
Total Abstinence from a Catholic Point of View.
A Temperance Catechism. By a Priest.
The Drunkard. By Archbishop Ullathorne.
Mixed Marriages. By the Bishop of Leeds.
Mixed Marriages. By the Rev. G. Bampfield.
An Enemy of the Race. By Sir Andrew Clark.
Socialism. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J. [Gasquet, O.S.B.
Christian Democracy before the Reformation. By Abbot
The Meaning and Aim of Christian Democracy. By C. S. Devas, M.A. [Cardinal Vaughan.
The Work of the Catholic Laity in England. By
For Christ's Sake. By Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C.
The Layman in the Church. By the Rev. Dr. Barry; and **The Layman in the Pre-Reformation Parish.** By Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B.
The Help of the Laity. By the Rev. John Norris.
Rescue Work. By Lady Edmund Talbot.
Settlement Work. By the same.
Christian Civilization and the Perils that threaten it. By Archbishop Ryan. [O.S.F.C.
The Working Man's Apostolate. By Father Cuthbert,
The Education Bill. By the Rev. M. F. Glancey.

Miscellaneous.

The Duties of Parents. By the Bishop of Leeds.
Catechism of Christian Doctrine (in stiff cover), with Index.
Science and Scientists. By the Rev. J. Gerard, S.J.

1. Mr. Grant Allen's Botanical Fables.
2. Who painted the Flowers?
3. Some Wayside Problems.
4. "Behold the Birds of the Air."
5. How Theories are Manufactured.
6. Instinct and its Lessons.

Science or Romance? By the same.

1. A Tangled Tale.
2. Missing Links.
3. The Game of Speculation.
4. The Empire of Man.
5. The New Genesis.
6. The Voices of Babel.

Evolutionary Philosophy and Common Sense. By the same. (New Edition.)

1. "The Comfortable Word 'Evolution.'"
2. Foundations of Evolution.
3. Mechanics of Evolution.
4. Evolution and Thought.
5. Agnosticism.
6. Evolution and Design.
7. Un-Natural History.

The above also in three vols. price One Shilling each, or in one vol. price Three Shillings.

Miscellaneous (*continued*).

Reapers for the Harvest. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.
Miracle. By C. Kegan Paul. M.A.
Positivism. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.
Faith and Reason. By Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S.J.
The Conservative Genius of the Church.
Guide to Canterbury. By the Rev. J. Morris, S.J.
The Revival of Liturgical Services.
Our Church Music. By W. Jacobskötter.
Christian Art. By C. T. Gatty, F.S.A.
Modern Science and Ancient Faith.
Westminster Decrees on Church Music.
The Catholic Sick-Room. By the Rev. J. F. Splaine, S.J.
The Second Spring. A Sermon. By John Henry Newman.
Indifferentism. By the Rev. Charles Coupe, S.J.
The Age of the Sun: an Argument against Darwinism. By the Rev. Aloysius J. Cortie, S.J.
A Simple Dictionary for Catholics. By the Rev. C. H. Bowden, C.O.
Polyglot Dialogues for Catholic Seamen.
The Analogy between the Mysteries of Nature and of Grace. By Cardinal Newman.
Christ upon the Waters. By the same.
The Public Spirit of the Laity. By the Bishop of Newport.
The Work of the Catholic Laity. By Cardinal Vaughan.
My Friend the Agnostic.
Form for the Reception of a Convert.
Missa in Festis Solemnibus Gregorian and Tonic Sol-fa Notation. 1d. net.
Easy Benediction Services (Gregorian and Tonic Sol-fa). 1d. net.
The Liberty of the Children of God. By the Abbé Hemmer.
Our Church Music. By R. R. Terry.
The Prospects of Catholicism. By the Rev. Dr. Barry.
Thoughts in Prose and Verse, Nos. 1 and 2.
Catholics and Freemasonry.
The Religious Troubles in France. By Abbot Gasquet.

Devotional Series.

A Little Book for Holy Week.
A Mission Prayer Book.
A Simple Prayer Book. (690th thousand.)
The Great Truths. By the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J.
Meditations for Advent. By the same.
The Holy Infancy. By the same.
The Hidden Life. By the same.
The Sacred Passion. By the same.
Resurrexit. By the same.
Veni Sancte Spiritus. By the same.
St. Joseph By the same.
Maria Magnificata. By the same.
The Sacred Heart of Jesus. By the same
The Precious Blood. By the same.
The Holy Angels. By the same.
Requiescant in Pace. By the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J.
Faith and Hope. By the same.

Devotional Series (*continued*).

Charity. By the same.
Humility. By the same.
Patience. By the same.
Our Father: a Month's Meditations. By the same.
The Ministry of Jesus. In six parts. By the same.
The Weekly Communicant. By the same. In two parts, 1d.
Prayer. By the same.
Advice on Prayer. By Mgr. de Segur. 1d. net.
Counsels on Holy Communion. By Mgr. Segur. 1d. net.
Advice on Confession. By the same. 1d. net.
Visits to Jesus in the Tabernacle.
A Little Book of Verses for the Sick.
The Sayings of Brother Giles.
Mental Prayer. By the Rev. B. Wilberforce, O.P.
To Calvary. Meditations for the Stations.
A Way of Assisting at Holy Mass.
The Ceremonies of Holy Week explained.
The Children's Ballad Rosary.
Little Helpers of the Holy Souls.
A Little Book of Indulgenced Prayers.
How to Converse with God.
Pearls from the Hidden Treasure.
Conformity to the Will of God.
Good Words from the Curé d'Ars.
Words for the Worldly. By Percy Fitzgerald.
The Holy Rosary. By the Very Rev. Canon Ryan.
The Blessed Sacrament the Centre of Immutable Truth. By Cardinal Manning.
The Sacred Heart and the Holy Souls.
Prayers from the Sarum Missal.
Holy Maxims. By Cardinal Manning.
The Heroic Act. By the Rev. J. Morris, S.J.
A Book of the Mass. (15th thousand.)
A Day's Devotions in Aid of the Suffering Souls.
How to Help the Sick and Dying.
The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, arranged in Prayers.
Order of Burial of Dead, with Mass for the Dead.
The Holy Angels.
Prayers for the Conversion of England.
On Consummated Perfection. By St. Catherine of Siena.
All Day Long: Short Prayers in Verse. By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.
Is Life worth Living?
Little Manual for Hearing Mass Spiritually.
The Seven Words from the Cross.
A Little Book for Exposition.
The Holy Rosary in the New Testament.
Thoughts for the Sick Room.
Maxims and Aspirations from St. Alphonsus.
Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. By the Rev. G [Bampfield.
Remember Me: Daily Readings.
The Ember Days. By Dom Columba Edmonds.
The Jesus Psalter (printed in red and black).
Our Angel Guardian. By Rev. H. S. Kerr, S.J.
The Kings. By Miss Drane. With illustration by Paul Woodroffe.
The Shepherds. By the same. With illustration.

Devotional Series (*continued*).

Before the Tabernacle.
A Rule of Life. By Bishop Challoner.
The Rosary Confraternity. By the Rev. J. Procter, O.P.
The Immaculate Conception. By Very Rev. Canon Bagshawe.
Maxims of B. Sebastian Valfré for every day in the year.
A Short Treatise on Meditation.
Our Father and Patron St. Joseph. By Cardinal Vaughan.
The Lord's Prayer as a Subject for Reading and Meditation. By F. Jerome Savonarola, O.P.
The Lord's Prayer as a Subject for Prayer and Contemplation. By the same.
The Hail Mary. By the same.
Prayers on the Anima Christi.
The Holy Eucharist. By Bishop Challoner.
The Stations of the Cross in the words of Holy Writ.
Communion of the Weary.
An Hour with my Crucifix.
The Rosary said before the Blessed Sacrament.
A Companion to High Mass for the Use of Non-Catholics.
Dom Lansperg's Week of the Sacred Heart.
A Life of Our Lord. By Lady Amabel Kerr.
Christmas Verses. [XIII).
Jesus Christ Our Redeemer. (Encyclical Letter of Pope Leo
Jesus Christ Our King. By the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J.
The Seven Words. By the Rev. B. W. Maturin.
Panis Angelicus: Verses on the Blessed Sacrament.
Ave Maris Stella: Verses on the Blessed Virgin.
A Simple Confession Book. By Mother M. Loyola.
A Confession Book for the Little Ones. By the same.
Religion a Divine Institution. By the Rev. S. E. Jarvis.
The Greatness of God. By Mgr. Gradwell.
Adeste Fideles: Verses for Christmas.
Of the Holy Communion. By Thomas à Kempis.
God in Holy Writ. By the Very Rev. H. I. D. Ryder.
The Mass: an Aid to understand it. By the Rev. W. A. Bendon.
The Last Sacraments. By the Rev. W. H. Cologan.
St. Patrick's Breastplate.
What is the Mass? By Cardinal Vaughan.
The Love of God. By St. Francis de Sales.
The Ordinary of the Mass.
The Profit of Indulgences. By the Rev. W. R. Carson.
Some Maxims of Blessed Antony Grassi.
A Simple Confirmation Book. By Mother M. Loyola.
Jesu Redemptor: Verses for Christmas.
The Nunc Dimittis. By the Rev. E. English.
Short Devotions for the Stations of the Cross.
A Simple Communion Book. By Mother Loyola.
Good and Bad Confessions. By the Rev. Pius Cavanagh, O.P.
Our Lady's Psalter: A Rosary of Psalms.
A Little Book about St. Joseph.

Biographical Series.

St. Aelred. By the Rev. A. J. Saxton.
King Alfred. By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott.
St. Aloysius. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.

Biographical Series (*continued*).

St. Alphonsus Liguori. By a Redemptorist Father.
B. Juvenal Ancina. By Rev. John Morris, S.J.
St. Anselm. By Mrs. Ward. [Wilberforce, O.P.
St. Antoninus, Archbishop of Florence. By the Rev. B.
St. Antony of Padua. By C. Kegan Paul, M.A.
St. Thomas Aquinas.
Ven. Edmund Arrowsmith. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
St. Augustine. By the Rev. A. J. Saxton.
Ven. Mother Barat.
Canon Bathurst. By the Rev. Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P.
St. Bede, Monk and Mass-Priest.
St. Bede. By Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B.
St. Benedict. By Abbot Snow, O.S.B.
St. John Berchmans. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
St. Bernardine of Siena. By Rev. F. Stanislaus, O.S.F.C.
Ven. Julie Billiart.
Don Bosco. By Mrs. Raymond Barker.
Dame Marion Boyd. By the Archbishop of Glasgow.
St. Brigid. By Mrs. Atkinson.
Father Thomas Burke, O.P. By the Rev. R. Eaton.
B. Edmund Campion. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
The Carmelites of Compiègne. By the Comtesse de Courson.
The Carthusian Martyrs. By Dom Lawrence Hendriks.
St. Catharine of Siena.
Bishop Challoner. By the Rev. E. H. Burton.
St. Charles Borromeo. By M. S. B. Malins.
Bishop Brownlow. By the Rev. V. M'Nabb, O.P.
St. Peter Claver. By the Rev. Fr. Sola, S.J.
Alexis de Clerc. By Lady Amabel Kerr.
Ven. Margaret Clitheroe. By Rev. A. B. Gurdon.
St. Colette.
St. Columba. By the Rev. John Golden.
St. Columbanus. By the same.
The Curé d'Ars. By Lady Herbert.
St. Cuthbert. By Mrs. Francis Kerr.
Father Damien, the Apostle of the Lepers.
St. Dominic. By the Rev. W. Lescher, O.P.
Father Dominic and the Conversion of England. By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B.
The Five Dominican Martyrs in China.
Mother Mary Teresa Dubouché. By Miss Renouf.
Mother Philippine Duchesne.
Ven. John Ducket. By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B.
St. Editha of Wilton. By O.S.B.
St. Edmund of Canterbury. By Rev. W. Le Grave.
St. Edmund, King and Martyr. By J. A. Floyd, B.A.
St. Edward the Confessor. By Miss Streeter.
St. Elizabeth of Hungary. By Mrs. John Dillon.
The English Martyrs. By the Rev. J. Morris, S.J.
Father Faber. By M. S. B. Malins.
B. John Fisher. By the Rev. W. H. Cologan.
St. Peter Fourier. By the Very Rev. A. Allaria.
St. Frances of Rome.
St. Francis of Assisi. By the Rev. J. Prendergast, O.F.M.
St. Francis of Sales. By Very Rev. Canon Mackey.
St. Francis Xavier.
Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

Biographical Series (*continued*).

St. Gertrude. By O.S.B.
Brother Giles and Brother Juniper.
St. Gregory the Great. By the Rev. A. J. Saxton.
St. Guthlac.
Mother Margaret Hallahan. By Lady Amabel Kerr.
St. Helen. By M. E. James.
Father Hermann. By Mrs. Liebich.
St. Hilda and her Times. By O.S.B.
B. Clement Hofbauer. By Rev. O. R. Vassall, C.SS.R.
Ven. Philip Howard. By G. A. Lee.
Mary Howitt. By James Britten, K.S.G.
St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln.
Joan of Arc. By J. B. Milburn. [Power, S.J.
Blessed Juliana of Mont-Cornillon. By the Rev. M.
Adolf Kolping. By Ellis Schreiber.
Augustus Henry Law, Sailor and Jesuit. By Rev. R. Eaton.
Leo XIII. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.
Pope Leo XIII. By the Rev. Charles Coupe, S.J.
St. Lioba. By O.S.B. [Connelly.
The Little Sisters of the Poor. By the Right Rev. Mgr. Canon
St. Ignatius of Loyola. By Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
Doña Luisa de Carvajal: a Spanish Heroine in England.
Cardinal Manning.
Mr. Purcell's Life of Cardinal Manning. By J. R. Gasquet.
Auguste Marceau. By Lady Amabel Kerr.
St. Margaret, the Penitent of Cortona.
St. Margaret of Scotland. By Mrs. Morgan Morgan.
Nine of our Martyrs recently Beatified.
A Martyr of Japan (Father Mastrilli, S.J.). By Ymâl Oswin.
Blessed Margaret Mary. By Lady Amabel Kerr.
Queen Mary. By G. Ambrose Lee.
Mary Queen of Scots. By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott.
Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia. By the Rev. R. Eaton.
Father Mathew. By the Rev. W. H. Cologan.
St. Mechtilde. By O.S.B.
St. Mildred and her Kinsfolk. By O.S.B.
Bishop Milner. By the Rev. E. H. Burton.
B. Thomas More. By John O'Hagan, M.A.
Garcia Moreno, President of Ecuador.
Cardinal Newman. By the Rev. Dr. Barry.
Nano Nagle.
Daniel O'Connell. By M. S. B. Malins.
Ven. John Ogilvie, S.J. By Mrs. Francis Kerr.
Ven. Edward Oldcorne, S.J. By the Rev. J. G. MacLeod, S.J.
M. Olier. By the Right Rev. Dr. Bellord.
Father Olivaint: a Martyr of the Commune.
Frederick Ozanam. By B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A.
Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina. By the Rev. R. Eaton.
St. Patrick. By Rev. Canon Ryan. (60th thousand.)
St. Philip Benizi. By Lady Amabel Kerr.
St. Philip Neri. By G. Ambrose Lee.
St. Pius V.
Ven. Oliver Plunket. By the Rev. O. R. Vassall, C.SS.R.
St. Rita of Cascia. By Lady Herbert.
St. Alphonsus Rodriguez. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
Sœur Rosalie. By Lady Herbert.
St. Rose of Lima.

Biographical Series (*continued*).

St. Simon Stock. By Mrs. Franz Liebich.
St. Stanislaus Kostka.
Bishop Talbot. By the Rev. E. H. Burton.
Brother Hugh Taylor and Dom Maurice Chauncy. By Dom Lawrence Hendriks.
St. Teresa. By David Lewis, M.A.
St. Thomas of Canterbury. By Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
Mother Thouret. By Lady Herbert.
Ven. John Thules. By Mgr. Gradwell.
Archbishop Ullathorne.
Cardinal Vaughan. By Mgr. Canon Ward.
Théophane Vénard. By Lady Herbert.
St. Vincent de Paul. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.
St. Vincent Ferrer. By Rev. B. Wilberforce, O.P.
St. Walburga. By O.S.B.
St. Werburgh. By O.S.B.
St. Wilfrid. By the Rev. Wilfrid Dallow.
Cardinal Wiseman.
Franz Witt. By H. S. Butterfield.
St. Zita. By Lady Herbert.

Lives of the Saints for Children. By Lady Amabel Kerr. (In one volume, 1s.)

1. St. Martin.
2. St. Antony of Padua.
3. St. Cecilia.
4. St. Margaret of Scotland.
5. St. Philip Neri.
6. St. Stanislaus Kostka.
7. St. Catherine of Siena.

Stories on the Gifts of the Holy Spirit.

(In one volume, 1s.)

1. Sophy's Secret.
2. F Flat and F Sharp.
3. Paul's Right Hand.
4. Out in the Cold.
5. Kitty's Campaign.
6. In Duty Bound.
7. Christie's Courage.

Stories on the Beatitudes. (In one volume, 1s. 6d.)

1. A Workhouse Concert.
2. Uncle Luke's Legacy.
3. Comforted.
4. Dick's Desire.
5. Coals of Fire.
6. A Paragon of Perfection.
7. Thistledown.
8. Worth While.

Stories on the Seven Sacraments.

(In one volume, 1s.)

1. Blanche's Baptism.
2. The Mark that was never rubbed out.
3. Brian Daly.
4. Ted's Medal.
5. Sylvia's Lesson.
6. The Two Wishes.
7. Regained.

Stories on the Corporal Works of Mercy.

(In one volume, 1s. 6d.)

1. A Jubilee Alms.
2. Kingdon Fields.
3. Wills and Ways.
4. The Blessing of Crowhurst.
5. The Next Thing.
6. Padre Giovanni.
7. A Work of Mercy.

The Marigold Stories. By Lady Gilbert.

(In one volume, 1s.)

1. Marigold.
2. The Mystery of Ora.
3. Mr. Hansard's Ward.
4. A Poor Relation.
5. Molly the Tramp.
6. Maureen Lacy.

Some Stories. By Clara Mulholland.
(In one volume, 1s. 6d.)

1. Her Guiding Star.
2. For Honour's Sake.
   Two Ways.
3. A Winsome Maid.
4. Above Gold.
   Daphne's Decision.
5. Cynthia Lindo's Vow.
   The Last Straw.
6. Both to Blame.
   Kathleen's Glory.
7. How the Unexpected Happened.
   Mrs. Mulligan's Legacy
8. Sheila's Presentiment. His Victory.

Chronicles of Semperton. By Joseph Carmichael. In six penny numbers, or in fancy cloth, price 1s. 6d.

The Catholic's Library of Tales.

(*Thirty-six Numbers, One Penny each.*)

1. Paul the Mason, or Trust in God. By Lady Herbert.
The Fatal Birthday.
Nellie. By Rosa Mulholland.
Only a Penny. By Elizabeth King.

2. The Last of the Gladiators. By the Rev. W. H. Anderdon, S.J.
Jim Daly's Repentance. By Katherine Tynan.
The Foolish Word and the Wise One. By Mrs. Parsons.
Guardian Angels. By Elizabeth King.

3. Nettie's Baby. By Theo Gift.
The Sea Swallows. By Frederick Breton.
The Church of the Cup of Cold Water.

4. Gertrude, or Christmas Eve. By Lady Herbert.
Christmas Day 1500 Years ago.
Three Christmas Trees.
A Story of Christmas.
A Christmas Tree and its Fruit. By M. M.

5. Penal Days. By Rosa Mulholland.
Lisfarnham Ferry. By A. F. North.
"Drowning the Shamrock." By Mrs. Charles Martin.
A Tale of St. Patrick's Day. By M. M.

6. Our Lady of Philippsdorf. By Lady Herbert.
A Story for Our Lady's Month. By H. M. Lushington.
George's Gentleman. By Stella Austin.
A Tale for the Month of May.

7. Three of them. } By Lady Clare Feilding.
Father Charles. }

8. The Christmas Crib. By M. M.
A Sprig of Holly. } By the Rev. W. H. Cologan.
Molly's Prayer. }
His Last Penny. By Mrs. Dominic Daly.
"Forgive us our Trespasses." By Lady Clare Feilding.

9. The Children of Mary. By H. M. Lushington.
A Rosary Bead. By L. E. Dobrée.
A Visit and its Consequences. By M. M.

10. One Christmas Night. By Baroness Pauline Von Hügel.
A Legend of Christmas Eve. Failed.

11. Westhorpe Manor. By A. M. C.
The Snow Maiden. By Augusta Marryat.
The Story of a Coin. By Theo Gift.

12. A Death-bed Repentance. By Lady Herbert.
Daddy Mike. By Lindsay Duncan.
The Pious Convict. By Lady Herbert.

12. Only a Little Boy. By Baroness Pauline Von Hügel.
A Miracle of the Blessed Sacrament. By Lady Herbert
13. Bertie's Christmas Eve. By Frances Noble.
Scandal and Feathers. By M. S. F.
14. A Christmas Lesson. By Louisa E. Dobrée.
A Letter and its Consequences. By M. M. [Mulholland.
15. Little Merry Face and his Crown of Content. By Clara
Ella's Sacrifice. By the same.
Little Larry. By the same.
16. Three Christmases. By Mrs. William Maude.
The O'Briens' Christmas. By Clara Mulholland.
17. Only Nell. By Theo Gift.
Winifred's Work. By L. E. Dobrée.
Lily and the Primroses. By F. M. Capes.
18. Lost and Found. By Mrs. Raymond Barker.
Caught and Cured. By the same.
The Queen of the Air. By the same.
Johnny's Letter. Translated from the French of Paul Féval.
"Peter of the Keys."
19. A Guiltless Thief. By Mrs. Raymond Barker.
The Lace Legend of Bruges. By the same.
20. The Fate of a Rosary. By Mrs. Dominic Daly.
The White Cornette. By Mrs. Raymond Barker.
21. Our Lady of the Lilacs. By the same.
Georgie Penroz. By the same.
22. The Rock of Ages. By M. M.
23. A Day that is Dead. By E. M. Quinlan.
Genesius, Comedian and Martyr. By Madder Browne.
Johnnie. By Joseph Carmichael.
24. A Lucky Hamper. By Margaret Merriman.
Unfaithful. By Joseph Carmichael.
25. Jetsam. By Aimée Sewell.
Peter Duffy's Catechism. By Magdalen Rock.
26. Innovations. By Joseph Carmichael.
A Living Picture. By Mrs. Woollaston White.
27. The Choir Boys of Cologne. By a Dominican Sister.
A Mother's Lesson. By the Rev. G. Bampfield.
Even as the Lilies. By Mia Laughton.
28. Spanish Legends. By the Rev. G. Bampfield.
29. Aunt Marcia's Conversion. By Frances Noble.
30. A Lifelong Battle: the Story of a Mixed Marriage. By the Rev. G. Bampfield.
31. Helen Forsyth. By H. M. Lushington.
32. The Child Guest. By the Rev. G. Bampfield.
33. The Setting of a Great Hope. By C. M. Home. [the same.
34. The Ban of the Harringtons, and Through Strange Paths. By
35. Into the Way of Peace. By the same.
36. The Priest-Hunters. By Lady Amabel Kerr.

Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert.

Thirty Numbers, One Penny Each.

1. The Two Hosts.
Fernando. [Town.
A True Story of Somers
2. Now is the Accepted Time.
Sowing Wild Oats.
The Brigand Chief.
3. What a Child can do.
What will People say?
A Good Confession.
4. The Two Sisters.
The Story of a Confession.
Can both Churches be True?

5. The Martyr's Children.
Marry in Haste and Repent at Leisure.
6. Moothoosawny.
The Story of a Snakebite.
7. The Story of Mary.
A Spoilt Child.
Beautiful eyes.
8. Emily's Conversion.
A Malagasy Confessor.
9. A Martyr to Silence.
The Two Cousins.
The Efficacy of Prayer.
10. Forgiveness of Injuries.
A Mother's Prayers.
The Two School Boys.
11. The Friar's Story.
Resignation in Suffering.
12. Forgiveness of Injuries.
A Tale of the Secret Societies.
The Deserted Child.
13. A Little Sister of Charity.
The Widow's Child.
A Singular Conversion.
14. A Polish Peasant.
Victoria Ratsaraiba.
The Heroic Sister.
A Wonderful Escape.
15. Our Lady of Philippsdorf.
A Tale for the Month of May.
Paul the Mason.
16. True Stories of Villepinte.
A Prison Story.
A Death-bed Repentance.
The Pious Convict.
17. Wilfulness and its Consequences.
18. The Persecution of Catholics in Russia.
The White Necktie.
The Relics of Blessed Julian.
19. A Tale of Corpus Christi.
The Drowning Girl.
Alone in London.
20. Our Lady of Refuge.
The Guardian Angel.
Gertrude: or Christmas Eve.
The Story of Ada.
21. A Saint in Algeria.
22. Our Lady of Perpetual Succour.
The Providence of God.
Edith and the "Baby Jesus."
The Two Children.
The Lost Child.
A First Communicant's Prayer.
23. A Siberian Priest.
24. How I Received my Sight.
Confidence in God.
Pakianathen, the Hindu Confessor.
Our Lady, Help of Christians.
25. A Miracle of the Blessed Sacrament.
The Demon of Drink.
An Australian Convict.
The Holy Souls.
A Noble and Devoted Life.
26. A Story of an Indian Boy.
Stephen's Mistake.
A Story of Capetown.
27. A Peaceful Victory.
What a Crucifix Can Do.
The Providence of God.
Grace before Meals.
28. Geronimo.
29. A First Communion.
The White Kitten.
Mixed Marriages.
Dog Stories.
Temptation Resisted.
30. A Story of Newfoundland.
A Hunter's Adventure.
The Story of a Conversion.
A Village Painter.
The Shepherd and his Flock.

The Catholic's Library of Poems.

Eight Numbers, One Penny Each.

Price One Halfpenny each.

A First Prayer Book for the Little Ones.
The Little Rosary Book. (Illustrated.)
Rosary Verses. By the Rev. Albany J. Christie, S.J.
Verses for the Stations. By the same.
Monitum; or, One Lord, One Faith. By G. Gretton.
Aspirations to the Adorable Sacrament.

One Halfpenny each (*continued*).

Way of the Cross (from the *Coeleste Palmetum*).
Two Ways of Hearing Mass.
What is the Rosary Confraternity?

LEAFLETS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

		Per 100
1	The Foreign and English "Reformation"	2 0
2	The Abuse of Indulgences	2 0
3	What does the Bible say?	1 0
4	Come and See!	1 0
5	Friendly Advice	1 0
6	Catholics in the Workhouse	1 0
7	Why I am a Roman Catholic	1 0
8	How can I find God's one true Church?	1 0
9	"I'll kneel if the others will"	1 0
10	The Confessional	1 0
11	Can both Churches be true?	2 0
12	Why should we remember the Fifth of November? ...	2 0
13	Why are you a Protestant?	1 0
16	The English Church always Roman Catholic ...	2 0
17	Was the British Church Roman Catholic?	1 0
18	How Henry VIII. robbed England of the Faith ...	2 0
19	Plain Truths in answer to Transparent Falsehoods ...	1 0
20	Evolution run wild	2 0
22	Church Endowments—Whose are they?	1 0
23	The Reformation under Queen Elizabeth	1 0
24	Week-day Mass	1 0
25	"Catholic—not Roman Catholic"	1 0
27	"Pray always"	1 0
28	"Take care of the Little Ones"	1 0
30	Popery in the First Century	2 0
31	Devotion to the Blessed Virgin	1 0
32	The Four Doctors	2 0
33	Who are the Workers?	3 6
34	Are they Priests?	3 6
35	The Branch Theory	1 0
36	Who is your Patron Saint?	1 0
37	Work out your Salvation	1 0
38	The Real Presence	3 6
39	Purgatory	2 0
40	Mary the Mother of God	0 6
41	Modern Socialists on the History of the Church ...	3 6
42	What do Catholics believe?	1 0
44	A Leaflet on the English Martyrs	1 0
45	The Disappearance of the Papacy	0 6
46	Questions for one whom it concerns	0 6
47	St. Joseph, Patron of a Happy Death	2 0
49	"I believe in the Holy Catholic Church"	1 0
50	What are they doing at the Altar?	2 0
52	"Out of the Church there is no Salvation"	3 6
53	Does the Catholic Church suppress the Second Commandment?	2 0
54	King Henry VIII. and the Royal Supremacy ...	2 0
55	Fasting	1 0
56	Palm Sunday	1 0
57	Tenebræ	0 6

Leaflets for Distribution (*continued*).

		Per 100
58	Maundy Thursday	0 6
59	Good Friday	1 0
60	Holy Saturday	1 0
61	Popery on every Coin of the Realm	2 0
62	A Letter to the Working Men of England	2 0
63	The Scottish Reformation	3 6
64	Why and how should we hear Mass every Sunday?	2 0
66	Does an Anglican "forsake the Church of his Baptism" by becoming a Roman Catholic?	0 6
67	The Custody of Catholic Children	1 0
69	Archbishop Benson and "The New Italian Mission"	1 0
70	Are you coming to the Mission?	0 6
71	The Divine Commission of the Church	1 0
72	The Three Claims	2 0
73	The Holy Coat of Trèves	2 0
74	A Poor Man's Notion of the Church	3 6
75	The Drink Traffic	3 6
76	"The Church of England shall be Free"	1 0
77	Twelve Facts proving that the English Church before the Reformation was Roman Catholic	2 0
78	Is it Honest?	0 6
79	Infant Baptism	2 0
80	Ten Thousand Pounds Reward!	1 0
81	The True Way to Salvation	1 0
82	Steps to the Church	1 0
83	An Appeal to Anglicans	2 0
84	A House Divided against itself	1 0
85	Are Nuns Walled-up Alive?	1 0
86	The Truth about the Reformation	1 0
87	What the Escaped Nun says about the Rescued Nun	1 0
88	"Securus Judicat Orbis Terrarum"	1 0
89	The Reunion of Christendom	1 0
90	"The Bishop in the Church and the Church in the Bishop"	2 0
91	The Unity of the Church	2 0
92	Does the End justify the Means?	1 0
93	The Church and the Printing Press	3 6
94	Mixed Marriages	3 6
95	Sacred Ceremonies	2 0
96	Geographical Catholicism	2 0
97	One Thing Needful	2 0
98	Communion in one kind	1 0
99	How to become a Catholic	1 0
100	Fair Treatment for Honest Work	3 6
101	Why do Catholics pray to the Saints?	1 0
102	Mr. Collette on St. Peter	3 6
103	Abstinence and Moderation	2 0
104	But They Don't!	2 0
105	A Duchess of York's reasons for becoming a Catholic	1 0
106	The Anglican Reply to the Pope's Condemnation of Anglican Orders	1 0
108	The Protestant Alliance	1 0
109	Catholic Progress in England	1 0
110	The New Six Articles	0 6
111	Time Enough	1 0
112	Go at Once	0 6
113	A Sunday Talk	0 6

Leaflets for Distribution (*continued*).

		Per 100
114	The Neglect of Good Friday...	2 0
115	Who are the Successors of St. Augustine?	1 0
116	The Immaculate Conception	3 6
117	Pilgrimages	3 6
118	Why do Catholics go to Confession?	1 0
119	Why Catholics believe in the Pope	1 0
120	F. G. Widdows	1 0
121	Plain Facts	2 0
122	"The Jesuit Plot for the Destruction of our Liberties"	2 0
124	The Bishops and the Bible (free, postage 3d.)	
125	An American Editor on ex-Priest Slattery ...	1 0
126	The Rev. Joseph Slattery	1 0
127	"Sister Mary Elizabeth"	1 0
128	The Duke of Norfolk on Nuns	1 0
129	The Iron Virgin	1 0
131	Are Catholics allowed to lie?	1 0
132	Dr. Horton's "Reply"	1 0
133	'Ex-Monk' Widdows and 'Truth'	0 6
134	Thoughts for the Sickroom, No. 1	1 0
135	,, ,, ,, No. 2	1 0
136	,, ,, ,, No. 3	1 0
137	,, ,, ,, No. 4	1 0
	These four in wrapper, 1d.	
138	Our National Vice	2 0
139	Tell me, Art thou a Catholic?	2 0
140	God	2 0
141	The Use of Holy Images	3 6
143	The Bible written by Catholics for Catholics ...	1 0
144	Continuity and Comprehensiveness	2 0

Catholic Temperance Leaflets.

145	What the Pope says	0 6
146	What the English Bishops say	0 6
147	What the Irish Bishops say	0 6
148	What the American Bishops say	0 6
149	What the Judges say	0 6
150	What the Doctors say	0 6
151	Cardinal Manning's Thirteen Questions	0 6
152	How we spend our Money	0 6
153	Dr. Horton on the Confessional	1 0
154	Strong Drink and Children	0 6
155	Letters to a Protestant	1 0
156	Worship by Machinery	2 0
157	Do Protestants believe in the Bible	2 0
158	Spring Cleaning	1 0
159	Your Garden	1 0
160	Making Sure	1 0

On thick paper, 2s. 6d. per 100; on thin paper for insertion in prayer-books, 1s. per 100.

Short Morning and Night Prayers.
Prayers for Confession for Children.
Short Indulgenced Prayers.
Prayers for the Sick.
Prayers for the use of Catholic Temperance Workers.
Simple Prayers for Holy Communion.

Leaflets for Distribution (*continued*).

Thoughts for the Sick: 4 series. 1s. per 100.
Mental Prayer. 2s. per 100.
Mental Prayer on the Sulpician Method. 1s. per 100.
Dedication of England to the Mother of God and St Peter. Each 6d. per 100.

Leaflets for Letters.

Price 1s. per 100; 2d. per dozen.

A Christmas Carol. By May Probyn.
A Quarter of an Hour before the Blessed Sacrament.
I am Needy and Poor.
A Meditation of Blessed Thomas More.
The Life of Faith.
Metrical Version of the Encyclical 'Satis Cognitum.'
The Ember Days.
A Little Chaplet of the Holy Ghost.

Price 6d. per 100; 1d. per dozen; in pkts. of 100 assorted, 6d.

A Motto for the New Year.
Lead, kindly Light. By Cardinal Newman.
Just for To-day.
A Golden Alphabet. By Thomas à Kempis.
The Secret of the Saints.
Light after Darkness.
My God, I love Thee.
Hymn to the English Martyrs.
The Bridegroom Cometh.
Adoro Te Devote. Translated by the late Judge O'Hagan.
Prayer to the Blessed Virgin for England.
A Night Meditation.
A Christmas Carol. By Lionel Johnson.
League of Prayer for Unity.
The Great Antiphons.

Temperance Resolutions. (6d. per 100 on thin paper; 1s. 6d. on thick, with red lines.)
Prayers for the Conversion of England. 6d. per 100.
The Cardinal Duke of York on the Sins of the Drunkard. 1s. per 100.

READINGS FOR SUNDAYS AND HOLYDAYS BASED ON THE GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

This is a series of leaflets, prepared for distribution in churches on the lines of a practice which has recently been adopted in Rome with excellent results. The Gospel for the Day is given in full, followed by a Reading, couched in bright and telling language. The people are invited to take the leaflets home, and to distribute them to their friends or to read them during the week. In this way the Gospel lesson will reach many who are not at the Mass at which the sermon is preached, as well as others who, it may be, have not been present at Mass.

The leaflets will be provided at 1s. per hundred (9d. to members). Specimens will be sent on receipt of a stamp for postage.

Act of Consecration and Prayer to the Holy Family. (6d. per 100 on thin paper; 1s. 6d. on thick, with red lines.)
The Drink Traffic. By the Rev. W. H. Cologan. 3s. 6d. per 100.
How we Spend our Money: Coloured Diagram ½d. each; 2d. per dozen; 1s. per 100.
The Marriage Service / **The Baptismal Service** } on card, for use in Church, 1d. each.

DESCRIPTIVE LECTURES

for use with Magic Lantern, price Fourpence each.

The English Martyrs.
Rome (in two parts).
Shrines of Our Lady.
Catholic Foreign Missions.
The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau.
The Holy Places of Palestine (two lectures)
Canterbury Cathedral.

Descriptive Lectures *(continued)*.

English Church History. (Five lectures.)
1. The Ancient British Church. 2. The Conversion of the English.—Part I. 3. The Anglo-Saxon Church.—Part II. 4. The Anglo-Saxon Church.—Part III. 5. Anglo-Saxon Pilgrims and Missionaries.

The English Martyrs. (Three lectures; two to follow.)
1. BB. John Fisher and Thomas More. 2. Benedictine, Franciscan, and other Martyrs under Henry VIII. 3. The London Charterhouse and its Martyr Monks.

Westminster Abbey.
The Church in the Catacombs.
St. Edmund's College.
Joan of Arc.
Paris.
St. Francis of Assisi.
St. Ignatius of Loyola.
St. Dominic.
St. Philip Neri.
St. Thomas of Aquino.
St. John Baptist de la Salle.

LECTURES ON CATHOLIC ART.

By Mrs. V. M. Crawford.

I. The Birth of Religious Art and the Days of Giotto.
II. Fra Angelico.
III. The Renaissance and the Great Florentine Masters.
IV. The Umbrian School.
V. Raphael.

Each lecture (price 4d.) is accompanied by from 25 to 30 slides; the price for hiring for one evening is 3s., or 15s. for the whole series.

Slides and terms for their use may be obtained from the C. T. S. Depot, 69 Southwark Bridge Road, S.E.

Price One Penny Monthly, or 1s. 6d. per annum, post free.

CATHOLIC BOOK NOTES.

CATHOLIC BOOK NOTES is a monthly record of Current Literature either written by or of special interest to Catholics. The reviews, although necessarily brief, are sufficient to indicate the nature and value (or the reverse) of the books noticed, and are undertaken by competent authorities in various branches of Literature. Special attention is given to Church Music and to Art: the Monthly List of New Publications written by Catholics, or dealing with subjects in which Catholics are specially interested, is a feature of the magazine. CATHOLIC BOOK NOTES is the organ of the Catholic Truth Society, and chronicles its proceedings, new publications, etc. Members of the Society receive it post free as issued.

The Publications of the Catholic Truth Society are supplied on the following terms:—

1. TO MEMBERS AND LOCAL BRANCHES:—25 per cent. allowed on orders over 5s.; orders under 5s. sent carriage free. The carriage of orders on which discount is allowed to be paid by Members.

Discount is only allowed to Members whose Subscriptions are not more than one year in arrear and when payment is made within three months of date of invoice.

2. TO NON-MEMBERS:—Orders over 5s. carriage free, when cost is remitted with order or on receipt of invoice.

3. TO THE TRADE:—25 per cent. allowed, calculated on the retail prices, and 13 as 12.

Letters relating to the Society should be addressed to THE HON. SECRETARIES, 41 Boston Road, Brentford, Middlesex. **Orders** for books and **Cash** in payment of bills to THE MANAGER, 69 Southwark Bridge Road, S.E. **Telegrams** ordering books should be addressed to THE MANAGER, as above. TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS—"TRUISMATIC, LONDON." **Subscriptions** should be sent to the Treasurer, J. B. EVELYN STANSFELD, Esq., 18 Rossetti Mansions, Cheyne Walk, S.W.

208
C 287

32017

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY
AUTHOR

Publications 56
TITLE

DATE LOANED	BORROWER'S NAME
	STORAGE - CBPL

32017